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# PREPARATORY



## LATIN COURSE IN ENGLISH

WILLIAM GLEAVE WISCHNOR



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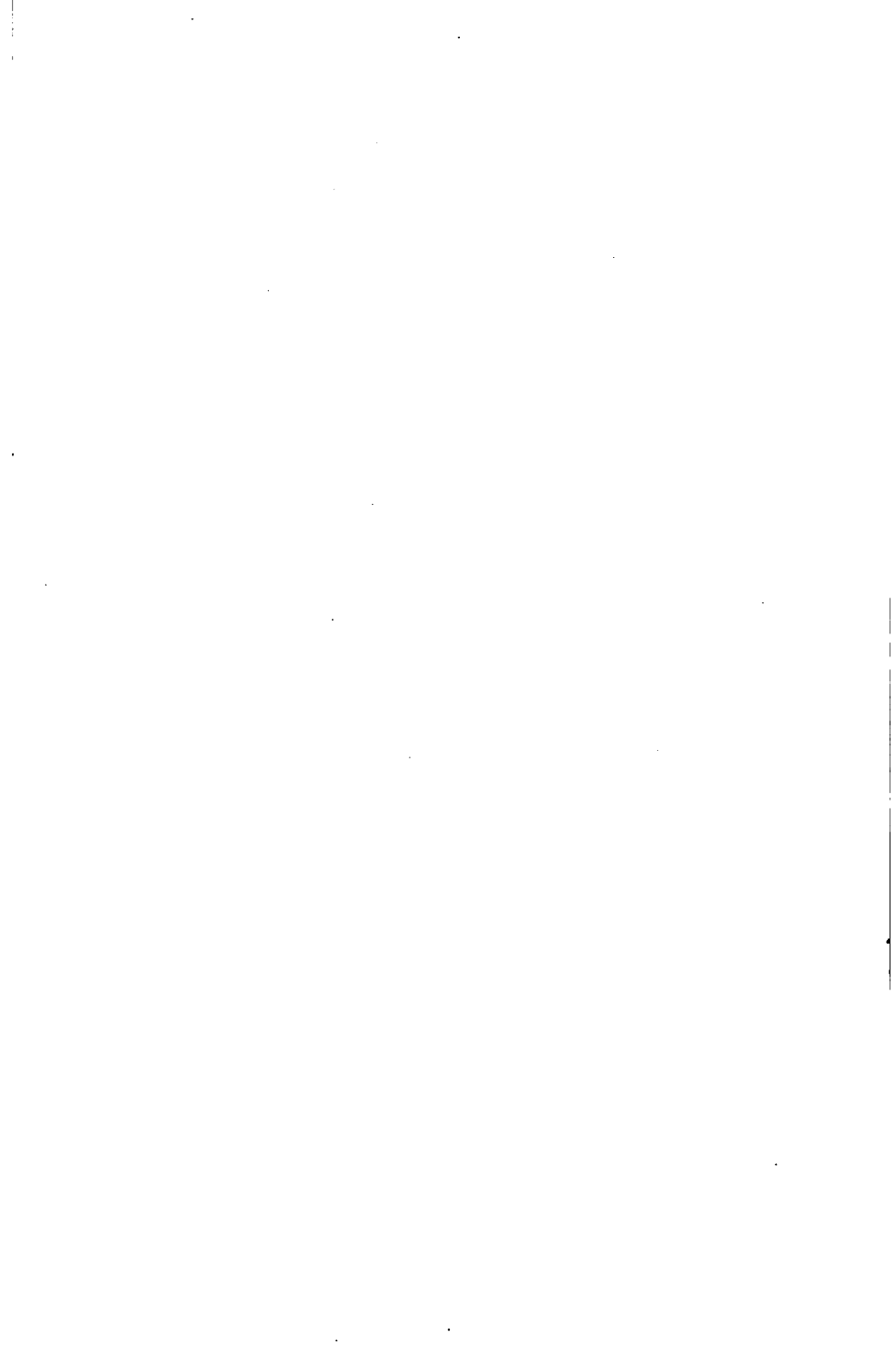


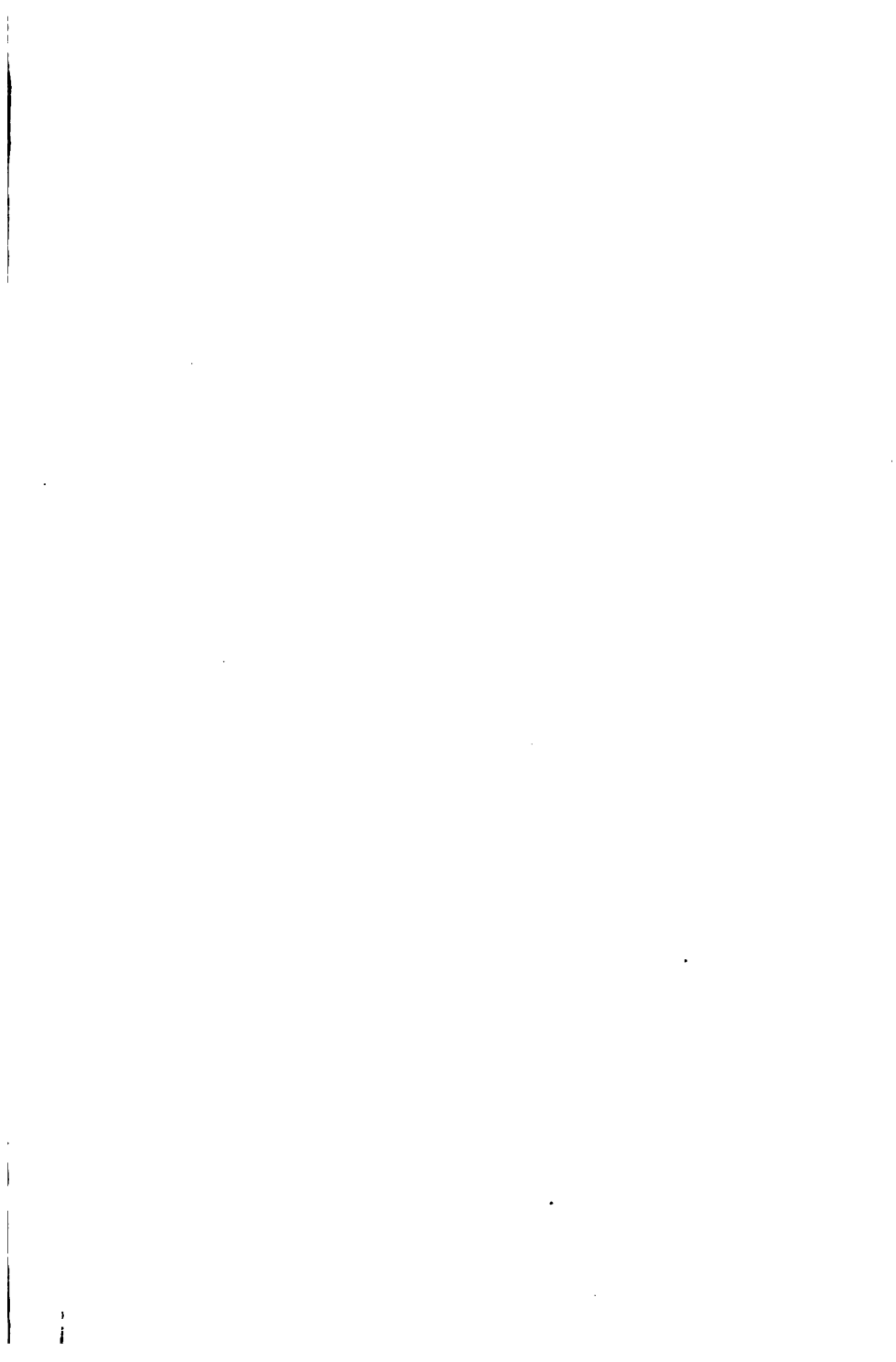
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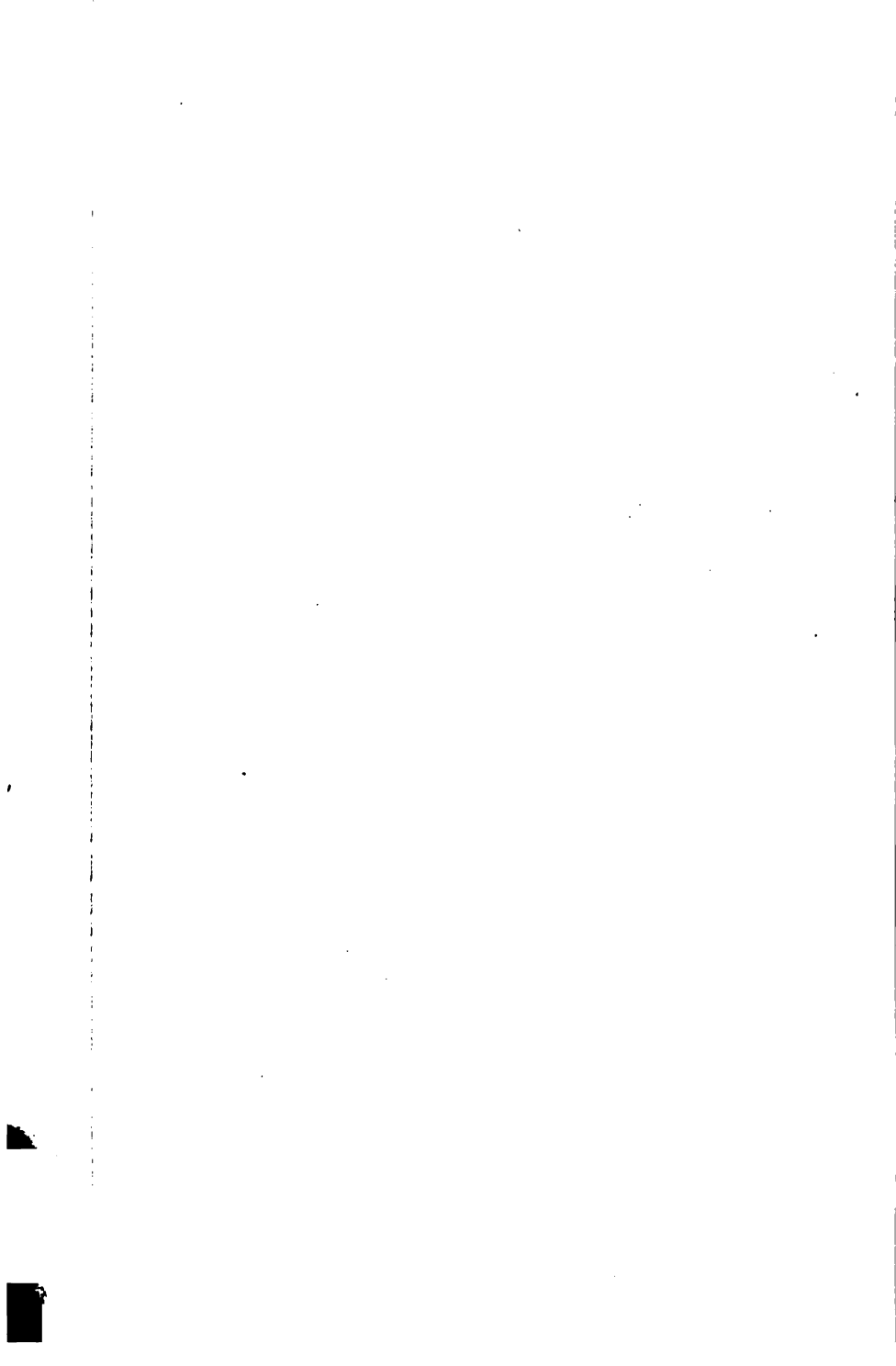


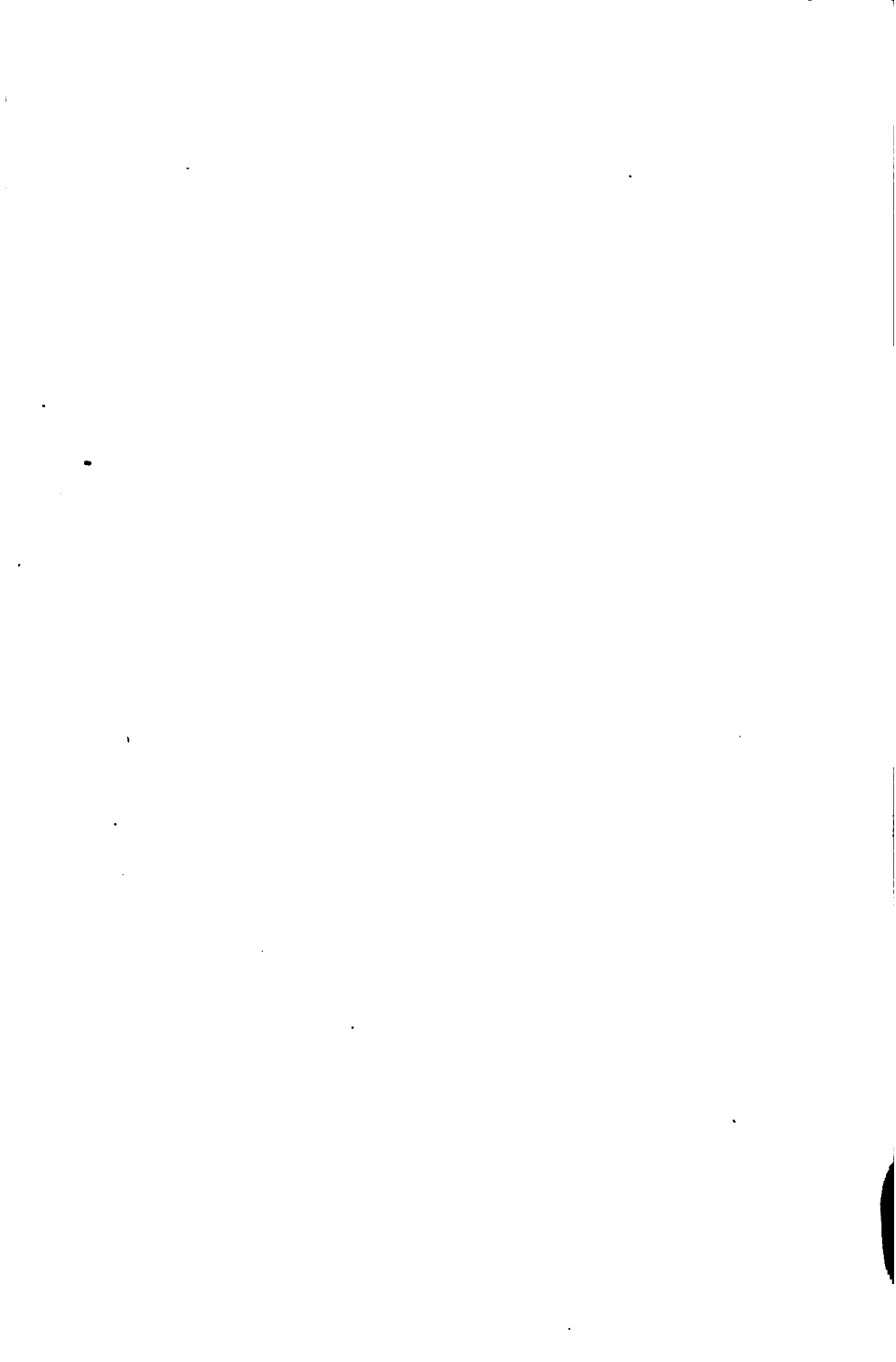


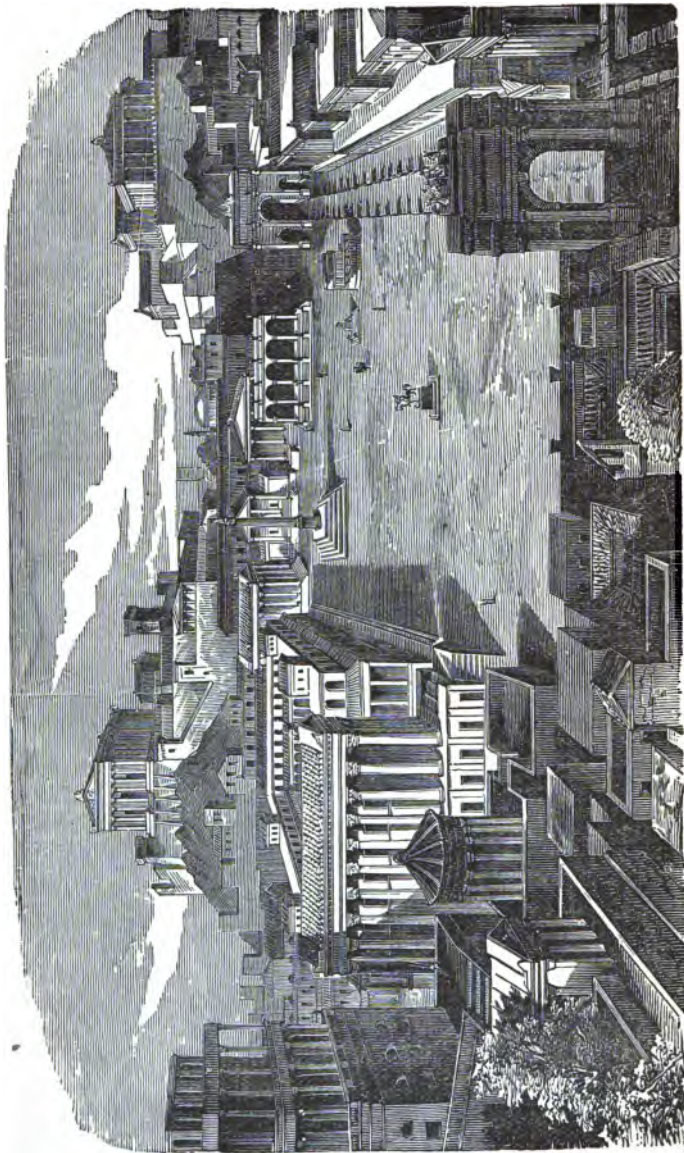
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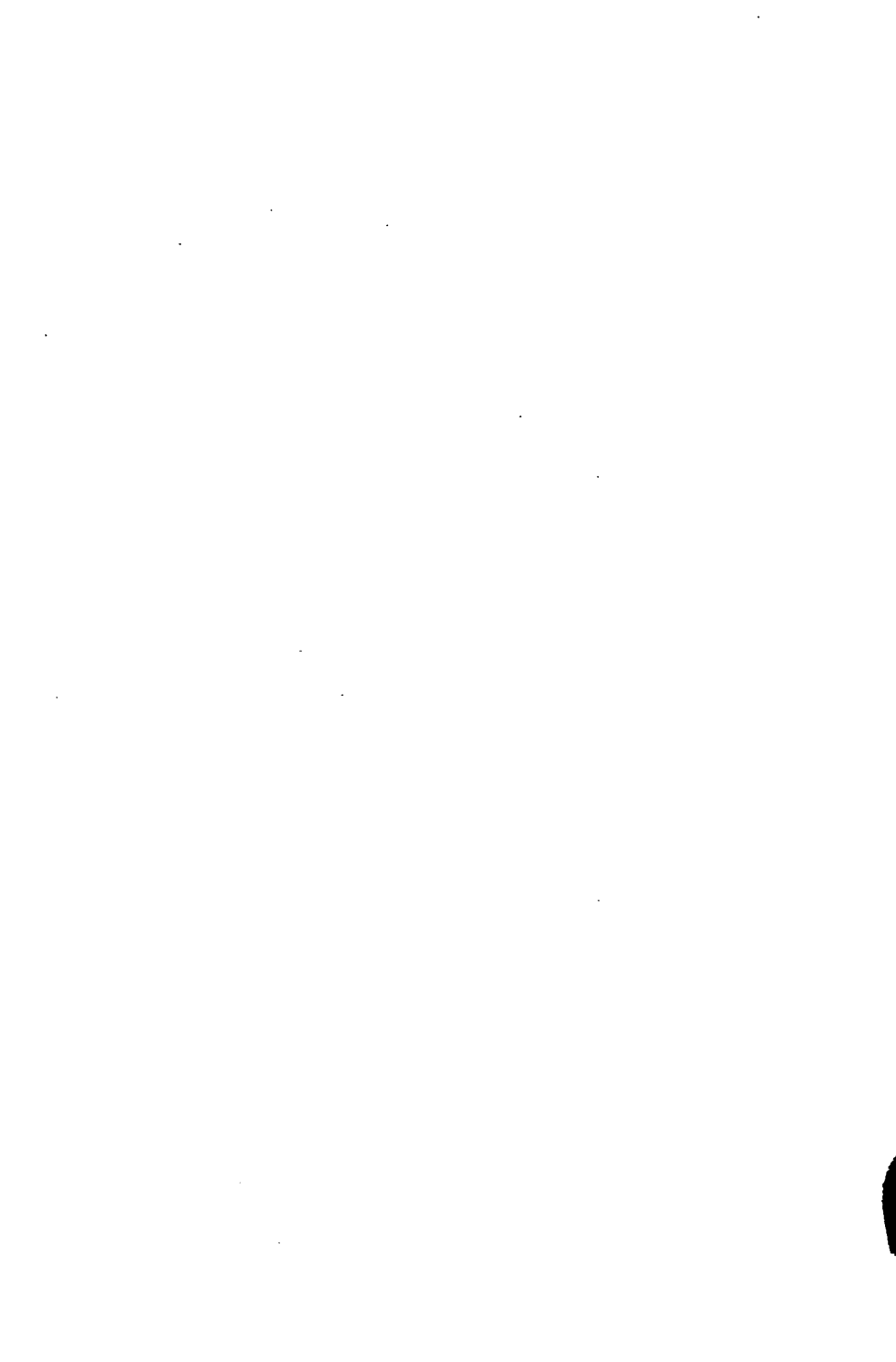








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## PREFACE.

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THIS is not a school-book—though, on the other hand, it is designed to be a book that any boy or girl in school would like to read, and would read with profit. It is not a book to be studied and labored over—though, again, on the other hand, it is designed to be such that some study and labor spent on it would prove to have been pains not ill bestowed. It is, however, pre-eminently a book to be simply read and enjoyed. It is not prepared for any one particular class of persons exclusively, but—unless we should except Latin specialists—for all classes of persons alike. It is in no sense a technical book. It conveys information, but it is information that every intelligent reader will be glad to acquire; and it seeks to convey that information in a way to make the process itself of acquiring it not only easy, but agreeable. What is the nature, and what the extent, of the information sought thus to be conveyed, the first chapter of the book will sufficiently show.

The term Preparatory, found in the title of the volume, admits a word of explanation. It is there used in a certain special or limited sense. In the business of liberal education, this term has, by common consent, been adopted to designate and describe that course of preliminary training which prepares the student for admission to college. A similar limitation of meaning applies to the term as we

employ it in entitling our volume. The introductory relation expressed by it is not to general culture in Latin letters, but to that more or less definite culture in Latin letters which is ordinarily given in an American college or university curriculum of study.

What, accordingly, is undertaken in the quaternion of books, of which this volume constitutes the second, is dictated and prescribed by the well-established customs of our American institutions of higher education. We do not in these books pursue a path of our own independent selecting. If such were the case, our steps might possibly here or there take a somewhat different direction. As it is, we adhere to a course laid down for us beforehand by the experienced engineer corps of the great regular army of American classical education. Or if in speaking thus we speak a little too boldly—if it is not in exactly this almost sacred ancient way that we should dare talk of here conducting our readers, then it is at least in a parallel path drawn as closely as possible alongside of that. A shibboleth only separates us with our modest irregular troop of lusty light-armed volunteers from the uniformed regulars, who, under the eye of accomplished commanders, march in heavier panoply step by step at our side. Those speak as they can—God bless them and help them!—their oft-faltering Latin and Greek, while our looser light-hearted array moving forward chant their song of deliverance, never missing a note, in the easy habitual accents of their own dear mother-tongue.

This, then, is a book for readers in general, of whatever class. Still, several classes of readers may be named to whom the book is especially commended. Whoever is considering

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whether he will prepare for college, whoever is now engaged in preparing for college, whoever is already a student in college, whoever has left a college course unfinished, whoever has accomplished a college course and been graduated, would, if we have not failed in our attempt, find it agreeable and useful to read this book. Again, and emphatically, to all the far greater number of those whom circumstances have debarred from even the hope of gaining classical culture for themselves—to such the author would say, It is for you by eminence that this book has been written. The key is here offered to your hand. Take it and unlock for yourselves the door, no longer sealed against your entrance, to treasures no longer charmed from your possession and enjoyment. If your satisfaction in having and holding shall be half as great as his satisfaction has been in thus making it possible for you to have and to hold, the author, knowing this, would feel his reward to be complete.

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# PREPARATORY LATIN COURSE IN ENGLISH.

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## I.

### WHAT WE PROPOSE.

THE present volume is, in order of preparation and publication, the second one in a series of four books, devoted, all of them, to the same general purpose. That purpose is to conduct readers, by means of the English tongue alone, through substantially the same course of discipline in Greek and Latin literature—not, observe, Greek and Latin, the languages, but Greek and Latin literature—as is accomplished by students who are graduated from our American colleges. The first volume of the series sought in this manner to go over the ground in Greek literature usually traversed by the student in course of preparing himself to be a college matriculate. That volume was entitled, “PREPARATORY GREEK COURSE IN ENGLISH.”

This succeeding volume will seek to do the same thing for Latin literature. If we ourselves, therefore, do not, in preparing this volume, fall short of our mark, whoever reads the volume with suitable attention will, having so read it, be as well-informed in the literature of the Romans, as are students who have triumphantly passed their entrance examinations for college, and have thus become duly numbered in the ranks of proud and happy freshmen. The present volume bears the title, “PREPARATORY LATIN COURSE IN ENGLISH.”

The third book will proceed with Greek literature, through those successive stages of advance in Greek study at college which are appointed to bring, at his graduation, the ingenuous and felicitous youth to the goal of the degree of bachelor of arts. The third volume is to be styled, "COLLEGE GREEK COURSE IN ENGLISH."

The fourth and final book will forward the reader to a station of progress in knowledge of Latin letters corresponding with that fixed as the mark for our third book with reference to Greek. The fourth book will be named, "COLLEGE LATIN COURSE IN ENGLISH."

The watchful reader will have noticed that we make a distinction. We say Greek and Latin literature—not Greek and Latin, the languages themselves. We do not hope or aim to make linguists of our readers. Greek and Latin scholars they will not become, however heedfully they may read these books of ours. Obviously, no such result as actual Greek and Latin scholarship, on the part of student or reader, could be obtained by a course of training conducted purely in English. But to know Greek and Latin letters—letters as distinguished from the languages in which the letters are produced—this is an entirely possible thing for accomplishment through English alone. And this possible thing is what we here attempt to enable our readers actually to do. Not, then, knowledge of the languages of Greece and Rome, and not that peculiar discipline of mind which is to be obtained through the pursuit of such knowledge, and in that way alone; not these two things—highly desirable indeed, both of them, to all, but not to all attainable—are the scope of the present series of books; but simply and solely a certain degree of familiarity with Greek and Roman literature. This, primarily; and then, secondarily, too, the mental cultivation that inevitably, in the process of gaining the knowledge, comes with the knowledge itself that is gained.

No reader need now misunderstand us. Our aim is a practical

one. It is not, on our own part, foolishly aspiring. It should breed no foolish conceit on the part of any reader. No truly intelligent reader of our books will ever be found boasting that he has come to knowledge of Greek and Latin by a royal road. To that knowledge there is no royal road. No royal road—though a road there is, we verily believe, much more nearly worthy of being called royal than the one that up to this time has usually been traveled in our schools and colleges. Of that, perhaps, in some future issue of this "After-school Series" we may speak; but we will not speak of it here. We say there is no royal road to Greek and Latin scholarship. Whatever flattering opinion you, dear reader, that have never studied Greek and Latin, may kindly entertain of the road we build for you—call it royal, if you please, and many thanks for your good-will—still, let there be no mistake as to whither the road built by us leads. It does not lead to knowledge of Greek and Latin, but only to some real knowledge of Greek and Latin letters. You will, indeed, be able to talk with college-bred men and women, on a tolerable footing of equality, about Greek books and Latin. But when it comes to a comparison of your knowledge with theirs, in the matter of Greek and Latin, the languages themselves, you will discreetly and modestly be silent. You may inwardly suspect—and one chance at least in ten your suspicion will be correct—that your graduate friends, too, might better be silent themselves, than loquacious, on these same delicate topics of accurate scholarship. Real scholars in Greek and Latin are not very plentiful. But that fact let college-bred people themselves be the ones to avow. Enough for you, not disputing the avowal when made, quietly to enjoy the substantial satisfaction of conscious peerage with the liberally educated in familiarity with ancient classic literature—which familiarity is, after all, the really liberalizing thing in classical education.

It is not meant that the substance only of what is



contained in the portions of Roman literature represented, is sought to be here conveyed to English readers. Besides the substance, we seek to convey also the spirit of the works. In any body of literature there may be said to be three elements, somewhat separate one from another, a substance, a spirit, and a form. Of these three elements, so far as they are indeed separable one from another, we shall hope, then, to communicate to our readers two—the spirit, as well as the substance. The form we have mainly to forego—it being precisely our object, out of Latin molds of expression, to take up and transfuse into molds of expression that are English, the ideas and the genius that we discover contained in the works to be reproduced.

Something, no doubt, of spirit is always inextricably entangled with form in every literary production. Something, therefore, of the Roman spirit we unavoidably lose in sacrificing the Roman form. But then, on the other hand, in compensation, the spirit is always so much the master of form—so much, in fact, the maker of form—in literary expression, that when we seize the authentic spirit of a writing, we, with this, triumphantly seize, also, more or less trace and effect of the very form itself in which that writing was originally conceived and cast. To this extent, accordingly, we may hope to save even the Roman form of expression. In other words, English diction and English construction may, and indeed, in good reproduction, they inevitably will, somewhat conform and assimilate to the idiom of that Latin literature whose spirit they submit themselves to transfuse.

Somewhat, we say—for after all, practically, the degree permitted of conformity to Latin idiom must be restrained within narrow limits. We expect here to write English, not Latin, and not Latinized English, but English of the good old vernacular sort. Still, our readers may justly presume that they will get something of even the form—as we hold them entitled to get nearly in full the spirit and the substance—of the Latin

literature treated. Once more, let it be remembered that what we undertake is not to reproduce Latin authors' works entire, or even any single work of any single Latin author entire; but, in absolute strictness of statement, to reproduce substantially such Latin works as are read in preparation for entering college, and of those works, such parts only as are ordinarily gone over by the preparatory student in his class-room. If we, here or there, go beyond these rigorous limits—and we do not engage but that we may—this must not be regarded as creating a new and different obligation to be discharged by us to our readers. It will be simply giving our readers a little more than we agree. This, of course, we shall, on every available occasion, be very glad to do.

And now may we not, without presumption, aspire to establish some agreeable reciprocity of relation between ourselves and our readers? We very cordially invite any and every reader of this volume who may light upon a mistake in it, of the author's or of the printer's, mistake grave or trivial—and no matter how trivial—to point out to us the discovery as soon as it is made. It is our earnest desire to have our work as free as possible from errors of whatever sort. We shall thankfully welcome also the suggestion of any change, either in plan or in execution, that might promise to render what we here do more widely acceptable or more effectively useful. We are already in debt to a number of friendly volunteer correspondents, unknown to us by face, who were at the pains to apprise us of slips made by the author or the printer in the companion volume that preceded this, namely, the "Preparatory Greek Course in English." We shall be gratefully glad if we may feel ourselves to be, in the endeavor to make our books faultless, of one guild and fellowship with all our readers.

Our plan of procedure in the present volume will be this: after a rapid sketch of Roman history blended with a sketch of the city of Rome itself, the seat of Roman

power and the origin of Latin letters, summarily to present the body of writing that the Roman people produced; and then, a brief parenthetical chapter intervening, of friendly counsel to the student, to take up, successively, the Latin Reader, (which we shall make include some specimens of Sallust and of Ovid,) the Commentaries of Cæsar, a few orations of Cicero, and the poetry, especially the *Æneid*, of Virgil.

It is a loaded table of contents to spread in a single volume before our readers. But we will trust their appetite, as we shall have to ask them to trust our cookery. The quality, not less than the quantity, of the provision, is amply good. It will, we confess it beforehand, be the fault of the cook if the feast is disappointing.

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## II.

### THE CITY AND THE PEOPLE.

WE are about to deal with certain limited portions of the literature called Latin. The literature called Latin was produced by a people called Roman, chiefly in a city called Rome. Before entering upon the presentation of the proposed select portions of Latin literature, we pause, but a swift moment or two, to say something of the people that produced the literature, and of the city in which the literature was produced.

When, in the preceding volume, we began the corresponding work with Greek literature, we were able to consider the land and the people separately, in separate chapters. In the present case, we shall be compelled to blend the place and the race in one joint and common treatment. The reason for the difference is, that Greece, however small in area, was yet a country, and, as such, had its peculiar character, independently of its inhabitants; whereas Rome, however large

in area, was a city, not a country, and, as a city, took its character and its history from the character and the history of the people that built it and that held it. It is true that Rome, at a comparatively early point in her long historic career, extending the right of citizenship to Italy in general, thus converted the whole peninsula into one great suburb to the metropolis. Still, Rome herself always remained so central and so controlling in the national system, that we shall best represent the reality to our readers by concentrating their attention almost exclusively upon the city alone.

Over every thing pertaining to Rome, except her language and her literature, the name Roman lords it exclusively. We say, Roman power, Roman conquest, Roman law, Roman architecture, Roman art, Roman history. It is curious that the language always, and the literature generally, of Rome should be called, not Roman, but Latin. The circumstance may be taken to indicate, what is indeed the fact in reference to Rome, that literature was for her a subordinate interest. Unlike Greece, Rome is less remarkable for what she wrote, than for what she wrought. Less remarkable, we say; but this could easily be and Roman writings remain, as in fact they do remain, in a very high degree remarkable. For the deeds of Rome surpass, in enduring influence on the fortunes of mankind, the deeds of any other nation in the world. If Rome wrote with her left hand while she wrought with her right, her left hand was yet an instrument of marvelous cunning and power. One can fancy how Rome, content if she branded the epithet Roman on what she did, might from what she said or wrote unconsciously disdain to remove the traditional name Latin.

For the word Latin was applied by the ancient Roman writers themselves to their language and their literature. Before there was a city Rome, there was a country Latium in which Rome would be built. The country Latium contributed the adjective Latin to describe the language and the literature of

Ham-il'car, of Has'dru-bal, of Han'ni-bal outshining either and itself hardly outshone by any name whatever to be found in rival Roman story; of Roman Reg'u-lus, with that high, bracing, but pathetic legend concerning him, of patriot devotion and good faith with foes kept at cost of cruel death; of Fa'bi-us, the master of delay, contrasted with Scipio (Sip'i-o), admirably pronounced by Milton "the height of Rome," him who carried the war into Africa, making that phrase thenceforward forever a proverb of aggressive prowess—these names, we say, every body knows; and these personal names, with the local names of Cannæ and Capua, scenes of memorable battle and siege, recall, better than mere detail of incident would do, the struggle of sixty years and more that ended in the humiliation of Carthage and the decisive triumph of Rome.

The subjugation of Carthage was the beginning to Rome of a career, prolonged, perhaps, beyond any other example in history, of foreign conquest and glory. With few checks to her progress, Rome from this time forward—that is, from about two hundred years before Christ—rapidly expanded her dominions in every direction, until they embraced almost literally the whole then known world. Macedonia was first, after Carthage had yielded, to feel the hand of Roman power. Syria soon shared the fate of Macedonia. The imperial city—imperial in the reach of her sway, though still, and for near two hundred years to remain, republican in the form of her polity—threw out meanwhile her invincible legions westward into Spain, and northward to the feet of the Alps. The Alps themselves proved no barrier to the rising impetuous tide of Roman ambition. Her advance surged over the summits of perpetual snow, and rolled, in a torrent that nothing could stay, into the fields and forests of Gaul. Macedonia, hissing at the heel of her conqueror, was stamped into silence. Carthage, tempting her foe to extremity, was blotted utterly out of the world, by sword and torch in the hand of a second Scipio Af-ri-ca'nus.

The name of Gracchus (Grak'kus) calls up the image of outwardly victorious Rome inwardly rent with faction. It was the feud of the many against the few, one party as selfish, perhaps, in the end as the other, and both equally contending for the prize of power in the state. The few at first prevailed, and there followed a period of corruption in public morals scarcely paralleled in Roman history. Ju-gur'tha, usurping king of Numidia, is for some time able, of the Roman generals sent against him, to buy such as he cannot beat, until at length the redoubtable figure of M&rius looms on the gloomy and inglorious scene.

The election of Marius to the consulship was a triumph achieved, in their turn, by the many over the few. It was an ominous triumph. The rapid and splendid successes won by the arms of Marius, first over Jugurtha, and then over the Cimbrians and Teutons, made that great but unprincipled man omnipotent in Rome. But the date of his omnipotence was short.

The few soon came to their turn again. They, on their side, found in Syl'la a champion not unmeet to cope with the popular champion Marius. A bloody civil war ensued, in which the aristocrats under Sylla were the victors. The historic picture of Marius, ruined, sitting amid the ruins of Carthage, indicates the tragic final issue of life to a man whose name and whose spirit, both bequeathed to a political party, survived himself in a long entail of fateful influence on the fortune of the Roman state.

The foreign conquests of Rome were hardly suspended during these dreadful internal conflicts. The brilliant names of Lu-cul'lus and Pom'pey now light up the sky of Roman renown, while, just below the conscious horizon, we feel the growing nearness of the all-eclipsing sun of Roman history. "Great Julius" is about to begin his lordly upward journey toward a zenith of power and of glory, from which he will fall so tragically, so suddenly, and so soon. Also, "the time

draws near the birth of Christ." Within comparatively a few years now will be crowded together most of the great Roman writers who have made for us that Latin literature to introduce which to our readers we are here giving them this rapid sketch of the history of Rome.

The story of Cæsar's career, mingled of glory and of shame, and the story of the differently glorious and inglorious career of his nephew, the emperor Augustus—these are so well known that they seem almost to be a part of modern history. Of the decline and fall of the Roman empire, protracted through many centuries, like the slow leaning and reluctant approach to the ground of an oak that has sunk its roots deep, and anchored them to the rocks of the centre—of this we shall not here speak at all. Strictly classic Latin literature was already a finished library before the decay of Roman power visibly began. The age of Augustus was—how can we better, how can we even otherwise adequately, express it?—the Augustan age of Latin literature. There were noble Roman writers after this time, but hardly any with whom our duty here will summon us to deal. Let us, then, say, that our sketch of the history of Roman conquest is done.

The great race who accomplished such a history as that which we thus have summarized built for themselves a city worthy of the renown of which it was to become the centre and seat. Ancient Rome is, on the whole, and on the whole it deservedly is, the most famous city in the world. Its site was on the river Tiber, about fifteen miles from the sea.

When we here say "sea," we mean the Mediterranean Sea. Consider that nearly all the international commerce carried on through navigation by the ancients was confined to the waters of this vast midland ocean, and observe further that, of three great peninsulas stretching down into the Mediterranean from the continent of Europe on the north well toward the continent of Africa on the south, the boot-shaped peninsula of Italy is the central one, while likewise as to Italy

itself Rome is centrally placed—consider, we say, these points, and you will perceive that the site of Rome, unattractive and ineligible in itself, was, on the map of the then known world, as convenient as any that could have been selected for a city destined to become a metropolis and mistress of the nations. Its remove from the coast secured it, in its feeble beginning, against pirates, while the navigable stream of the Tiber made it virtually a sea-board town.

Rome grew from age to age, until finally seven different hills, bearing stately Latin names, were embraced within its compass. Hence its sounding designation, the City of the Seven Hills. It was, if we may trust tradition, (this was long before its empire had extended beyond the bounds of Italy,) sacked and burned by the invading Gauls. What precious monuments perished in that catastrophe, can only be conjectured. But probably the primeval Rome which the Gauls destroyed, however grand in comparison of its contemporary rivals, was a city that, to our modern eyes, could we see it now as it then existed, would seem but very moderately magnificent. Even the splendid capital that Augustus, according to the familiar hyperbole, built in marble, by transformation from the brick in which he found it, lacked some important features that we now demand as necessary to satisfy our ideas of imposing effect in a city. Augustan Rome was built, in considerable part, without proper streets of any sort, the houses of the nobles being disposed, as it were haphazard, here and there, amid parks and gardens, over that portion of the city's site which they occupied. The streets that did exist, worthy of that name, were continuations of the great roads radiating from Rome in every direction out into the provinces; and these highways, sternly straight without the walls, were likely within to be winding as well as narrow.

But whatever other element of imposing effect ancient Rome lacked, it did not lack magnitude. It covered a great extent of ground, and covered much of that extent with



dwellings six and eight stories in height. The population, thus stratified one tier above another, has been variously estimated to have numbered at its maximum from two to six million souls.

A large area, inclosed between the Quirinal Hill and the river, was reserved exclusively to public buildings, and here there was an almost unparalleled accumulation of costly, solid, and magnificent architecture. Temples, buildings devoted to business of state, arches, columns, statues, porticoes,

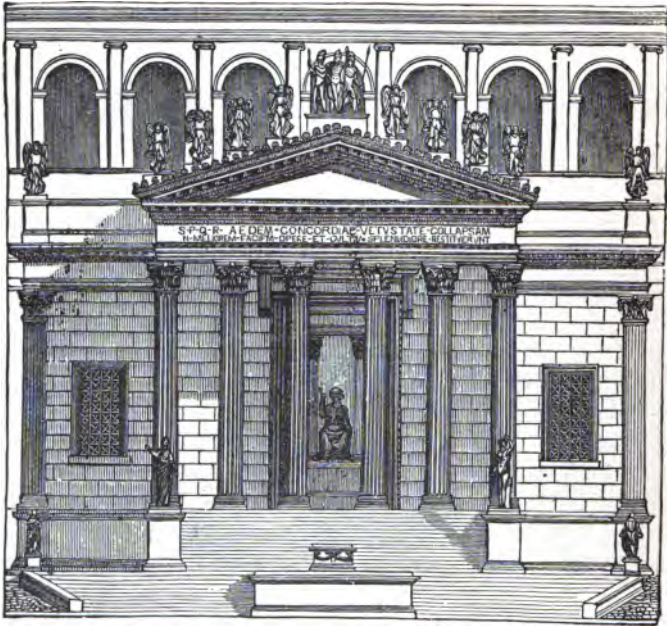


TEMPLE OF JUPITER CAPITOLINUS.

mausoleums, theatres, amphitheatres, public baths, palaces, bridges, aqueducts, made the city to the unaccustomed beholder a bewildering and overwhelming maze and mass of architectural splendor. Underneath the city was a system of sewers which provided for streams so large, that Pliny felt warranted in speaking of Rome as being navigable underground. There were forums and campuses, furnishing open



ARCH OF TITUS.



TEMPLE OF CONCORD.

spaces, here and there, in the city, for light and air—the forums being meeting-places for business, and the campuses being pleasure-grounds, like modern parks. Of these features of imperial Rome, many remain, some remarkably preserved, others not less august in ruin, to this day.

Simple, erect, severe, austere, sublime—

the Pan-the'-on, fitly and memorably so described in the fine adjective verse of Byron, stands a striking monumental



PANTHEON.

symbol at once of the Rome that was and of the Rome that has succeeded. The Pantheon, guessed to have been originally a temple dedicated in common to all or to many of the gods of polytheism, (whence its name,) is now a Roman Catholic church. The Colise'um, more properly Colosse'um, (so named from its neighborhood to a colossal statue of Nero,) a roofless amphitheatre for gladiatorial exhibitions,

about the Romans, ethnologically; that is, of what blood they were sprung. But this nobody really knows. To most historical students it has seemed probable that they were, like perhaps every other one of the great races of mankind, with the remarkable sole exception of the Jews, a highly mixed and composite race. This mingled character has, however, been denied to the Romans by one of the most considerable recent authorities in Roman history, the German historian Mommsen. Thus much, at least, is now, we believe, universally agreed, that the Roman race, or, speaking more largely, the Italian, was a twin offshoot with the Grecian, of a common Ar'yan or Indo-European stock. This means that both Greeks and Romans were descended from a people that, having its original home in Central Asia, spread thence outward in two main directions, one toward India and one westward over Europe. Beyond this very general fact in Roman ethnology, settled chiefly by comparison of languages—Greek, Latin, and Sanskrit—there is nothing in the question of the derivation of the race that probably would interest our readers.

The study of ethnology, indeed, as applied to the particular case of any given people, can never, from the nature of things, yield wholly satisfactory results. Races do not keep their outlines persistently firm and distinct. They flow into each other, in the revolving kaleidoscope of history shaken by the hand of Time, and form endlessly new and various combinations. Only such great divisions of blood as, to illustrate, those for which there have come to be adopted the designations Aryan and Sem-it'ic, remain separate and distinguishable. From one to another of even these, there is more or less of mutual exchange and interpenetration. But within these limits respectively, the reciprocal flux and reflux of blood and blood—long reaches of time being taken into the account—may be pronounced free and incessant. Migrations and conquests have often, with violence, suddenly

shuffled different peoples in masses into each other. The peaceful attritions of commerce have had a similar effect, in a slower and less strikingly observable way. Altogether, the ethnological classification of the prehistoric Romans is, beyond the general fact concerning them already indicated, namely, that they were Aryan, a matter of special, rather than general, interest. The whole subject may here with propriety be indefinitely postponed.

More interesting, and more likely to be fruitful, is the question *how* the Romans ran the great career that they did. We have told that they conquered and governed the world; of their method in doing these things, we have thus far said not a word. Their secret might all be summed up in a single sentence—a sentence which to the superficial mind would naturally seem a mere truism: they conquered and they governed, by being conquerors and governors. What they did, that is to say, is explained by what they were. Comprehensively, intimately, consistently, intensely, incessantly, exclusively, they were conquerors and governors.

In the two functions thus indicated, the ancient Romans absorbed themselves almost completely. There was very little left of them at any time to render account of itself otherwise than so. Romans all lived for the state. The state was at once the unit and the sum of Roman society. The family, the individual, was nothing, and the state was all. This was the theory, and this was the practice, of Roman life. The national idea was never forgotten. True, indeed, the individual was exalted by being a member of an exalted civil society. But such seemed not to be the Roman form of selfish consideration. The ideal Roman was a very definite conception. He was legendary Cur'ti-us, willing, for the state, to take his forlorn leap into darkness.

We are not representing that the Roman commonwealth was an unselfish state. Nothing could be farther from the truth than this. We are not representing that the individual

Roman was, in all his relations, an unselfish man. This, also, would be wide of the truth. But the relation of the individual Roman citizen to the state—this at least bore always an aspect of generosity. If there was selfishness still at bottom, it was an exceedingly specious, a noble, a magnanimous selfishness. The appearance was of the opposite to selfishness. You saw nothing but self-abnegation, self-sacrifice, devotion.

This meant that to the individual citizen every thing was to be dared, and every thing endured, to make the state constantly greater than it was—greater, that is, not in moral qualities, but in wealth and in power. (We speak now somewhat largely, disregarding exceptions, and avoiding qualifications. We speak, too, of Rome as Rome was before the imperial system began. We exaggerate and idealize a little, for the sake of greater distinctness.) To wealth and power for the state there was open one straight road. That road was conquest. Conquest, therefore, was the one business of the state—conquest, in a twofold sense: first, subjugation by arms; second, consequent upon subjugation, rule by law.

In the road to wealth and power through conquest, in this double meaning of the word conquest, there lay for Rome no obstacles but purely material obstacles. Obstacles of the moral or sentimental sort did not exist for Rome. There perhaps never was another nation so absolutely devoid as were the Romans of any thing like sentiment. Pure cold blood, always exactly at zero, was Rome's invariable temper. Her constancy to her purpose of dominion is one of the miracles of history. But, in truth, there was nothing to weaken, or in any wise perturb, that constancy. She experienced no state of mutiny in the councils of her heart. Greece loved art, she loved eloquence, she loved letters, as things desirable and amiable in themselves. Greece was, too, capable of sheer generosity. She had her enthusiasms. Rome was not Greece. Rome never felt the warmth of a generous emotion so much as once thrill along the gelid

courses of her blood. Rome would turn upon the eager and expectant face of a suffering cause, pleading to her for assistance, if not the gloating eyes of greed frankly glad for her chance, then simply the fixed and fixing stony stare of Medu'sa. If Rome did any thing in the way of art, it was most likely by bringing home, in barbaric triumph, the spoil of pictures, of vases, of statues, plundered from conquered cities. The enlightened spirit in which Rome practiced this æsthetic robber-industry of hers is amusingly, if a little extravagantly, illustrated by the story of the Roman general, who, in shipping across sea to Italy a plundered masterpiece of Grecian art, duly advised the forwarder that, in case of injury done to the article, he, the forwarder, would be held strictly responsible for furnishing a duplicate of equal value. Conceive an honest ship-master duplicating, for instance, a statue by Phidias!

Rome cultivated eloquence indeed; but, at least before her period of aggression was virtually over, it was solely as a practical expedient in affairs, not as an embellishment of civilized life. Letters she almost wholly neglected until her conquest of the world was accomplished. Sentimental interests like these never disputed place in her heart with the purpose of self-aggrandizement by conquest.

It would be impossible to exaggerate the supreme and exclusive dominion exercised by the national purpose to conquer, over Roman character and life. This purpose was a fire that burned up in the soul of Rome every thing that tended to hinder it, every thing that did not volunteer to help it. Truth, honor, justice, pity, love—every sentiment that had in it a trace of unselfishness—was withered, was shriveled, was turned to ashes, licked by that fierce, fiery, flickering tongue. It is comparatively easy to conquer, if you are a conqueror—that simply, solely, exclusively. Methods of conquest are secondary and subordinate to the purpose of conquering. The will is the way.



The Romans had the will. Their will made them take the sword into their own hands. They did not fight by proxy. They fought in person. They lived chiefly by fighting. The country immediately around the city was poor, and they came by degrees to depend chiefly on rapine for subsistence. They had every thing to gain, and little to lose, by the chance of a battle. This was at first. With rare exceptions, the same thing remained true throughout their history. They almost always waged war themselves; they seldom suffered war waged upon them by others. It was of no use to defeat the Romans in battle. Defeat experienced by them only made them more resolute than before. They, in fact, never made peace but as conquerors. On every occasion, on almost every occasion, of disaster to their arms, they rose in spirit with the decline of their fortune, and demanded more, rather than less, as condition of peace. There was but one effectual way to subdue such a people, and that way was to annihilate them. The nation to annihilate the Romans did not appear. Be patient: they will at last, with long suicide, annihilate themselves.

The Roman military discipline was the quite natural, the inevitable, development of the Roman genius. Its rigor, its comprehension, its minute attention to details, were like the action of the law of gravitation. You could count on it as you count on the persistent uniformity of nature. It forgot nothing, made no exceptions, exercised no pity, felt no misgiving. A Roman father, in command of an army, did not wink putting his own son to death for gaining a victory over the enemy without waiting for orders. What wonder? That father had, perhaps—who knows?—just before starting forth on his campaign, abandoned an infant sister of that son to take her chance of life or death—according to the practice of infant exposition, so called, in use at Rome, for convenient riddance of children not desired, among a people well described, in the gross, as “without natural affection.” If

a legion, panic-smitten, turned its back in battle, every tenth man of its number was first put to the sword, and then the decimated legion, bleeding and staggering with its six hundred gaping wounds, was marched back to the front to take the brunt of the next mortal encounter with the foe.

The soldiers were worked so hard in camp and march, that they begged to fight as a welcome reprieve from toils more intolerable than danger or than death. Every night, on every march, however long the march might be, and wherever they might halt, they made a fortified town of their encampment, by digging a trench twelve feet broad and nine feet deep around the whole circuit, and building the dirt thrown out into an embankment, which they then strengthened with a paling of driven stakes, bristling impenetrably toward the foe. These stakes, to the number, sometimes, of twelve to each man, they carried with them on the march. Besides these stakes, they carried on their persons, every soldier, a spade, a pickaxe, a hatchet, a saw, and various other implements, until, with rations for fifteen days, their armor not reckoned, the total weight was sixty pounds. Their armor, offensive and defensive—made always heavier than that of any enemy they might have to meet—they did not call part of their burden, but part of themselves, like their clothes. Thus handicapped, they marched in five hours ordinarily twenty Roman miles; at a pinch, twenty-four.

We hear little or nothing of sickness in Roman armies. Whether this signifies that there was no sickness, or that sickness was a trifle not worth mentioning, we need not decide. Manifestly, there was not much soft fibre left in Roman military muscle to be attacked and dissolved by disease. Softness of heart was as rare as softness of muscle. The very diversions of the people were a school to hardness of heart. The appetite for blood was exasperated by the brutal shows of the amphitheatre. In one word, the Roman man was made into a pure automaton of soldiership and

rule. There came at length to be no organs in him that had not been transformed and perverted into these.

Still, perfect soldiership and leadership involve much besides what is merely physical. The Romans did not do their work exclusively by main strength and with heavy blows. They had a method for their conquests. They proceeded according to a plan. Viewed now in the backward perspective of a finished history, their policy in conquering and in governing may be made to seem the consummation of forecast and wisdom. The organization of their armies was admirable. But it was always in process of becoming more and more admirable. Whatever superior feature they found in the military scheme of other nations, they did not hesitate to transfer and adopt into their own. Their enemies did not have two chances to meet them with any species of armament more formidable than they themselves possessed. They let their foes teach them to beat their foes. The Spaniards and the Gauls enjoyed, each nation in its turn, the honor of furnishing to the Romans the model for their sword. From Pyrrhus, Rome learned how to order her encampment; from Carthage, how to build ships. She imported horses from Numidia. She trained a force of Cretan bowmen, of Bal-e-áric slingers. Every particular superiority of every nation, Rome took to herself and made her own.

With this comprehensive assemblage in herself of all particular national superiorities, Rome made her military ascendancy overwhelming. But she added a hardened bodily strength and endurance, an exercised agility and skill, in her individual soldiers, a perfect organization, a mobile disposition, of the mass, that were nowhere else equaled. Then her military roads, solid and straight, enabled her to move her armies with a swiftness that continually surprised and overawed her enemies. The terror of her name prepared her most distant enemies beforehand for defeat. Her sudden, as it were supernatural, appearance to their face dismayed

them, like an omen from the gods. They were already half conquered before the battle. Other races, as the Gauls and the Germans, were equally brave with the Romans. These fierce semi-barbarian warriors would deliver an onset with an enthusiasm, a frenzy, of courage. It was like the dash of a torrent. But the Romans took the torrent's dash like a rock. Courage, onset, seemed to be useless against such resistance. If the legion for a moment was broken, it could form again, not less adamant than before, in the face of the foe, amid the full fury of battle. Read the cold-blooded Commentaries of Cæsar, and you are affected as with a sense of seeing uncounted thousands of human beings warring hopelessly, desperately, with fate. Cæsar drove his legion like a car of Juggernaut over those Gallic and German tribes eagerly flinging themselves forward to bloody death beneath his reeking wheels. It is indescribably depressing. The Commentaries of Cæsar, awaiting the attention of our readers in pages to follow, will supply ample illustration in particular instances for many of the features in Rome's method of conquering, here described briefly in terms of bold general statement. The same is true also of Sallust's history of the Jugurthine war, still earlier to find place in these pages.

Do you wonder what occasion Rome could find for making war on every nation under heaven? She was as resourceful in picking quarrels as she was afterward obstinate in fighting her quarrels to the end. As soon as she had conquered a people she made that people her ally. Then nobody must meddle with her ally. If there was a war going on anywhere in the world, Rome's habit was to be promptly at hand for a share in the fray. She chose her side with the weaker of the combatants. Her heavy hand in the scale of course decided the dip of the balance. The war finished, she had conquered two nations at one stroke—the weaker by grappling it to herself in alliance, the stronger by the help of the

weaker. For like reason, Rome never turned a deaf ear to appeals for interference from a nation at war. She constituted the appealing nation at once her ally, and, after her wont, used it to make prize for herself of its enemy. If there was not a promising quarrel anywhere at a given moment in progress, that circumstance created no difficulty for Rome. It was easy enough any fine morning to despatch an ambassador to some distant people, commissioned to use with them language so high that they would certainly resent it. Then an insult to her ambassador, it necessarily behooved the majesty of Rome signally to avenge. It was the fable, enacted in history, of the lamb accused of roiling the current up-stream for the wolf.

It would be long to tell half the expedients adopted by the senate of Rome to push their business of conquest. Rome had much to say of honor, and good faith, and the inviolability of oaths. She abhorred the duplicity of Carthage. "Punic faith"—she has made the phrase a proverb to all time of false dealing between nations. This style of speech on Rome's part—this ostensible disdain of false dealing—you must be careful, however, not to misunderstand. It by no means imported that Rome herself might not be as clever as she chose to be, in avoiding the obligation of conventions and treaties. If, having unhappily covenanted with Carthage not to destroy that city, she found afterward that to have that city destroyed was necessary to her profit or to her revenge, Rome had her way of managing the matter. She became philological, and made a verbal distinction. She had not promised to spare the town, but only the city. The city was the municipality with the inhabitants. The town was the aggregation of buildings. She destroyed the town, but spared the city. And who could say but the faith of treaties was duly observed by Rome? Who could stop Rome from continuing to cry shame, with immaculate lips, on the perfidy of Carthage? Did a Roman general in extremity

come to terms with a foe? The senate could accept the advantage but repudiate the price. Did even a consul sign a treaty that Rome subsequently concluded not to like? She could tear the treaty in tatters, and save her sacred good faith by sending the consul who signed it a prisoner to the enemy! Rome gave Jugurtha peace on condition of his surrendering his elephants, his horses, his gold, the deserters that had come to him. When these had been duly surrendered the weakened prince was next, forsooth, summoned to surrender himself! Jugurtha's St. Helena was a Roman dungeon. In his subterranean Longwood, Jugurtha would probably not have chafed, as did Napoleon, at mere want of due deference shown him. Jugurtha might thankfully have eaten the crumbs that fell from captive Napoleon's table. Rome starved Jugurtha to death.

This capacity, on the part of Rome, to use the diplomatist's wit as well as the warrior's sword, was associated with much thrifty self-restraint and patience exercised by her, when occasion demanded, in obtaining her end, whether the end was to fat her greed or to feast her revenge. She was proud, but hers was that "considerate pride," attributed by Milton to Satan, which attended its chance. If she had too many affairs on hand to be able to punish to-day, there was always a to-morrow for Rome. Was she not the eternal city? Her cold blood served her well. She waited for the fruit she desired to ripen on the tree. It was easier to let the fruit fall than to pluck it, and generally the flavor was better. Thus, she did not at once and abruptly reduce every enemy overcome to absolute subjection. Often she contented herself, for the present, with simply making an enemy conveniently weak. She then suffered the tributary state to grow gradually accustomed to obey.

Of course, Rome did her conquering always at the expense of the conquered. Her governing, too, she did at the expense of the governed. But we need hardly make this

distinction. Rome's governing was of the same species with her conquering. It was conquest continued. To be a Roman province was only less a calamity than to be a nation at war with Rome. The pillage of peace was not quite so destructive as the pillage of war. That was all the difference. To be governed, as to be conquered, by Rome, was, to the unhappy victim, pillage the same. Indeed, to say that Rome made the nations pay the expense of being conquered by her, and being governed by her, is a ridiculously inadequate statement of the fact. The nations did that for Rome, and much more. They, besides, made Rome, both the state at large and individual citizens, incredibly rich. Practically, it was the sole question with the Romans how much spoil a province might, with good farming, be made to yield. The subject nations came to pour not less than half the products of all their toil into the spendthrift and luxurious lap of their mistress, Rome. Rome was to the world like a monstrous ulcer that constantly drained the juices of its life, and that constantly grew by what it fed on to want more and more.

Rome, it will thus be seen, never herself became poorer, but always richer, by war. In mere literal fact, war was to Rome her one source of wealth. All that enormous accumulation of public and private resources which made Rome rich and great, was—let the truth be nakedly stated—it was pure plunder. Plunder laid the foundation of all her temples, all her state edifices, all her public pleasure-houses, all her palaces. The superstructure of all these was plunder. Outside and inside, they were garnished with plunder. Plunder paved her streets, her highways. Plunder undergirded the city with sewers, built as for subterranean rivers. Plunder flung bridges across the Tiber. Plunder arched her aqueducts, and shot them forth, in miles and miles of straight stone trajectory, high over the subject Campagna. It was plunder that robbed her senators, in the awed eyes of Cineas, like an assembly of kings. The Roman nobles fared sumpt-

uously every day on plunder. Nay, the very rabble of the streets subsisted on a commons of plunder. This is not rhetoric. It is mere hard matter of fact. Rome was active, but her activity was not the activity of production. She did not till the ground, she did not ply the loom. That is, the productive industry of Rome was so little, in any kind whatever, that it need not be reckoned at all. Rome's only industry was robbery. She exported nothing. She imported every thing. Rome was a mighty metropolis of plunder. She sucked the breast of kings.

The famous Roman Triumph was no unrelated incident of the national life. It was the symbol, the representative, the epitome, of what Rome was. It brought into vivid and striking demonstration to the senses the whole motive and method and meaning of her career. It was simply a strong momentary accentuation of the habitual tenor of her conduct. The gorgeous procession, the holiday streets, the idly gaping and applauding beholders, the captive kings led in chains with their wives and their children, the blazoned names of conquered nations, the loads of glittering spoil, the laureled general with his vermeil-tinctured face, and that familiar at his side incessantly whispering in his ear, "Remember that thou art a man;" the bands of musicians, the harlequin pantomime, whose business it was to insult the vanquished; the thronging soldiers, cheering or chaffing their leader; the attendant senators—what was this spectacle, but Rome herself exhibiting on the stage, Roman history dramatized and enacted? The captives sent to prison, and usually to death; the multitudinous bloody gladiatorial shows that accompanied—these were necessary, too; and now, half-savage, half-civilized, wholly heathen, Rome is fully represented in her Triumph, that pride of the Roman general, that joy of the Roman populace, that terror and dread of vanquished kings, that phantasmagoric instruction to history.

Our readers may need to be reminded of a momentous



fact, not yet named, but implied throughout in Roman conquest and government. That fact is, that in the end more than one half the population of the Roman empire—in other words, more than one half the population of the world then known—were slaves. Take that into your thought and your imagination. For every man, every woman, every child, living free, and master of self, like you, there was a man, a woman, a child, possessing no rights whatsoever that any human being was bound to regard. The Roman master was lord of his slave in the most absolute sense of lordship. He could not only whip him as much as he pleased, he could kill him, and be by no one called in question for his deed. The misery, the sin, that this state of things meant, not less for the ascendant minority than for the abject majority of the human race, is a topic for imagination rather than for description. Let it not be forgotten that whatever was outwardly great in Rome, rested on a foundation of rapine—rapine that robbed not only of wealth, but of life; that robbed of life, not only by death, quick and merciful, at the point of the sword, but by the prolonged death of life under the lash of slavery. There was not a stone laid in the building of Rome that did not represent outrage on the rights of mankind. Rome, from foundation to topstone, was a towering and splendid edifice of crime. How could God's earth help rocking to topple her to her overthrow? Rome sat on a volcano that burned under her to the lowest hell.

The Christian moral sense instinctively and irresistibly speaks such language. But Christian charity no less feels bound to judge righteous judgment. And there is no righteous judgment of ancient Rome that is not widely comprehensive, comparative, and wise.

Over against the colossal criminality which tends to make Rome morally bankrupt beyond hope before the conscience and judgment of history, there is justly to be set down to her credit a considerable sum of benefits conferred by her upon

mankind. And, to begin with, there is this comparative extenuation to be pleaded in her behalf. Rome was no worse than the other nations of antiquity, except as she was stronger, shrewder, more single, more persistent, more successfully wicked, than they. They were all supremely selfish, not less than was Rome. It happened that the selfishness of Rome took one direction, one direction only, and that direction kept to the end. She wished to be mistress of the world, and she was willing to pay the price. This made Rome what she was. She devoured the nations. True. But the nations she devoured were, when she devoured them, all hard at work ambitiously devouring each other. Perhaps it was an alleviation, rather than an aggravation, to the misery of mankind, that it should be as it was. Perhaps it was better for the nations that they should all go together down one great throat stretched wide enough to pass them commodiously, than that they should spend ages of time in ineffectual attempts at alternately swallowing one another. There was one capacious maw within which they could all be at peace. Let them enter there, since otherwise they would be endlessly at war.

This reflection is an immense consolation to the afflicted sentiment of one who reads Roman history. These wretched nations, that Rome so ruthlessly crushes, bruising them bloodily one against another, wielded helplessly in her two mailed hands—they might nearly as well be thus crushed by Rome effectively, at once and for all, as go on dashing themselves together in ceaseless mutual collision indecisively cruel, cruelly indecisive, age after age, indefinitely, forever.

But there are offsets as well as extenuations to the charges against Rome. Frightful as was her injustice in governing, Rome yet governed more beneficently than any other ancient nation. She had a genius for government. Politics, not less than war, was her passion—if of passion, a blood that ran so cold as Rome's can be deemed to have been capable.

She extended the blessing of stable government, of an administration of law at least comparatively just and wise, to all the countries she conquered.

Further: imperfect as was the civilization of Rome, her civilization was yet incomparably better than the qualified barbarism that characterized the greater part of even the best of the world besides. And, after her fashion, she civilized where she had subjugated. Or if, in subjugating, she encountered, as in Greece, a civilization in some respects more excellent than her own, she was great enough to be wise enough to profit by the lessons that her beaten enemies could teach her. Alas! the tuition to evil that also her vassal panders eagerly offered—this, she was neither wise enough nor morally sound enough to reject.

Again: it is to be accounted an immeasurable blessing to mankind that Rome made the world politically one for the unhindered universal spread of Christianity. This we may say, not only speaking as Christians, but speaking as social philosophers. Whether one believes Christianity or not, it is at least undeniable that Christianity creates the chief difference between modern civilization and ancient. And that this difference might exist, it was worth while for the iron embrace of Rome to crush the world into one mass of empire, throughout which the Gospel could everywhere be preached.

Briefly, then: First, the Roman empire was peace; secondly, it was comparatively good government; thirdly, it was civilization; fourthly, it was the condition to Christianity of its diffusion through the world. Let Rome have her due of acknowledgment. There has not been stinted to her the full cup of her blame.

We grant that the benefits thus conferred by Rome on the world far exceed the merits of Rome in conferring the benefits. But the optimist—that is, the believer in eventual good—may get, for his faith, more argument than can the

pessimist—that is, the believer in eventual evil—for his, from the history of Rome, not, indeed, taken by itself, but taken in conjunction with the history of Christianity. Under this wide interpretation, the diffusive and permanent influence of Rome for good to the world must be held to overbalance her influence for evil. The praise, however, is due rather to Providence than to Rome.

Of such a people, holding such a city, and through such policies of conquest and of government accomplishing such a career to such a resulting account, in history, of balanced praise and blame, we advance in the next chapter to consider in summary the literature. Meantime, however, a few words of bibliography respecting Roman history may be helpful.

Those, then, of our friends who may be inclined to prosecute farther than we here have enabled them to do their study of Roman history, will find the primer on that subject by Mr. M. Creighton, (republished in this country by the Appletons,) a well-conceived and well-executed work, admirably adapted to the use of the general reader willing to be satisfied with a greatly reduced but clear and proportional view of the entire field. Mr. Creighton's primer begins with 753 B. C., that is, with the date assumed for the founding of Rome, and ends with 1453 A. D., that is, with the date marked by the final overthrow of the Eastern Empire in the fall of Constantinople under the arms of the Turks.

Such as have more leisure at their command may profitably peruse Mr. R. F. Leighton's school "History of Rome," published by Clark & Maynard. This is richly illustrated with maps and engravings. It is written with enlightened scholarship. Mr. Leighton's book sets out from 753 B. C., and comes to its stop at 476 A. D., the date commonly assigned for the fall of the Western Empire.

A larger and fuller work, prepared for the general reader, and therefore properly less interrupted by divisions into

paragraphs and by differences of type, than the foregoing meritorious manual of Mr. Leighton, is Liddell's "History of Rome," published by the Harpers. This history, beginning, like the rest, at 753 B. C., closes at 29 B. C., the date of the establishment of the empire. Dr. Liddell is the same with the associate author and compiler of the Greek Lexicon known as Liddell and Scott's. His history is a clearly-written and readable work.

Dr. Mommsen's more expanded work, extending now to four considerable volumes, issued in excellent style by Charles Scribner's Sons, is perhaps *the* great work on Roman history to be studied by such as desire the latest and the best. This work may hereafter be continued by the author to include the period of the empire; but in its present state it closes with the fall of the republic. Mommsen's History will be more particularly referred to in the course of the chapter to follow this, on Cæsar's Commentaries.

Merivale's "History of the Romans" is likewise a large work, worthy to be commended. Sound in judgment, trustworthy in scholarship, it is well written without being remarkably well written. It lacks brilliant and striking qualities of style.

Dr. Arnold's works on Roman history are valuable, but they are incomplete. Dr. Arnold was a student and follower of the great German Niebuhr, (nee'boor,) who may be said to have almost created ancient Roman history, as that history has since his time (1776-1831) been written, and must always henceforth continue to be written.

Gibbon's great work, "The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire," is too well known to every body to need characterization, or even mention. That work, however, deals, as its title indicates, with the later periods of Roman history. It is learned and exhaustive, but it is overpoweringly long and full for any except the special student, or the general reader with ample leisure at command. There is an

abridgment, called the "Student's Gibbon," published in a single volume.

A number of romances, seeking to reproduce the life of the Roman empire, have lately been written in German and translated into English, which may serve a useful purpose to the student of Roman history. "Quintus Claudius," among these, is worthy of particular mention. Macaulay's "Fragment of a Roman Tale" is not to be forgotten.

On the philosophy of Roman history, De Quincey has a striking and suggestive essay, sufficiently independent, if it should not even be called paradoxical, to be stimulating to thought. Read also De Quincey's essay on the Cæsars, not neglecting his notes. But the most enlightening philosophical discussion of Roman history known to the present writer is Montesquieu's "Greatness [the French word is not well translated 'Grandeur'] and Decadence of the Romans." A translation of this work, under the English title, "Grandeur and Decadence of the Romans," accompanied with valuable notes, has recently been issued by the Appletons.

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### III.

#### THE LITERATURE OF ROME.

SUCH of our readers as may wish to know more of Latin literature than we, in the following brief sketch, undertake to tell, can satisfy their curiosity, either by consulting some one or more of several accessible works expressly devoted to this subject, or by giving careful attention to what the general histories of Rome have to say about the literary productions of the Roman mind. Charles Scribner's Sons republish in this country what is, perhaps, on the whole, the best manual of Latin letters, namely, Cruttwell's "History of Roman Literature." This is written with excellent judgment and with good

taste. The style is clear and readable. It reconciles, with considerable success, the popular and the scholarly traits of treatment. Harper & Brothers have lately re-issued a work in two volumes covering much the same ground. This is Simcox's manual, bearing the title, "History of Latin Literature." Mr. Simcox begins, as Mr. Cruttwell does, at the beginning, but he comes down to a later date than Mr. Cruttwell. Marcus Au-re'li-us (121-180 A. D.) is the hither term of Mr. Cruttwell; while Mr. Simcox continues his account to Bo-e'thi-us, (470-525.) We give the preference to Mr. Cruttwell's book for the use of our readers.

As we have already intimated, the period during which classic Latin literature, strictly so-called, came into existence was, in comparison to the whole life of the Roman people, very short. The epithet classic is somewhat arbitrarily applied to the literature produced at Rome during a certain limited time, variously reckoned by various authorities, but fairly enough to be considered as extending from about 80 B. C. to A. D. 108, and as thus covering one hundred and eighty-eight years, a little less than the space of six generations. Cicero begins and Tacitus (Tass'i-tus) ends this period. All before is ante-classic; all after, post-classic. Cicero, or some might say Cæsar, may be taken as marking the point of highest purity and perfection in Latin diction and style. Literature, with the Romans, was both late to spring into life, and early to fall into decay. The names of Roman writers familiar now to the popular ear are few in number, and they are clustered together in time, like the stars of a constellation in the sky.

Liv-i-us An-dro-ni'cus was a writer of tragedy. He flourished about two hundred and forty years before Christ. But Livius Andronicus is a name, nothing more, and as merely a name, is probably, to most of our readers, unknown. We write the name here, not to say any thing more about the bearer of the name, than that Livius Andronicus may be

regarded as the beginner of Latin literature. This Livy, by the way, is not to be confounded with Livy the historian, who will come two centuries later, and be a very different man. "Andronicus" alone, a Greek appellation, was the earlier writer's original name. He was an Italian Greek, made prisoner at the Roman capture of Tarentum—prisoner and, by natural consequence, slave. When, afterward, he was set free, he adopted, according to custom, the name of his master, Livius. The mention of Tarentum captured will remind our readers of Pyrrhus, vainly summoned by the Tarentines to help them against Rome. It was the war between Pyrrhus and Rome, you remember, that we took as the point of commencement for strictly authentic Roman history. The time was about the middle of the third century before Christ. It is historically significant that Roman literature should have been begun by a Greek. Rome conquered Greece, but Greece turned about and made captive her conqueror. But we might have got our epigram by quoting the Roman poet Horace himself, who says, "Captive Greece took captive her rude conqueror." What Livius Andronicus wrote in Latin was no doubt mainly translation from the writer's native Greek. Of his indifferent verse a few fragments only remain.

Næ'vi-us is another merename in Latin literature—this, likewise, a name now, perhaps, for the first time meeting the eyes of most of the readers of this volume. Against the hellenizing tendency introduced by Livius, Nævius, himself also, like Livius, debtor to Hellenic originals, nevertheless made a manly, though a vain, stand for the native Roman spirit in Roman literature. He wrote a sort of epic on the first Punic war, esteemed by scholars one of the chief lost things in Latin literature. It contained notices of previous Roman history, which nothing survives to replace. Macaulay, in his *Lays of Ancient Rome*, has exercised his imagination to construct what it may be supposed that the epic of Nævius, had



that poem escaped the chances of time, would have supplied to the Englishman's hand. Perhaps, if the truth were known, we English-speakers gain, rather than lose, by exchanging tradition for fancy, Nævius for Macaulay. Cicero, however, who had a capacity for appreciating, as great as was his capacity for creating, expresses strongly the delight he experienced in reading the lost epic of Nævius.

The next great name in Latin literature is still to us little more than a name. It is En'ni-us. Ennius is praised by Cicero, by Lu-cre'ti-us; Virgil does not praise him, but he copies him; while Horace, too, does not altogether disdain to acknowledge merit in his verse. Ennius was a thorough-going hellenizer. His influence and example decisively fixed the form of the Latin poetry, and so, we may say, of the Latin language. It long remained a part of the conservatism and pride of the Roman people, to keep alive portions, at least, of the poetry of Ennius. It is tantalizing to think that Ennius was lost to the world only so long ago as the thirteenth century.

We may skip other names after Ennius, until we come to names as familiar as those of Plau'tus and Ter'ence. These two were the great Roman writers of comedy. Nævius had done something in the line of the comic drama, but the truly indigenous literary product, like that which Nævius attempted to furnish, seemed somehow never to thrive in Rome. Plautus and Terence won their triumphs by boldly importing their intellectual wares from Greece. Of Terence, Julius Cæsar, in a celebrated epigram, spoke slightly, as but "a half-Menander." The epigrammatist named thus the Greek (Menan'der) from whom the Roman, if Roman indeed he is to be called—for Terence was a native of Carthage—purveyed his comedies. These two writers, Plautus and Terence, will furnish their full share of what our readers may promise themselves most to enjoy, in the companion volume to the present, namely, that devoted to representing the

college or university course in Latin. The two were partly contemporary, but Plautus was Terence's senior. The senior was, of the two, the coarser, but so the more characteristically Roman, the more original, and, perhaps, the abler. Terence, however, died when hardly more than a youth, so that what we have from his hand was but the first-fruits of his early-ripe genius. Plautus lived, and, on the whole, prospered, to a good old age. Both these dramatists reflected a civilization that was full of iniquity. Their reflections, of course, are tainted accordingly. Roman life and manners, beginning, through superfluous wealth and, we grieve to say it, through corrupting influence and example imported from Greece, to show deterioration from their ancient simplicity and comparative virtue, are vividly portrayed in the comedies of Plautus and of Terence. Our readers will relish the extracts in store for them from these writers. The relish, however, will be pungent with pain as well as with pleasure. The lines themselves that the authors wrote will amuse you, but you will be saddened with what you read between the lines. You may safely reckon, while tasting this mingled relish, on getting at the same time a better idea of what Roman civilization really was, than many a laborious page of history might yield, duly studied under a sense, on your part, of so much necessary work conscientiously performed.

Another important source of knowledge respecting the every-day life and morality of the ancient Romans, is to be found in the Satires which their own writers produced. The satire may be said to be a form of composition in verse original with Rome. In satire, more naturally by far than in comedy, the Roman genius could unbend from its habitual and characteristic severity. Perhaps Roman satire was hardly, to the Romans, an unbending from severity; say, rather, it was with them a way of giving loose to severity. At all events, satire is a kind of verse in which the Romans distance all competitors.

Verse, but not poetry, observe, we call the Roman satire. Indeed, the wit, the scorn, the ridicule, which, in any language, make the life of the satire, are hardly compatible with poetry. It was by no means, therefore, because the satire is of its own nature poetical, that, among the Romans, the satire chose for itself verse as its form of expression. It was rather for the curious reason that, when satire began, verse was a literary vehicle of thought already prepared to the hand of the satirical writer, while prose had yet to be invented. Curious we call it, and our readers will agree with us in feeling it to be curious, that so difficult a form of composition as verse should precede prose in the first development of a national literature. This, however, seems to be a general fact in literary history. It has even been suggested that you may measure the advance of a people in the literary art by the degree to which prose has secured for itself among them an expansion of its sphere. Let us trust, we that love poetry, that poetry is not, one day, in the triumphant perfection of literature, to be quite swallowed up. By the way, is there, in this line of thought, a light thrown on Coleridge's noteworthy sentence of exclamation at what he calls the "wonderfulness of prose"?

The spirit of satire is very pervasive throughout Latin literature. Cato the Censor was a great satirist in his writing, but especially in his speech. That tongue of his was as a scourge for the chastisement of the public. Lucretius, poetic interpreter to the Romans of philosophic Epicurus the Greek, is highly satirical. Seneca was a moralist, but he moralized satirically. As for Tacitus, our readers in due time shall see for themselves how the ink with which that great historian wrote was embittered with the gall of the satirist. Of the classic Roman satire Lucilius (148-103 B.C.) was the creator. The learned world has suffered a great loss in losing Lucilius. He satirized, not to vent his own spleen, but to chastise the vices of society, and thus to help give

virtue its chance among men. But the great Roman masters of satire are Horace and Ju'ven-al. These two writers not only wrote nobly themselves, but they have been the cause of much noble writing, done long since their day, by others, both in French and in English. French Boileau and English Dryden and Pope, especially, with Johnson too, have transfused the essential spirit of Horace and Juvenal into brilliant imitative satires, dealing with the follies and vices of modern contemporary life. For some specimens of the satirical work of the Englishmen named—as being, perhaps, for our purpose in this series of volumes, better than exclusive mere translation would be—we shall hereafter try to find room. That will be when we come to representing Horace and Juvenal, in the volume on Latin literature to follow this. Our readers may prepare their palates for a strong sapor of spice.

To Cato, famous always and everywhere as Cato the Censor, may be attributed the merit of being the founder or former of Latin prose. For this service to Latin literature, Cato's merit is as distinctive and as indisputable, as is the merit of Ennius for a corresponding influence exercised in fixing the mold of Latin verse. But while Ennius hellenized, that is, followed Greek models, Cato, in principle and in practice, was stanchly Roman. There is something whimsical in the fact that one of the great creators of Roman literature should have been, as Cato undoubtedly was, quite sincerely and cordially a despiser of literature. Cato wrote to decry writing, as Carlyle lately deafened us all to recommend silence. Unhappily, Cato is now mainly but a tradition in Latin letters. We have left from his hand nothing entire, except a treatise on farming, and even this is edited somewhat. Cato wrote an important historical work, the loss of which leaves an irreparable breach in the continuity of primitive Roman story. Cato is also named for praise by Cicero as the first Roman orator worthy of that title.

Oratory, from early times down to the establishment of the empire—true oratory the empire extinguished—was a favorite form of intellectual activity among the Romans. It has happened, however, and this from the nature of things, that of the immense volume of an eloquence hardly perhaps, in the aggregate, equaled by that of any other nation, ancient or modern, comparatively little remains to justify the fame which Roman oratory traditionally enjoys. The orator's triumph, as it is the most intense, is likewise the most momentary of all intellectual victories. Cicero, among Romans, reigns alone, in glorious companionship with Demosthenes among Greeks, as one of the two undisputedly greatest masters of human speech that have ever appeared on the planet. Æschines (Es'ki-neeZ) survives, in equivocal renown, as foil to Demosthenes—Hortensius enjoying a similar privilege of continued remembrance in connection with Cicero. While of Æschines, however, we still have the really brilliant speech which provoked from his victorious rival that "bright consummate flower" of eloquence, the Oration on the Crown, nothing remains of Hortensius but the splendid tradition of his fame. For other Roman orators, there are the brothers Gracchi, (Grak'ki,) Crassus, and that universal man, not less capable of great words than of great deeds, Julius Cæsar. Nor must we forget Mark Antony. This orator's masterpiece, the funeral discourse on murdered Cæsar, perished long ago, but you may still study it in the form in which the creative imagination and easy omnipotence in expression of Shakespeare have perhaps more than restored it. Read Antony in the tragedy of "Julius Cæsar," and, if you are an orator, hope that what you utter in the supreme moment of your career may die, to enjoy a like resurrection. The names that we have last mentioned, added to those of Cato, Cicero, Hortensius, sufficiently suggest the roll-call of illustrious orators that Rome, before eloquence died with liberty in Rome, could boast, in not unsuccessful rivalry with Greece.

Cato, as founder of history for Rome, had a following not less distinguished than that which, as you have seen, he drew after him as founder of oratory. When we have mentioned, first, Cæsar, that name appearing so often, and always among the foremost, when you recall the glories of Rome in different spheres of achievement; next, Sallust, emulating but hardly rivaling Thucydides in force and in point; then Livy, of the "pictured page," with his lost books, perhaps the chief theme of hopeless deploring for the lovers of classical literature and the students of Roman antiquity; and, fourth, Tacitus, grave, severe, pathetic—but loftily, indignantly pathetic, with pathos made bitter and virile by sarcasm—illustrating in his practice that definition of history which calls it philosophy teaching by example, and so placing himself chronologically second in the line, in which Thucydides stands first, of philosophical historians—when, we say, we have mentioned these four names, we have not, indeed, exhausted, but we have adequately suggested, the list of Roman historical writers. Cornelius Nepos—and the same is true of Suetonius—was a biographer rather than a historian. Suetonius deserves higher regard; but the pretensions of Nepos, as a man of letters, are humble, and what survives of his work is rather tame reading.

It was reserved for the age of Augustus to produce the great epic of Rome, the *Æneid* of Virgil. This poem, like the *Georgics* of the same author, seems to have had a patriotic inspiration, inspiration genuinely the poet's, though, perhaps, originally communicated from no less august a source than the Roman emperor himself. It was not simply addressed to the national feeling of Rome, for the purpose of flattering that feeling to the gain of the poet. It was designed to create and excite national feeling, or rather to revive and restore the national feeling which the long civil wars had done so much to extinguish. Whatever the merits of the poem, the *Æneid* has had a fortune of fame and of influence

that pairs it, in unchallenged pre-eminence, with the Iliad of Homer. With Virgil was matched and contrasted, in a life-long friendship equally honorable to both, a very different poet—by eminence the Roman poet of society and manners—Horace, of a fame fulfilling his own celebrated boast and prediction concerning himself: "I have reared for myself a monument more enduring than brass." Horace has a peculiar persisting modernness of manner that keeps him perhaps the most read and the most quoted of all ancient poets.

In connection with Virgil and Horace, let us make mention, in one word, of a man who, producing, indeed, no valuable literature himself, became, nevertheless, alike by his initiative, by his taste, and by his munificence, to such an extent the cause to others of their producing of literature, that his very name is now an immortal synonym for enlightened and generous patronage of culture. If you wish to dignify by a name some wise and liberal encourager of intellectual activity you call him a *Mæ-ce'nas*. Augustus himself surpassed his minister *Mæcenas* in patronizing genius, only as the sovereign may always surpass the subject. Ovid, however, less happy than Virgil and Horace, felt the weight of imperial displeasure. Banished from Rome by Augustus, he became as famous to all time for his unmanly tears in exile, as he had been before for his much-appreciated verse.

Ovid in Pontus, pining for his Rome,

is the merciless line in which Mr. Lowell, in his "Cathedral," pillories him for the contempt of mankind.

We must not close this rapid and summary survey of Latin literature without remarking that it was proper of the Roman genius to produce a copious literature about literature, in the form of grammatical, rhetorical, and critical treatises. Besides Varro, a luminous as well as voluminous author, much lauded by Cicero, whose works, however valuable for matter,

lacked every charm of manner, we name here only *Quin-til'i-an*, the writer on rhetoric—who, perhaps, from his store will supply us with material for enriching the variety and instructiveness of future pages of the present series of volumes.

Our readers can easily see that, with a magazine of resources accessible, so large and so various as is the literature thus imperfectly described, it will be next to impossible not to draw for our use what, properly presented, will make up a full and an appetizing intellectual feast.

Now forward, with but one more brief stage of delay, to that part of the proof which belongs to this volume.

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#### IV.

#### A WORD OR TWO OF ADVICE.

IN concluding the previous chapter our impulse was to begin at once here with something highly interesting. This, in our next chapter, we shall show that we could very easily have done. On the whole, however, we decide to keep that impulse in check, until we shall first have given certain of our readers some good advice about their proper course of proceeding.

The advice to be submitted is, perhaps, hardly more than suggestion; for no one need follow it who is not that way inclined. In fact, those readers with whom good advice is a favorite aversion may, if they like, just drop the thread right here, to take it up again unbroken at the beginning of the next chapter. To these last readers nothing probably will be lost by their skipping of a few pages here, except barely the good advice itself contained therein—small loss that, since they would not in any case have been apt, against their liking, to follow the good advice, and so get the resultant practical benefit aimed at in their behalf. No offense, we trust,



even to these readers—for we quite understand that our office here is to make Latin literature easy, and not in general to give good advice.

We speak, then, for the moment, to such among our readers as, not being classically educated, and not expecting to be, would, nevertheless, like, to some small degree, to get the secret of the Latin language itself, in addition to the Latin literature—so far, at least, that when, for example, they chance in reading aloud to come upon a Latin word or phrase used by an English writer, they need not stumble and say Jerusalem; or when, for another example, to tongue's tip springs some pat quotation in Latin, they need not hold the volunteer back, for fear they shall forsooth commit a dreadful solecism by missing unawares a mysterious concord of gender, number, or case. Some readers, too, there will be—parents, perhaps, or older brothers or sisters—who, to the reasons already suggested for liking to know a little Latin, will add also the wish to keep in sympathetic communication with fortunate kinsman or kinswoman enjoying the privilege of education at academy or college. To all readers, whatever their private motive, who would gladly furnish themselves with a modest, but serviceable, smatter of Latin, we take great pleasure in saying, Your wish can be gratified, and that without any very formidable cost of time or pains on your part. You have no new alphabet to learn. A Latin page does not, like a Greek, bristle to you with Procul, procul, Off, off, multitudinously horrid in the very aspect of the letters! The words look familiar and inviting. Some of them carry their meaning on their face.

Very well; go at it, nothing doubting. Take up any Latin grammar at hazard, or first book in Latin. Read it unafraid. Skip paragraphs, pages even, that look too learned and dry, and by no means accuse yourselves of being superficial for doing so. Rather secretly take pleasure in thinking that you know how to “refuse the pickle, and assume the rose.”

Get yourself thus easily led up to the declensions, so-called, of the Latin nouns. Fall afoul of these, and master them. It is really not a very serious affair. You can make sing-song of the task, if you like, and chant it as accompaniment to any necessary other employment you may happen to have in hand—any employment, we mean, that will leave your mind a little at leisure to be, as Mrs. Browning cheerfully puts it, “singing at a work apart.” Well, in the same way take a turn at the adjectives and pronouns, which, as you will with pleasure observe, have a trick of following the phases of the nouns, making it thus quite easy for you to master them. Once more unto the breach, dear friends, and storm the four conjugations of the Latin verbs. There, that is all—only, of course, you can, you know, if you find you rather like Latin grammar, look, as much as pleases you, at the rules of syntax. But you will now have learned enough Latin to serve several useful ends.

The mere guidance of your ear, thus grown familiar with the forms of the nouns, pronouns, and adjectives, shifting rhythmically down through their several cases and numbers, will save you from the embarrassment of making, for instance, such a ludicrous blunder as that of the lady who spoke to a friend of ours about taking a plunge *in medias rebus*—when she meant, with easy command of classic quotation, to muster in that veteran conscript, our old acquaintance, *in medias res*, who, perhaps some readers will remember, graced, with well-accustomed step, the ranks of our own array in the volume on Greek literature preceding this. Lexicon, not grammar, was wanting to the traveler who, tired of sea, declared himself glad to set foot once more on *terra cotta*. (If, now, that traveler had been but a homesick Neapolitan gentleman, landing nigh the base of Mount Vesuvius with its burnt volcanic soil!—*terra cotta*, that is, baked or cooked earth—would not have been in him so very bad a term to express his sentiment of whimsical pathetic gladness in the

“home return.” Alas! we fear the traveler was a hapless American, born too soon to have had the benefit of these books; though even to such a traveler a timely recollection of his mother tongue should have served to point out that *terra firma* was the natural antithesis desired to the tumbling and wallowing sea. It is fair, finally, to advise our readers that *terra cotta* is not true Latin at all, but Italian, “that soft bastard Latin,” to use Byron’s affectionate descriptive phrase.)

A very ingenious device for acquiring something like vernacular familiarity with a foreign language, through much practice in repetition of words and phrases, is that of Sauveur. A spirited movement toward the general introduction of an improved conversational method in the study of Latin has recently been started by Professor E. S. Shumway, of Rutgers College, in New Brunswick, New Jersey. This enlightened and enterprising classical teacher publishes an admirable little monthly magazine, entitled “Latiné,” printed almost wholly in Latin, which, with much interesting and instructive matter besides, furnishes, from number to number, copious and well-prepared specimen exercises in exemplification of his method.

Some readers of this chapter may be incited by what we say to prosecute, still farther than we have now suggested, their study of Latin. To any such reader we would say, If your age and your circumstances permit, by all means take the regular way of doing this. Go to a good school, and fit yourself for college. Then accomplish a college course and be a graduate. There is no other plan for you so wise as this. Do not undertake to educate yourself, if it is possible for you to get yourself educated. There will be quite enough of self-educating for you to do in getting yourself properly educated.

A little learning is a dangerous thing,

sings Pope, with excellently good wisdom, in very moderately good poetry. Still, we believe all our readers may

safely venture on knowing as much as we have now suggested about the Latin language. With this not cumbersome equipment of knowledge, not one, we dare warrant, of them all will make the mistake of setting up for a critical Latin scholar. We should even hope that prudence and modesty would be the fruit, full rather than conceit and audacity.

As to pronunciation of Latin, there are wide divergences of practice, and the divergences of theory are not slight. Theoretically, what is called the Roman pronunciation is, we suppose, the nearest approximation yet made to the orthoepy of the ancient Romans themselves. This pronunciation is gaining ground. The present writer remembers the time when the college at which he was then student stood alone among American colleges in adopting, under the intrepid lead of that admirable instructor, Professor J. F. Richardson, the Roman method of pronouncing Latin. This method our readers need not take even the very little trouble it would require to master. Nor had they better undertake the so-called Continental method. Just adhere to the perverse old English method, the very worst, probably, in itself of all methods, but among English-speakers in possession still, to such an extent that, for practical purposes, it is to you for the present the best. The differences of the different systems of Latin orthoepy concern both the vowels and the consonants. We cannot here profitably consume space to indicate what even the chief differences are.

There is one point, however, in which all methods agree, and that is a point in which they all agree to differ from the usage that obtains in the pronunciation of the English tongue. According to any recognized method of pronouncing Latin, every several vowel or diphthong makes a syllable. There are no silent vowels in Latin. Simply remember this principle, and you will be saved from very many of the mistakes that, in pronouncing Latin, an English speaker is likely to make. Take the Latin expressions, familiar to

every one in English, *ex tempore, pro tempore*. To say, *ex tem'pore, pro tem'pore*, in three syllables, is barbarous. Make four syllables—*ex tem'po-re, pro tem'po-re*. So of *sine die*. Make four syllables, two to each word—*si'ne di'e*.

Again, all methods of Latin pronunciation agree in observing carefully what is called quantity. If the next to the last, that is, the penultimate, syllable in any word is long, that syllable receives the accent. Whether a given syllable is long or short you cannot, in all cases, at sight determine. If the vowel is a diphthong, the syllable containing it is invariably long; for example, Athenæ'um, not Athe'næum. This, likewise, almost invariably holds true: If the vowel in a syllable is followed by two consecutive consonants the syllable is long. Thus Bayard Taylor made a slip in so versifying a passage in his translation of Goethe's (pronounced very nearly as Gur'tur, with the *r* sound in both syllables omitted) "Faust," that you have to accent *mag'ister* on the first syllable. It is a case in which the penult is long by two consecutive consonants, *s* and *t*, following the vowel—*mag'ister*. *Libert'as, volunt'as, volupt'as*, are words falling under the same rule, though likely to be misaccented by English speakers. This is the principle on which Worcester, with the other best English orthoepists, pronounces demon'strate, illus'trate, devas'tate, etc., instead of dem'onstrate, il'lustrate, dev'astate, etc. Your Latin lexicon, you will find, in doubtful cases marks the principal vowels in each word with their proper quantity. Heed these marks scrupulously, if you desire to be correct in your quantity—a very important test of good Latin scholarship.

A good idea would be, for all our readers of the class here particularly addressed, to familiarize themselves with the quotations from Latin given, for instance, in the dictionary, Webster's or Worcester's, which they use. A little attention to this list, bestowed daily for a week, would probably suffice. The result would be not only a convenient addition to

your stock of knowledge, in the understanding of these specific Latin words and phrases, but beyond that a certain serviceable conversance with the Latin idiom of expression in general. Get the quotations, and the English renderings of the quotations, in both ways; that is, so that, given the Latin, the English will be ready on your tongue; and, conversely, so that, the English given, you can instantly respond with the Latin. Do not, by the way, assume that the English equivalents given are always word-for-word translations of the Latin. Use a Latin lexicon, if you wish to be sure of the meaning of a particular word. The sense of command, acquired through this simple process of memorizing, over a little stock of Latin words and phrases, will yield to you a satisfaction more than worth the trifling pains it will cost. Professor Blackie in his little book, "Self-Culture," has some hints worth attention on method in acquiring foreign languages.

One item more of advice, and we have done. Begin now watchfully to note the obvious derivations of English words from Latin, that you have been all your life in the habit of passing over without heed. You can make your own native language half subserve the purpose of a lexicon to ordinary Latin prose. For your help in doing this, consult your English lexicon, in which you have given, along with the definitions, the etymologies of the words defined. Very interesting it will be to you, very instructive as well, to take some particular selected word and, tracing it from one language to another, see, with what changes of form suffered in several different languages, that word may nevertheless remain substantially and recognizably the same. To illustrate, the English word *heart*, you probably never thought of as the same with the Latin word *cor*, although to be *cordial* and to be *heartly* would in your mouth be equivalent expressions. But observe, when you say "heart," you can breathe the *h* sound in the word as hard and gutturally as you please. Breathing

it very roughly, somewhat as if you were clearing your throat, you make the *h* almost like a *k* rather softly uttered. Broaden the vowel sound *a*, and you approximate the sound *o*. Now leave off the *t* final, and you are speaking tolerable Latin, when, with these changes, you say *heart*. The Greek equivalent word is *kardia*, the German word is *hertz*, the Sanskrit word is *hrid*—all closely related, one to another, as derived probably from one common original language now lost. Through some such simple illustration as this, one comes to conceive more vividly what philologists mean by their talk of Indo-European languages, that is, languages sprung from a supposed primitive speech that great popular migrations once spread over Hindostan and Europe.

Furthermore, this single example supplies by suggestion two or three principles under which changes may take place in words, as the words pass from one language to another. First, observe, vowels may be very freely interchanged. Secondly, certain kindred consonants may relieve one another at will. Thirdly, letters may, within certain ascertainable limits, be mutually transposed.

Now, let watchful readers remark, all this philological learning of ours is capable of being verified by reference to so accessible a book as Webster's Dictionary unabridged: see the word *heart*. Make the most of your dictionaries. Comparative philology, to be sure, is not so perfectly easy a science that we could conscientiously recommend to any reader to profess himself a specialist in it, without much more than merely incidental and diverting attention paid to the subject in unabridged English dictionaries. For all that, however, is it not pleasant to see vistas opened here and there to the light, where nothing but impenetrable darkness presented itself before? You feel like a soul unimprisoned. Your horizon widens around you. You breathe an ampler air.

In this released spirit, and enjoying it to the full, you that

actually follow the advice which, we trust, you have now been reading, may go on in company with the rest who, alas for them! made a skip of the present chapter—and take up what comes after, with as much greater satisfaction than can belong to those others as your humility and enterprise are greater than theirs.

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## V.

## THE LATIN READER.

WE have not thought it worth while to spend time in any detailed mention of the numerous books that have been prepared by enterprising authors, to facilitate the way of beginners in Latin. It will be sufficient to say that the publishing houses named in our "Preparatory Greek Course in English," with other houses of like rank, may be applied to for descriptive catalogues of their issues, with all confidence on the part of the reader that he will not go amiss in selecting for himself his manual from the lists which they offer abundantly to his choice. Harkness's series of books in Latin are excellent, and the same may be said of Allen and Greenough's, with Leighton's introductory book, "Latin Lessons," referring to the grammar of the Latin series. Leighton's manual has a brief and clear explanation of the two methods, English and Roman, of pronouncing Latin. The later beginning-books in Latin have, as a rule, much the advantage in point of method over their old-time predecessors. The "Historia Sacra," it may interest some readers to know, was a book of auld lang syne made up of passages from the Bible, translated into Latin. We say of auld lang syne, for this text-book is now, we suppose, to be classed among the things that were. It well served its turn for many in its day. Old "Ainsworth's Dictionary," too, is nearly or quite superseded by more modern dictionaries



much better than that. Our readers will find the Latin dictionary published last by the Harpers the fullest and best. A smaller and less expensive work, easy to carry and easy to handle, exceedingly compendious, and for all ordinary purposes of mere translation quite sufficient, is White's Dictionary, published in this country by Ginn, Heath, & Co. White's Dictionary has two parts, Latin-English and English-Latin, to be bought, we believe, either separately or together. The Latin-English gives the Latin words in alphabetical order, with their equivalents in English, while the English-Latin proceeds conversely. There are to be had editions of the various authors most commonly read in the preparatory Latin course, containing, in connection with the text itself, (and with the explanatory notes almost always accompanying the texts,) special lexicons, partial, indeed, but full enough for the satisfactory rendering of the particular works or selections to which they severally appertain. Frieze's lexicon to Virgil, also Greenough's, deserve mention, not only as being admirable pieces of work, but as being obtainable either with or without the text for which they are prepared. Such special lexicons will in many cases make unnecessary the purchase of larger and more costly dictionaries. Readers, however, who can conveniently do so, will act wisely to possess themselves of the best.

And now for the Latin Reader. The Latin Reader is a book compiled very much after the fashion of the Reader in Greek, with which, in the preceding volume, our friends had, many of them, an opportunity of becoming somewhat acquainted. The contents of the book vary according to the choice made by the particular editor or compiler. Any Latin Reader, however, is pretty sure, like any Greek, to contain its share of fables, of anecdotes, of historical fragments, of mythology, of biography. The collection has thus almost always a good spice of variety. The tyro is constantly allured along the paths of Latin lore by some

appetizing bait, of tale, of witty wisdom, held out before him, in every succeeding paragraph which, by dint of much turning and thumbing of the leaves of his lexicon, he slowly comes to understand, with more or with less of distinct and certain comprehension. The sweet juice of the meaning is usually well diluted in the youthful student's mouth with the secretions of his own mental idiosyncrasy, excited to flow by the long suspense of ruminant mastication necessary before the mingled product is ready to be swallowed and entered into his hungry individual circulation. A rather tantalizing process—for the present, but—*et haec olim meminisse*, “to remember even these things afterward,” as Virgil has it, in his memory-haunting phrase! On the whole, the Latin Reader (ask any college graduate) is saturate with pleasurable association. And indeed the book is a genuinely interesting one.

Still, our readers, unless we should do a little managing for them in this matter, would be apt to feel that, in comparison of the Latin Reader with the Greek, there was, when both were done into English, surprisingly little difference between the two; and the truth is that, already, even with the Latin Reader, the Roman genius begins to be displayed, in its literary production, very dependent on the Greek. The same fables recur, with naturalized Greek Æsop for putative father of them all. The anecdotes are many of them concerning Greek personages and incidents.

Now it would be quite fair to Roman literary fame to let this imitative character of the Roman literature everywhere fully appear in these pages. There would be also the advantage to our readers of seeing for themselves from the start how Rome was well content to echo Greece in letters. On the other hand, however, this book of ours, following, as it properly does, in order of appearance, the corresponding one in Greek, might thus be, at least in the present chapter, somewhat less entertaining than, for our readers' sake, we

are resolved, if we can, to make it. So, the advantage just now named being mainly saved to our friends by our merely having named it, we shall choose to give here, from the contents of the Latin Reader, only such material, and that in very brief exemplification, as may be most differenced from the Greek, and most racy of the native Roman character.

There was, a century or so ago, a compilation made from various Latin writers, entitled "*Viri Romae*," which formerly was much used by beginners in the study of the language. This compilation would, of course, from the character promised in its title, be highly flavored with the authentic Roman life and spirit. But Livy, for instance—one of the writers upon whom, with Valerius Maximus and others, the volume referred to draws for its material—is too important a creator of Roman literature not to be represented more liberally than in the fragmentary way of excerpts such as could find room in a beginning-book in Latin.

Cornelius Nepos, (about 50 B. C.,) again, is a simple, virtuously-disposed biographer, who has been widely used to give learners their start in construing Latin. This, notwithstanding that, judged by the standard of Cicero, Nepos violates sometimes the purest and best Latinity. Conscientious editors get along with that objection by duly warning the endangered tyro (absurdly safe already he, from all literary infection whatsoever, bad and good alike!) against his author's slips in style. Nepos, however, unlike Livy, might be fairly enough presented piecemeal, both because that is the only state in which he at present exists for us, and because his rank in letters is very humble. But as to Nepos, good, kind, insipid Nepos, it is doubtful whether he is really good enough to merit being presented at all to our friends, even in our Englished Latin Reader.

Let us begin with a story exceedingly well invented, if not true. Perhaps the story might be described as founded on

fact. The incidents, taken together, are a little too entirely satisfactory to have happened just so in every circumstance. But here is the story as the Latin Reader gives it. Our readers need only be reminded that Actium was one of the great decisive battles of the world, and that it was fought between Augustus Cæsar and Mark Antony, with event in favor of Cæsar. We translate, a little awkwardly perhaps, with pretty close literalness :

When, the victory at Actium having been won, Augustus was making his entry into Rome, there met him, in the number of those who were offering their congratulations, a certain artisan, with a raven which he had taught to say, "Long live Cæsar, victor, emperor!" Cæsar, struck with admiration of so courteous a bird, bought it for twenty thousand sesterces, [nearly a thousand dollars.] A partner of the artisan, whom no share of the imperial liberality had reached, assured Cæsar that he had a different raven, which, accordingly, he directed should be brought. The raven being brought uttered the words which he had taught it, "Long live the victor, the emperor, Antony!" In no degree offended at this, Augustus deemed it sufficient to direct that the teacher of the ravens share the reward received with his companion.

Similarly saluted by a parrot, he ordered that to be bought. Admiring the same thing in a magpie, he purchased that also.

The example incited a poor shoemaker to train a raven to a like salutation; but as it did not make very good proficiency, he fell into the way of saying frequently to the bird not replying, "It is labor and outlay lost." At length, however, the raven came to say the salutation taught. Hearing this as he passed, Augustus responded, "I have a sufficient number of such saluters at my house." Thereupon the raven added those words in which he was accustomed to hear his master complaining, "It is labor and outlay lost." At this Cæsar laughed, and directed to have the bird bought at the highest price of all."

Here is that fine story, now worn threadbare, of the Roman matron, Cornelia :

Cornelia, mother of the Gracchi, when a Campanian lady, guest at her house, was displaying to her her jewels, very beautiful ones, kept the conversation on that subject in progress till her sons returned from school. "And these," then she said, "are my jewels."

There is no story like the foregoing told of a Greek mother. The nearest approach to it—and the interval of difference is long—would perhaps be the narrative of some incident, such as our readers will remember from the Preparatory Greek Course in English, of a Spartan mother's brave cheer to her boy, it may be, bound to battle, or, it may be, come out of battle lame with glorious wound. The truth is, the Greeks had not so much domestic life, and not so much virtue of kindred affection, as had the Romans. The wife, the mother, the woman, was more at Rome than in Greece. This, in the earlier and purer period of Roman history, the period, that is to say, before conquered Greece, herself grown degenerate now, had begun to corrupt her conqueror.

By the way, simply interpreting the sons backward by such a mother as the Cornelia of this anecdote, shall we not, with some confidence, hold the Gracchi to have been rather patriots than demagogues? Demagogues should have a different mother from the mother of the Gracchi.

There is a touching story of the early Christian Church, which associates itself naturally with the foregoing legend of Roman Cornelia. After the Christian bishop, Sixtus, had suffered martyrdom, his deacon was ordered to produce the treasures of the Church for surrender to the civil authorities. The deacon assembled the poor whom the Church nourished, and, exhibiting them to the prefect, said to him, "Here are the Church's treasures!" Pagan Cornelia had, perhaps, furnished to the Christian deacon the model of his unanswerable reply.

We did not, our readers will bear us witness, spare the Roman character in our sketch of the Roman history. Now let our readers again bear us witness that we are even more than fair in giving the Roman character its chance to redeem itself to them, in noble anecdote and instance. Is not the following a wholesome example of sturdy virtue?

Publius Rutilius Rufus, standing out against the unjust importunity of a certain friend of his, and by him very indignantly upbraided with, "Of what use, then, to me is your friendship, if you do not do what I ask?" said, "Nay, of what use to me yours, if, on your account, I act unjustly?"

Rutilius was an incorruptible Roman aristocrat; and as for the nameless gentleman in the case, we know nothing whatever to his advantage, except that he was friend to Rutilius.

Augustus Cæsar was a highly religious politician; that is, he greatly believed in religion—for people in general. He patronized religion, as he patronized literature, for the benefit of the state. Of the state, we say, but the state was a synonym for himself; for you must remember that Augustus was the first Roman fairly entitled to have stolen from Louis XIV., of France, his famous words, "The state, it is I myself." Perhaps the following not very warmly spiced anecdote of great Scipio Africanus was put first into useful popular circulation at the provident hint of astute Augustus. It reads so like an intended good example. It is less piquant, but it almost reminds you, in its obvious moral aim, of that national anecdote of our own about good little George Washington and his hatchet. Convert it, and baptize it into Christianity, and it still will do in part to live by:

Scipio Africanus would never engage in public business until he had offered prayer in the temple of Jupiter. For this reason he was accustomed to resort to the Capitol before daylight.

By the Capitol, here, you are to understand the magnificent temple of Jupiter situated in Rome, on the Tarpeian mount, otherwise called Capitoline Hill. The pious Roman Catholic priest-painter of the Middle Ages, Fra Angelico, always prayed before he painted. The saintly quality of his pictures corresponds. To Scipio's habit of devotion, that Roman's public conduct might have strictly corresponded, and yet

have been decidedly rather Roman than moral. Jupiter belonged to an Olympus of

Gods partial, changeful, passionate, unjust,  
Whose attributes were rage, revenge, or lust—

a couplet, by the way, well deserving to have place, as it has not, in the repertories of familiar poetical quotation. It belongs to Pope, occurring in his *Essay on Man*.

Metellus Pius (of the same great Roman family, in a later generation of it, with the Quintus Metellus to be spoken of presently, when Sallust is taken up) emulated the Spartan frugality and density of expression :

While he was carrying on war in Spain, being asked what he was going to do the next day, replied, "My tunic, if that were able to tell, I should burn."

The inquiring friend in the case, if he was at all bright, must have gathered from this that Metellus did not think it good generalship to divulge, on any chance challenge, his military plans.

Then there is that fine humanity of the Emperor Titus. Here is the way in which it is affectionately told :

Titus was called the love and the delight of human kind. Recalling once at supper that he had rendered no service to any one during the entire day, he uttered that memorable and justly-lauded expression, "My friends, I have lost a day!"

How almost Christian-like it seems! What a pity that we have to comment it by the acts of Titus's life! Such a sentiment, on the lips of the imperial author, must receive from you an interpretation not exactly Christian according to the Christianity of one of Titus's contemporaries, the apostle Paul—when you remember that it was Titus who destroyed Jerusalem, and massacred its millions of inhabitants, men, women, and children together—that it was Titus

who, to dedicate the Colosseum, (finished by him,) and, in connection with that, his magnificent baths, gave gladiatorial shows lasting a hundred days, in the course of which, it is mentioned, besides the uncounted human beings that slew and were slain, five thousand wild beasts were set fighting in the arena on a single occasion. Every day of those hundred, Titus had done a highly valued favor to a great many people. Not less than eighty thousand spectators daily witnessed his bloody exhibitions. Not on any evening of this crowded interval, at least, could it have been, that the gentle emperor heaved his sentimental sigh over having lost a day! Still, it was a fine sentiment, and really Titus was, as Roman emperors went, a very humane gentleman. The standards by which men judge, nay, the very spirit itself within men that judges, have changed since Titus. There have succeeded nineteen centuries of Christianity.

Cicero was a famous wit, as well as a famous orator. But wit has to be of a most inextinguishable quality to bear translation from one language to another, especially, perhaps, to bear translation from one civilization, or mode of life and thought, to another. Try here a specimen of Cicero's memorable witticisms :

To Dolabella, remarking that he [Dolabella] was thirty years of age, Cicero said, " True, for I have been hearing that now these twenty years past."

There is another version of this anecdote. That other version leaves Dolabella quite out of the case, and for him substitutes a lady, though it gallantly omits to mention the lady's name. Anecdotes in those times, like anecdotes in these times, seem to have had a trick of getting themselves foisted upon various persons, and fitted to different occasions, according to the chance, or the whim, or the purpose, of the narrator.

On Cicero's jest, as the jest was given according to the



first version of the story, our readers are entitled to have what light may be thrown by the fact that Dolabella was a celebrated profligate, who became Cicero's son-in-law. Perhaps the fellow had long been a well-known man about town, who now, as suitor to Cicero's daughter, was, for the twentieth time, playing himself off for much younger than he was. Our readers will probably agree that it is, in this case, the fame of the joker which makes the fame of the joke. They will also not fail to observe that what point the saying possesses, lies in the sarcasm of it. The Roman genius, of itself, knew how to be sarcastic. Not even Greek tuition could teach it how to be innocently and archly playful.

Here, however, are some pleasantries of Cicero's that come pretty near that mark :

When he had seen Lentulus, his son, a person of slight stature, girded with a long sword, "Who," said he, "has been hitching my son to a sword?"

Once more :

Cæsar—his colleague in the consulship having died on the last day of December—had, at the seventh hour, announced Caninius as consul for the rest of the day. As, according to custom, a number of persons were going to salute him, "Let us hasten," said Cicero, "before he gets out of his magistracy." Concerning the same Caninius, Cicero wrote, "A man of wonderful vigilance was Caninius, for during the whole of his consulship, he never saw sleep."

Now take the following word of the Emperor Tiberius:

Tiberius, to ambassadors from Troas tendering him, a little tardily, condolences on the death of his son Drusus, mockingly responded that he also commiserated them in turn on the loss of their illustrious fellow-citizen, Hector.

One almost detects in this turn of Tiberius the unconscious original of that recent American humor about dropping a tear at the grave of Adam. But it was not pleasantry—however ill-timed, unfatherly, and unimperial—it was sarcasm, wet with

gall, that flavored the reply of gloomy Emperor Tiberius. His son Drusus had been poisoned by the emperor's favorite and familiar, Se-ja'nus. Was it the earlier and better Tiberius—let us trust so—that spoke sincerely in the following?

Tiberius, to some provincial governors, urging that their provinces should be loaded down with taxes, wrote back, "It is the part of a good shepherd to shear his flock, not to skin them."

Let the specimens thus already presented of the anecdotal store contained in the average Latin Reader suffice our present purpose. There is usually included, as we have said, a collection of mythological fragments. The Roman genius, as it was in nothing else more original, so in nothing else was it more fruitful, than in the production of myths and legends connected with the national history. Livy, however, whom we shall treat in the next Latin volume of this series, deals so fully in the national Roman myths, that we may wait to reach him before entering upon the topic thus suggested, further than to make place for the legend of Romulus and Remus:

The vestal virgin Rhea had twin sons, Romulus and Remus, by Mars [the god of war.] Now when A-mu'li-us [the king] learned this, he threw the mother into chains, while the boys he ordered to be cast into the Tiber. It happened that the water of the Tiber had overflowed its bank, and, as the lads had been deposited in a shallow place, the water subsiding left them on dry land. To their crying a she-wolf came, and nursed them from her dug. Which seeing, one Faus'tu-lus, a shepherd of that part, took up the boys, and gave them to his wife, Acca Lau-ren'tia, to be nourished.

There still exists in Rome a bronze statue of the she-wolf that suckled the legendary twins. This statue Byron apostrophizes in the fourth canto of the "Childe Harold," with an allusion to the fact that it was once struck by lightning:

And thou, the thunder-stricken nurse of Rome!

Pictures are not uncommon of this famous antique statue.

For these legends, Livy, as we have hinted, is our chief

authority. He, however, reports them, not as if he believed them himself, and not as if he expected to get them believed by others, but as if he would go back in his history to the farthest point to which even the wildest stories in the mouths of the people could carry him. In whatever way this myth of Romulus and Remus was originally made up, there is a singular poetic fitness in it to the character and career of the great warlike and savage nation of which Romulus was the legendary founder. This poetic fitness is still further seen in the rest of the myth :

Thus Romulus and Remus passed their boyhood among shepherds. When they had grown to age, and by chance had learned who had been their grandfather and who their mother, they slew Amulius, and restored the kingdom to their grandfather Nu'mi-tor. They then built on Mount Aventine a city which Romulus, from his own name, called Rome. While this was being surrounded with walls, Remus was killed in the act of mocking his brother by leaping over the walls.

It is certainly the fact, that during the earliest, most vigorous, most virtuous, and generally best, period of Roman history, the nation was composed of farmers, who now tilled their own land, and now fought their own battles. The boyhood of the nation was, like the boyhood of its founder, passed in rustic simplicity.

Romulus, that he might increase the number of citizens, opened a kind of asylum, to which many, driven from their own states, made their resort. But to the citizens of the new city there were wanting wives. He accordingly instituted a festival of Neptune, together with games. When to these many out of the neighboring peoples had come, with women and children, the Romans in the midst of the games violently bore off the virgins who were witnessing the spectacles. . . .

After the death of Romulus, there was a year's interregnum. At the end of this time, Nu'ma Pom-pil'i-us, born in Cu'res, a city in the territory of the Sabines, was made king. This great man waged, indeed, no war, but he was not for that less useful to the state. For he both gave laws and instituted many religious rites which tended to soften the manners of a savage and warlike people. All, however, that he did he

used to assert that he did at the instance of the nymph E-ge'ri-a, his spouse. He died of disease in the forty-fourth year of his reign.

The story of the nymph Egeria has the element of beauty and poetry in it. Byron has touched it in his "Childe Harold" with some true imaginative feeling and with admirable art :

Egeria ! sweet creation of some heart  
Which found no mortal resting-place so fair  
As thine ideal breast ; whate'er thou art  
Or wert—a young Aurora of the air,  
The nympholepsy of some fond despair ;  
Or, it might be, a beauty of the earth,  
Who found a more than common votary there  
Too much adoring ; whatsoe'er thy birth,  
Thou wert a beautiful thought, and softly bodied forth.

Let those of our readers who love poetry turn to the passage in the poem. It there runs on through several stanzas. It is finally modulated into one of the most magnificent bursts of the Byronic impiety to be found in the whole range of the Byronic poetry. Happily and unhappily, this poetic impiety in Byron is never anywhere more than half-hearted—unhappily, for the quality of the poetry inspired ; happily, for the measure of malign influence exerted. To be either highest in literary merit, or highest in power of impression, literature needs to be intensely real and genuine. Poor Byron ! let it always, in mercy to his fame, be remembered that he died at thirty-six—too early for the period of "life outliving heats of youth."

Did we almost promise to stop with the one myth of Romulus and Remus ? Well, we did not quite promise, you know ; and how could you, on your part, have spared the legend of Egeria, and how could we, on ours, deny ourselves the pleasure of giving you that little garnish of poetry about the nymph to grace our page withal ?

Among the late changes in fashion introduced by classical teachers is the revived plan of making up Latin Readers

that consist exclusively of selections credited to standard Latin authors. As we write here, we have before us two such collections, one edited by Professor Harkness, under the title, "Course in Cæsar, Sallust, and Cicero," the other edited by Professor W. F. Allen, under the title, "Latin Reader." These are both of them admirable compilations. Both are furnished with explanatory notes and with vocabularies. Professor Harkness's book has in addition a number of interesting illustrations. Professor Allen's volume represents eleven Latin authors, against four represented in the larger volume of Professor Harkness. The extracts are of course correspondingly shorter in the smaller volume.

We avail ourselves of the justification offered by compilations such as these, to include in the present chapter some notice, accompanied with some exemplification, of two Latin authors for whom otherwise we should find no room in the volumes of this series, and who are too important and too entertaining not to be brought to the knowledge of our readers. We refer to Sallust and Ovid. These writers are sometimes wholly omitted in the course of Latin literature accomplished by the college graduate. Sometimes, again, they replace two other writers that are more commonly studied—Sallust, in such cases, being made a substitute for Cæsar, and Ovid for Virgil.

We bid our readers, then, observe that in thus adding Sallust and Ovid to our list of Roman authors here represented, we make our preparatory Latin course in English wider and more varied than, in the case of most college graduates, was their preparatory Latin course pursued in the original language. Ordinarily, as we have hinted, Sallust and Ovid are made alternative to Cæsar and Virgil. We include here all four authors.

(Readers desiring to know as explicitly as possible what tests are actually applied in examining candidates for matriculation at college may satisfy their curiosity by consulting

one or the other of two little volumes published by Ginn, Heath, & Co., under the titles, respectively, of "Yale Examination Papers" and "Harvard Examination Papers." In these are reprinted the papers really used in recent years for entrance examinations at the two institutions named. Of course changes are made in the examination papers from year to year.)

#### SALLUST.

Sallust wrote three historical works, the "Conspiracy of Catiline," the "Jugurthine War," and a "History of Rome from the Death of Sulla [Sylla] to the Mithridatic War." This last, the most important of the three, has, with the exception of a few fragments, perished. The other two, historical monographs—or even politico-historical pamphlets, we might almost call them—rather than histories, remain to us entire. If we should give our readers the "Conspiracy of Catiline," that would be anticipating in great part what they will find narrated in the specimens of Cicero's oratory to be furnished in this volume. We decide, therefore, to let Sallust appear in his "Jugurthine War." This will bring the celebrated Caius Marius before us, as delineated by one of the great ancient masters of historical composition. And Jugurtha himself is a striking and commanding figure, set in temporary lurid relief against the threatened, but finally victorious, greatness of Rome.

Caius, or to adopt the latest vogue in Latin scholarship, Gaius, or Gajus—Sallustius Crispus, more familiar as simply Sallust, the historian, was born 86 B. C. We know little of the beginning of his life. He became senator early enough to be, ostensibly for his profligate manners, expelled from the senate when he was thirty-six years old. He got his seat again three years afterward. He was lucky enough to choose his side with Cæsar in the civil war, and for this was made governor of Numidia. His Numidian experience, perhaps, qualified him the better to treat the subject of his

“Jugurthine War.” It at least gave him the opportunity to amass immense riches, with which to retire from public life and devote himself to literature. He died, however, at the comparatively early age of fifty-two. The residence he occupied in Rome was in the midst of grounds laid out and beautified by him with the most lavish magnificence. These grounds became subsequently the chosen resort of the Roman emperors. They still bear the name of the Gardens of Sallust. Sallust moralized with much virtue in his histories, but his actual life was said to be deformed with nearly every vice and excess.

The “Jugurthine War” is commenced with a sort of moral essay, or homily, not having the least particular relation to the subject about to be treated. Our readers must see in specimen this absurdly placed bit of didactics. It will throw for them a light of illustration on the character of the man who could with grave face inappropriately obtrude in a history a preface of sentiments so violently out of accord with his own notorious practice. We use the translation, a very good one, printed in Bohn’s Classical Library:

Mankind unreasonably complain of their nature, that, being weak and short-lived, it is governed by chance rather than intellectual power; for, on the contrary, you will find, upon reflection, that there is nothing more noble or excellent, and that to nature is wanting rather human industry than ability or time. . . .

The depravity of those, therefore, is the more surprising, who, devoted to corporeal gratifications, spend their lives in luxury and indolence, but suffer the mind, than which nothing is better or greater in man, to languish in neglect and inactivity; especially when there are so many and various mental employments by which the highest renown may be attained.

There, that will do, surely. The disease of unreality which, with the extinguishment of liberty under the emperors, was so soon to attack Roman literature and make it comparatively worthless, had already, in such writing as this of Sallust’s, begun to exhibit its premonitory symptoms. Sallust

is tolerably genuine when he stops moralizing and commences narrating. Still, he is to be classed with the romantic, rather than the realistic, with the rhetorical, rather than the philosophical, historians. Our readers, when they come to study Cæsar's writings, will feel the marked difference of tone between the two.

Sallust :

I am about to relate the war which the Roman people carried on with Jugurtha, King of the Numidians : first, because it was great, sanguinary, and of varied fortune; and secondly, because then, for the first time, opposition was offered to the power of the nobility; a contest which threw every thing, religious and civil, into confusion, and was carried to such a height of madness, that nothing but war, and the devastation of Italy, could put an end to civil dissensions. But before I fairly commence my narrative, I will take a review of a few preceding particulars, in order that the whole subject may be more clearly and distinctly understood.

Sallust's preliminary historical review recounts how, during the second Punic war, (of course before Jugurtha's time,) the king of the Numidians had rendered invaluable aid to the Romans, and been by them rewarded with important accessions to his kingdom. The kingdom of Numidia remained a faithful ally to Rome throughout that reign. The succeeding king, Mi-cip'sa, had two sons, and an orphan nephew whom he brought up with his two sons, in the same nurture. This nephew was Jugurtha. Sallust portrays the youthful person and character of Jugurtha in a few bold strokes, as follows :

Jugurtha, as he grew up, being strong in frame, graceful in person, but, above all, vigorous in understanding, did not allow himself to be enervated by pleasure and indolence, but, as is the usage of his country, exercised himself in riding, throwing the javelin, and contending in the race with his equals in age; and, though he excelled them all in reputation, he was yet beloved by all. He also passed much of his time in hunting; he was first, or among the first, to wound the lion and other beasts; he performed very much, but spoke very little of himself.



Jugurtha was quite too promising a young fellow to leave his patronizing uncle, the king, at ease in his own mind. Micipsa formed a sinister plan to make away with so dangerous a competitor for succession to the crown. This plan Sallust sketches in the following words :

He resolved, as Jugurtha was of an active disposition and eager for military reputation, to expose him to dangers in the field, and thus make trial of fortune. During the Numantine war, therefore, when he was sending supplies of horse and foot to the Romans, he gave him the command of the Numidians whom he despatched into Spain, hoping that he would certainly perish, either by an ostentatious display of his bravery, or by the merciless hand of the enemy.

The result was sadly disappointing. Jugurtha not merely survived his dangers, but he made himself famous. The king, with great good sense, adjusted himself to circumstances which he could not control, and adopted the youth as his son.

A few years after, the aged Micipsa, about to die, makes a death-bed address, full of affectionate wisdom, to his sons and his nephew. Sallust reproduces it for us at length, much as if there had been a short-hand reporter present to take down word after word falling from the old man's lips. This is Sallust's fashion in historical composition. He herein imitates his master Thucydides. Our readers shall, in due time, have a specimen of the speeches that Sallust constructs for the persons of his drama. But we will skip the dying Micipsa's farewell address, in favor of an harangue, to come later, from no less a character than Caius Marius himself.

To his uncle's exhortations, Jugurtha, all the while secretly feeling that they were insincerely spoken, schools himself to make a dutiful reply. In a few days, Micipsa dies. The real state of feeling among the king's three heirs was prompt in declaring itself. They quarreled, and Jugurtha got his kinsman, Hi-emp'sal, treacherously killed.

The surviving brother, Ad-her'bal, defeated in a battle joined

by him with Jugurtha in defense of his right, fled a suppliant to Rome. Sallust gives us the really eloquent and pathetic, if rather elaborate, speech in which he pleaded before the Roman senate. But Jugurtha pleaded with money, instead of with eloquence and pathos, and the Roman senate adjudged Jugurtha the better orator of the two. It is a shameful story, as Sallust, probably with substantial truth, relates it Sallust, to be sure, writes as a thorough-going partisan of Cæsar, by espousing whose cause he had come to the enjoyment of his present enormous ill-gotten wealth. Now Cæsar was one party, and the Roman senate another. Whatever, therefore, tended to exhibit the unworthiness of the senate tended, so far, to justify Cæsar's usurpation of power. But the senate was, it must, no doubt, be confessed, an oligarchy grown, already in Jugurtha's time, incredibly corrupt. Subsequently somewhat revived in virtue, it suffered however a relapse worse than the original disease. Cæsar, unquestionably, found a senate invested with no moral right, subsisting in the character of its members, to administer the government of the world.

There follows now, in Sallust's text, a little digression on the geography of Africa in general, which it will do for us wholly to omit. It is not usual to see editions of Sallust's "Jugurthine War" illustrated with a map of the regions concerned. In truth, there is some degree of geographical, as well as chronological, vagueness in Sallust's history—a trait which may not unfairly be taken to mark the less strictly verifiable historical character of the work, in comparison with Cæsar's Commentaries, for instance.

The kingdom of Numidia was, by interference from Rome, divided between the two claimants, Jugurtha getting the lion's share. Jugurtha was now convinced that he could buy whatever he wanted at Rome. He proceeded, accordingly, with a high hand, to encroach on the rights of his brother Adherbal. The two fought, and Adherbal was worsted.

Jugurtha has no difficulty in ridding himself of three young Romans sent to him and to Adherbal, as ambassadors from the mistress of nations, to enjoin concord between the two contending kinsmen. These outwitted deputies get no chance whatever at the ear of Adherbal. Jugurtha professes profound respect for the authority of the Roman senate, promises to send soon to Rome an embassy who shall explain his conduct satisfactorily, and so speeds the youthful diplomatists home, carrying with them barren fair words from the wily usurper, as the sole fruit of their mission to Africa. These ambassadors were no sooner well out of the country, than Jugurtha besieged Adherbal in Cirta with the utmost energy. Adherbal found means to send by messengers an urgent appeal to Rome, which, however, Jugurtha's partisans in the city took care should bring about no more serious result than the dispatch of a fresh embassy to Africa.

This time it is a deputation extremely reverend by age, by birth, by political influence, in the persons composing it. Arrived at Utica, (the African town subsequently to be made so memorable by the tragic suicide of Cato, refusing to survive the republic,) these men of dignity summon Jugurtha by letter to meet them there. Instead of promptly obeying this august behest, Jugurtha redoubled his efforts to capture Cirta. Not succeeding, he took counsel of his prudence, and, though without raising the siege, went tardily to meet the Roman ambassadors. These upbraided his contumacy, threatened him gravely in the name of the senate, but retired without finally getting Jugurtha to yield. In this state of things Adherbal, overpowered by the persuasions of others, made a reluctant surrender to Jugurtha. Jugurtha put Adherbal to death with torture, and massacred indiscriminately all the grown-up inhabitants of the town.

This audacious proceeding on Jugurtha's part raised a storm of indignation at Rome, which, however, under the pacifying influence of the Numidian conqueror's money,

seemed likely to be laid, till, as Sallust represents it, an eloquent and energetic tribune of the people, rousing the public to perceive the perfidious venality of the senate, compelled that body to move in a serious demonstration against the designs of Jugurtha. Cal-pur'ni-us, one of the consuls next elected, was sent with an army into Africa. With him went Scaurus, described as an astute, but corrupt, politician of great influence at Rome.

Calpurnius made a spirited beginning of war, but Jugurtha met him with weapons of silver and gold that Calpurnius could not resist. Scaurus, too, was bought with a great sum of money. The issue was that, Jugurtha having been permitted to make a merely nominal surrender, the consul went back to Rome and left Numidia at peace.

But that same tribune of the people, Caius Memmius by name, again excited the people to withstand the shameful corruption of the senate and nobles. Sallust takes occasion to supply in full one of this enterprising orator's popular harangues. It is, of course, Sallust in form and in spirit, though it may in substance be Memmius. It is only fair, however, to the historian to say that he here, as usual, gives his reader the hint not to expect from him word-for-word reporting. He introduces the speech of Memmius, not as "the following speech," but as "a speech of the following kind."

The eloquence of Memmius had its effect. Lucius Cassius, a man of stainless fame for probity, was sent to bring Jugurtha, under pledge of the public faith for his safety, to Rome. The thing aimed at was to get Jugurtha's testimony for the conviction of those—Scaurus and the rest—who had been guilty of taking bribes. Sallust himself again :

Jugurtha, accordingly, accompanied Cassius to Rome, but without any mark of royalty, and in the garb, as much as possible, of a suppliant; and, though he felt great confidence on his own part, and was supported by all those through whose power or villainy he had accomplished his

projects, he purchased, by a vast bribe, the aid of Caius Bæ'bi-us, a tribune of the people, by whose audacity he hoped to be protected against the law, and against all harm.

Advised by Bæbius, Jugurtha faced the angry assembly of the Roman people, and triumphantly refused to testify against those who had been bribed by him.

There was at this time in Rome a Numidian refugee, of blood nearly enough royal to give him some color of claim to the throne of the kingdom. Mas-si'va was his name, and this Massiva was by one of the consuls for that year persuaded to petition the senate for the Numidian crown. Al-bi'nus, the instigating consul, was a restless spirit who wished to enjoy the chance of distinguishing himself in a war.

The result was fatal to the Numidian aspirant. Resourceful and unscrupulous Jugurtha procured his assassination. Soon after, having first sent off the assassin in safety, notwithstanding that he had given fifty of his own friends in bail for that criminal's appearance, he withdrew himself from Rome, saying as he looked back at the place, "A venal city, could it but find a purchaser!" What became of Jugurtha's fifty sureties for his friend the assassin, Sallust does not inform us!

The war was renewed, but Jugurtha avoided decisive engagements, and, full of shifts, protracted the campaign until people began to say, "Albinus, too, is a traitor." Faith in public virtue was almost extinct.

Albinus finally went home, leaving his brother Aulus to act in his place. Aulus was seized with the desire to do a conspicuous stroke of business. In midwinter, he went to the town in which Jugurtha's treasures were deposited, and absurdly attempted to take it by siege. Jugurtha, playing with this Roman's vanity and weakness, soon had him completely in his power. The end was that a Roman army was reduced to the disgrace of passing under the yoke. The condition of their being permitted to escape alive and free,

was that they should quit Numidia within ten days. On such hard terms, they were admitted to treaty with the conqueror.

Now is illustrated the unscrupulous policy of Rome. Albinus consulted the senate on the subject of the treaty. The senate ("as was just," Sallust calmly remarks) decreed that "no treaty could be made without their own consent and that of the people." In other words, apparently, Rome accepted the advantage and repudiated the price at which the advantage was bought.

Sallust at this point enters into a striking and instructive exposition of the state of parties at Rome. This we must leave, and leap forward to the story of the campaign against Jugurtha conducted by Metellus. Metellus was, according to Sallust, a man of talent and character. He restored the discipline of the Roman army, and made such head against Jugurtha that this prince was fain, or at least feigned to be fain, to make a surrender. But the Roman was now willing to try a match in duplicity with the Numidian. Let Sallust himself report a few moves in this extraordinary game at mutual deceit—a game, we are bound to say, in which all the really unquestionable deceit is on the Roman's side :

Jugurtha sent deputies to the consul with proposals of submission, stipulating only for his own life and that of his children, and offering to surrender every thing else to the Romans. But Metellus had already learned by experience that the Numidians were a faithless race, of unsettled disposition, and fond of change; and he accordingly applied himself to each of the deputies separately, and after gradually sounding them, and finding them proper instruments for his purpose, prevailed on them, by large promises, to deliver Jugurtha into his hands; bringing him alive, if they could, or dead, if to take him alive should be impracticable. In public, however, he directed that such an answer should be given to the king as would be agreeable to his wishes.

A few days afterward, he led the army, which was now vigorous and resolute, into Numidia, where, instead of any appearance of war, he found the cottages full of people, and the cattle and laborers in the fields, while the officers of Jugurtha came from the towns and villages to

meet him, offering to supply him with corn, to convey provisions for him, and to do whatever might be required of them. Metellus, notwithstanding, made no diminution in the caution with which he marched, but kept as much on the defensive as if an enemy had been at hand; and he dispatched scouts to explore the country, thinking that these signs of submission were but pretense, and that the Numidians were watching an opportunity for treachery. . . . Such was the subtlety of Jugurtha, and such his knowledge of the country and the art of war, that it was doubtful whether he was more formidable absent or present, offering peace or threatening hostilities. . . .

In the midst of these proceedings, Jugurtha, with extraordinary earnestness, sent deputies to sue for peace, offering to resign every thing to Metellus, except his own life and that of his children. These, like the former, the consul first seduced to treachery, and then sent back; the peace which Jugurtha asked, he neither granted nor refused, but waited, during these delays, the performance of the deputies' promises.

Jugurtha, on comparing the words of Metellus with his actions, perceived that he was assailed with his own artifices; for though peace was offered him in words, a most vigorous war was in reality pursued against him; one of his strongest cities was wrested from him; his country was explored by the enemy, and the affections of his subjects alienated. Being compelled, therefore, by the necessity of circumstances, he resolved to try the fortune of a battle.

The incidents of the battle finally joined between the two armies, and of the siege that followed, of the town of Zama, are highly interesting. It is a pity that the limits of our space forbid our giving them at large in Sallust's own words. The fortune of war wavers in exciting vicissitudes, but on the whole inclines in favor of the Romans. The fame of Metellus rises high at Rome. Caius Marius, as a lieutenant of the general, becomes a conspicuous figure in the story. He will presently as consul succeed to the chief command against Jugurtha.

The siege of Zama, Metellus had to raise. The period of military inaction enforced by the winter season, this Roman general (praised, though a senatorial aristocrat, by Sallust, as being a man of honor) "did not," so the rigid historian, mindful of his moral, remarks, "like other commanders,

abandon to idleness and luxury." But the account of high-minded Metellus's winter activity in war must be set before our readers in the translated text of the original writer himself. Sallust says:

Metellus, as the war had been but slowly advanced by fighting, resolved to try the effect of treachery on the king through his friends, and to employ their perfidy instead of arms. He accordingly addressed himself, with large promises, to Bomil'car, the same nobleman who had been with Jugurtha at Rome, and who had fled from thence, notwithstanding he had given bail, to escape being tried for the murder of Massiva; selecting this person for his instrument, because, from his great intimacy with Jugurtha, he had the best opportunities of betraying him. He prevailed on him, in the first place, to come to a conference with him privately, when, having given him his word, "that, if he should deliver up Jugurtha, alive or dead, the senate would grant him a pardon, and the full possession of his property," he easily brought him over to his purpose, especially as he was naturally faithless, and also apprehensive that, if peace were made with the Romans, he himself would be surrendered to justice by the terms of it.

Bomilcar took advantage of a time when Jugurtha was in low spirits and got him to offer a surrender. Metellus required of him to give up 200,000 pounds' weight of silver, with his elephants and a portion of his horses and arms. This done, all the deserters then were demanded, to be brought in chains. The next thing exacted was that Jugurtha should surrender his own person.

The war with Jugurtha was, however, still not ended. But before resuming the narrative of warlike operations, Sallust, with a few graphic and powerful strokes, paints Caius Marius into his canvas:

About the same time, as Caius Marius, who happened to be at Utica, was sacrificing to the gods, an augur told him that great and wonderful things were presaged to him; that he might therefore pursue whatever designs he had formed, trusting to the gods for success; and that he might try fortune as often as he pleased, for that all his undertakings would prosper. Previously to this period, an ardent longing for the consulship had possessed him; and he had, indeed, every qualification



for obtaining it, except antiquity of family; he had industry, integrity, great knowledge of war, and a spirit undaunted in the field; he was temperate in private life, superior to pleasure and riches, and ambitious only of glory. Having been born at Ar-pi'nũm, and brought up there during his boyhood, he employed himself, as soon as he was of age to bear arms, not in the study of Greek eloquence, nor in learning the refinements of the city, but in military service; and thus, amid the strictest discipline, his excellent genius soon attained full vigor. When he solicited the people, therefore, for the military tribuneship, he was well known by name, though most were strangers to his face, and unanimously elected by the tribes. After this office he attained others in succession, and conducted himself so well in his public duties that he was always deemed worthy of a higher station than he had reached. Yet, though such had been his character hitherto, (for he was afterward carried away by ambition,) he had not ventured to stand for the consulship. The people, at that time, still disposed of other civil offices, but the nobility transmitted the consulship from hand to hand among themselves. Nor had any commoner appeared, however famous or distinguished by his achievements, who would not have been thought unworthy of that honor, and, as it were, a disgrace to it.

The people of Vacca, a town which Metellus had garrisoned, Jugurtha succeeded in inducing to return to their allegiance to himself. The Vaccans, through base treachery, put the Roman garrison to death. Two days after, Metellus arrived before the town. The inhabitants, seeing his vanguard of Numidian cavalry, said, 'It is Jugurtha,' and went out joyfully to meet their king. The wretched city, described as great and opulent, was given over to pillage. The only Roman that, in the massacre of ten days before, had escaped the violence of the Numidians, was put on his trial by Metellus. This was Tur-pil'i-us, the commander of the garrison. Not answering satisfactorily how it chanced that he himself survived alone, the unhappy man was scourged and executed. Such was Roman discipline.

There was plot, and there was plot within plot. Bomilcar had seduced Jugurtha's trusted friend, Nab-dal'sa, to join him in his designs against their common master. Nabdalsa

had an attack of misgiving. Bomilcar sent him a tonic letter. This letter the recipient left on his pillow, as he sank into a sleep of exhaustion. *His* trusted friend found the letter, and made all haste to carry it to Jugurtha. Jugurtha put Bomilcar with others to death. The Numidian prince's state of mind and way of life, resulting, are powerfully described by Sallust :

After this occurrence he had no peace either by day or by night ; he thought himself safe neither in any place, nor with any person, nor at any time ; he feared his subjects and his enemies alike ; he was always on the watch, and was startled at every sound ; he passed the night sometimes in one place, and sometimes in another, and often in places little suited to royal dignity ; and sometimes, starting from his sleep, he would seize his arms, and raise an alarm. He was, indeed, so agitated by extreme terror that he appeared under the influence of madness.

Metellus now renews with zeal the prosecution of the war, and Jugurtha is driven to extremity. Marius is excused to go to Rome and stand for the consulship. He is elected. Meantime, however, Metellus, having defeated Jugurtha in a battle, follows his retreating foe across a desert fifty miles wide, to a city which he finally invests and takes. But the prize of war, irrepressible Jugurtha himself, has escaped, carrying with him a large part of his treasure. The town is found by its captors to be an empty mass of ruin. It had been defended by Romans—Roman deserters to Jugurtha. These men could hope for no mercy from their conquerors. Sallust thus tells how they perished ; it is a frightful tale, but the historian wastes no sentiment in telling it :

When they [the Roman deserters defending the town] saw the walls shaken by the battering-ram, and their own situation desperate, they had conveyed the gold and silver, and whatever else is esteemed valuable, to the royal palace, where, after being sated with wine and luxuries, they destroyed the treasures, the building, and themselves by fire, and thus voluntarily submitted to the sufferings which, in case of being conquered, they dreaded at the hands of the enemy.

Jugurtha was inexhaustible of resources. He went now to the Ge-tu'li-ans, a savage African tribe, and enlisted recruits whom he trained to be soldiers. King Bocchus, too, the Mau'ri-ta'ni-an king, was approached by Jugurtha, who finally induced this monarch, his own father-in-law, to make common cause with himself against Rome. In the midst of preparations, on his part, to meet these confederates, Metellus was advised from Rome that Marius had already been appointed his successor in the war. The proud spirit broke at this humiliation. Metellus wept.

Marius, still in Rome, was drunk with natural wild temperament and with success. He carried every thing before him. The haughty senate was at his feet. He spurned them in a speech to the people which Sallust constructs for him as follows (we abridge):

I am aware, my fellow-citizens, that most men do not appear as candidates before you for an office, and conduct themselves in it when they have obtained it, under the same character; that they are at first industrious, humble, and modest, but afterward lead a life of indolence and arrogance. But to me it appears that the contrary should be the case. . . .

If others fail in their undertakings, their ancient rank, the heroic actions of their ancestors, the power of their relatives and connections, their numerous dependents are all at hand to support them; but as for me, my whole hopes rest upon myself, which I must sustain by good conduct and integrity; for all other means are unavailing. . . .

You have commanded me to carry on the war against Jugurtha; a commission at which the nobility are highly offended. Consider with yourselves, I pray you, whether it would be a change for the better if you were to send to this, or to any other such appointment, one of yonder crowd of nobles, a man of ancient family, of innumerable statues, and of no military experience. . . .

Compare now, my fellow-citizens, me, who am a *new man*, with those haughty nobles. What they have but heard or read, I have witnessed or performed. What they have learned from books, I have acquired in the field; and whether deeds or words are of greater estimation, it is for you to consider. They despise my humbleness of birth; I condemn their imbecility. . . .

My speech, they say, is inelegant ; but that I have ever thought of little importance. Worth sufficiently displays itself ; it is for my detractors to use studied language, that they may palliate base conduct by plausible words. Nor have I learned Greek ; for I had no wish to acquire a tongue that adds nothing to the valor of those who teach it. But I have gained other accomplishments, such as are of the utmost benefit to a state : I have learned to strike down an enemy ; to be vigilant at my post ; to fear nothing but dishonor ; to bear cold and heat with equal endurance ; to sleep on the ground ; and to sustain at the same time hunger and fatigue. And with such rules of conduct I shall stimulate my soldiers, not treating them with rigor and myself with indulgence, nor making their toils my glory. Such a mode of commanding is at once useful to the state, and becoming to a citizen. For to coerce your troops with severity, while you yourself live at ease, is to be a tyrant, not a general. . . .

Such of you, then, as are of military age, co-operate with me, and support the cause of your country ; and let no discouragement, from the ill-fortune of others, or the arrogance of the late commanders, affect any one of you. I myself shall be with you, both on the march and in the battle, both to direct your movements and to share your dangers. I shall treat you and myself on every occasion alike ; and, doubtless, with the aid of the gods, all good things, victory, spoil, and glory, are ready to our hands ; though, even if they were doubtful or distant, it would still become every able citizen to act in defense of his country. For no man, by slothful timidity, has escaped the lot of mortals ; nor has any parent wished for his children that they might live forever, but rather that they might act in life with virtue and honor. I would add more, my fellow-citizens, if words could give courage to the faint-hearted ; to the brave I think I have said enough.

Marius easily raised a great army. Every body was eager to be a soldier under the idolized hero of the hour. The two confederate kings, Jugurtha and Bocchus, retired different ways before the Roman general. But Marius was not to be beguiled. He did not disperse his forces, and he did not relax his discipline. He had begun by whetting the appetite of his soldiers with maddening tastes of plunder. He captured places, and gave up the booty to his men. He was rapidly making for himself an army after his own heart—as fierce as brave, and as greedy as fierce. Soon he aimed at

the most difficult, at the apparently impossible. He would take Capsa, a city great and strong, surrounded by deserts vast in extent, destitute of water, and infested with wild beasts and with venomous serpents. Through these waste tracts Marius marched his men by night. Three nights they thus pressed on. He had provided water-bottles, made from the skins of cattle killed on the way for food. These water-bottles, filled from the last river, were the only baggage that was carried by man or beast. The impossible was achieved. Capsa was surprised and taken. The grown-up inhabitants were all butchered.

The rest were sold, and the spoil divided among the soldiers. This severity, in violation [as Sallust rather unexpectedly remarks] of the usages of war, was not adopted from avarice or cruelty in the consul, but was exercised because the place was of great advantage to Jugurtha, and difficult of access to us, while the inhabitants were a fickle and faithless race, to be influenced neither by kindness nor by terror.

The effect of such success on the part of Marius was to make him almost a god in the eyes of both friends and foes. Thenceforward, a fine saying of Virgil's, by him applied to a comparatively trivial occasion, will be true in this war for Marius. He will be able, for he will seem to be able. The next great incident in his campaign furnishes an illustration.

Marius had undertaken a second well-nigh impossible feat. It was not prospering. But again his good fortune befriended him. By mere chance, as it seemed, a Li-gu'ri-an soldier discovered one particular spot at which it was practicable for a few bold men to effect an entrance into an otherwise impregnable defended town of the Numidians, which, to all previous appearance vainly, Marius was besieging. The entrance was effected and the town was Marius's. The very imprudence of his attempt redounded to his glory—for the imprudent attempt was successful. The incident of the Ligurian's individual enterprise is a pleasing relief and ornament embroidered upon the general text of the history.

Another celebrated character here enters upon the scene of Sallust's story, to play a brilliant, though a subordinate, part. The player of a second part now, this man is destined in the sequel to drive Marius himself off the stage. It is no other than Lucius Sylla, the future dictator of Rome. Sallust is not reluctant to illustrate his page with a strong portrait in words of this remarkable man. Our readers must see the delineation, unchanged except as translated. And here it is :

Sylla, then, was of patrician descent, but of a family almost sunk in obscurity by the degeneracy of his forefathers. He was skilled, equally and profoundly, in Greek and Roman literature. He was a man of large mind, fond of pleasure, but fonder of glory. His leisure was spent in luxurious gratifications, but pleasure never kept him from his duties, except that he might have acted more for his honor with regard to his wife. He was eloquent and subtle, and lived on the easiest terms with his friends. His depth of thought in disguising his intentions was incredible. He was liberal of most things, but especially of money. And though he was the most fortunate of all men before his victory in the civil war, yet his fortune was never beyond his desert; and many have expressed a doubt whether his success or his merit were the greater. As to his subsequent acts, I know not whether more of shame or of regret must be felt at the recital of them.

When Sylla came with his cavalry into Africa, as has just been stated, and arrived at the camp of Marius, though he had hitherto been unskilled and undisciplined in the art of war, he became, in a short time, the most expert of the whole army. He was, besides, affable to the soldiers; he conferred favors on many at their request, and on others of his own accord, and was reluctant to receive any in return. But he repaid other obligations more readily than those of a pecuniary nature; he himself demanded repayment from no one, but rather made it his object that as many as possible should be indebted to him. He conversed, jocosely as well as seriously, with the humblest of the soldiers; he was their frequent companion at their works, on the march, and on guard. Nor did he ever, as is usual with depraved ambition, attempt to injure the character of the consul, or of any deserving person. His sole aim, whether in the council or the field, was to suffer none to excel him; to most he was superior. By such conduct he soon became a favorite both with Marius and with the army.

Marius was marching to winter-quarters, when one day, just before dark, the combined armies of the two kings, Jugurtha and Bocchus, suddenly fell upon him. It was a complete surprise. What happened illustrates so well the account given in a previous chapter, of the discipline and valor of Roman legionaries, that we present the narrative in Salust's own words, simply making a few silent omissions necessary for economy of space :

Before the troops could either form themselves or collect the baggage, before they could receive even a signal or an order, the Moorish and Getulian horse, not in line, or any regular array of battle, but in separate bodies, as chance had united them, rushed furiously on our men ; who, though all struck with a panic, yet, calling to mind what they had done on former occasions, either seized their arms, or protected those who were looking for theirs, while some, springing on their horses, advanced against the enemy. But the whole conflict was more like a rencounter with robbers than a battle ; the horse and foot of the enemy, mingled together without standards or order, wounded some of our men, and cut down others, and surprised many in the rear while fighting stoutly with those in front ; neither valor nor arms were a sufficient defense, the enemy being superior in numbers, and covering the field on all sides. At last the Roman veterans, who were necessarily well experienced in war, formed themselves, wherever the nature of the ground or chance allowed them to unite, in circular bodies, and thus secured on every side, and regularly drawn up, withstood the attacks of the enemy.

Marius, in this desperate emergency, was not more alarmed or disheartened than on any previous occasion, but rode about with his troop of cavalry, which he had formed of his bravest soldiers rather than his nearest friends, in every quarter of the field, sometimes supporting his own men when giving way, sometimes charging the enemy where they were thickest, and doing service to his troops with his sword, since, in the general confusion, he was unable to command with his voice.

The day had now closed. . . . Marius, that his men might have a place of retreat, took possession of two hills contiguous to each other. . . . The kings, obliged by the strength of the Roman position, were deterred from continuing the combat. . . . Having then lighted numerous fires, the barbarians, after their custom, spent most of the night in merriment, exultation, and tumultuous clamor, the kings, elated at having kept their ground, conducting themselves as conquerors. This scene, plainly

visible to the Romans, under cover of the night and on the higher ground, afforded great encouragement to them.

Marius kept his army perfectly still, let the poor Africans have their riot out, let them sink into exhausted sleep, and then, falling upon them at day-break, slaughtered them as if they had been sheep.

Marius now again takes up his march to winter-quarters. As a last particular mentioned of the order of march observed, Sallust, in characteristically Roman spirit, remarks: "The deserters, [that is, the Numidians who had deserted to the Romans,] whose lives were of little value, and who were well acquainted with the country, kept watch of the route of the enemy." A few touches added now to the portrait of Marius are as full of the artist's power as they are of the subject's character:

Marius himself, too, as if no other were placed in charge, attended to every thing, went through the whole of the troops, and praised or blamed them according to their desert. He was always armed and on the alert, and obliged his men to imitate his example. He fortified his camp with the same caution with which he marched; stationing cohorts of the legions to watch the gates, and the auxiliary cavalry in front, and others upon the rampart and lines. He went round the posts in person, not from suspicion that his orders would not be observed, but that the labor of the soldiers, shared equally by their general, might be endured by them with cheerfulness. Indeed, Marius, as well at this as at other periods of the war, kept his men to their duty rather by the dread of shame than of severity; a course which many said was adopted from a desire of popularity, but some thought it was because he took pleasure in toils to which he had been accustomed from his youth, and in exertions which other men call perfect miseries. The public interest, however, was served with as much efficiency and honor as it could have been under the most rigorous command.

The caution of Marius was wise. On the fourth day following, the indefatigable, the unconquerable spirit of Jugurtha brought him again to the attack. He almost won the



day, but once more those invincible Romans snatched victory out of the very jaws of defeat. The battle-field, as it appeared at this moment, is described by Sallust in a celebrated sentence, which a note by the English translator of his text enables us conveniently to compare with two celebrated parallels, one earlier and one later in literary history than Sallust. The first is Sallust's own original in Xenophon, the second is a copy in Tacitus taken probably from this copy by Sallust. Sallust says :

The spectacle on the open plains was then frightful ; some were pursuing, others fleeing ; some were being slain, others captured ; men and horses were dashed to the earth ; many, who were wounded, could neither flee nor remain at rest, attempting to rise, and instantly falling back ; and the whole field, as far as the eye could reach, was strewed with arms and dead bodies, and the intermediate spaces saturated with blood.

Xenophon, four hundred years earlier, in his panegyric on the Spartan monarch, A-ge's'i-la'us, had said :

"Clashing their shields together, they pushed, they fought, they slew, they were slain. . . . But when the battle was over, you might have seen, where they had fought, the ground clotted with blood, the corpses of friends and enemies mingled together, and pierced shields, broken lances, and swords without their sheaths, strewed on the ground, sticking in the dead bodies, or still remaining in the hands that had wielded them when alive."

Tacitus, a hundred years later, in his life of Agricola, will say :

"The sight on the open field was then striking and horrible ; they pursued, they inflicted wounds, they took men prisoners, and slaughtered them as others presented themselves. . . . Everywhere were seen arms and corpses, mangled limbs, and the ground stained with blood."

Lon-gi'nus, the famous Greek writer on rhetoric, quotes Xenophon's sentence to illustrate the rhetorical effect pro-

duced by the omission of conjunctions. Our readers will instinctively feel how much more powerfully the impression is made of the hurry, the huddle, the horror, of the scene, by the writer's letting the circumstances appear crowded and heaped one upon another, in description too swift and excited for conjunction and arrangement.

Let our readers also observe that, whether or not as in imitation of a Greek model, the Roman Sallust here introduces a trait of writing not characteristic either of Sallust, or of the Roman: he speaks of the scene described as "frightful."

Five days after suffering this defeat, Jugurtha's confederate, King Bocchus, desires Marius to send him two trusted ambassadors for a conference. Sylla is one of the two sent. Sylla forestalls what Bocchus may say, with a very specious and seductive address to the monarch. This address, though short, we must omit. The purport of it was to dispose Bocchus to desert Jugurtha's alliance for the alliance of the Romans. Bocchus replied yieldingly, but was by hired friends of Jugurtha immediately persuaded out of his mind again. A short interval of reflection, however, restored Bocchus's prudent purpose, and he dispatched a select embassy of five, empowered to treat, first with Marius, and then, on Marius's approving, with the Roman senate, for peace on any terms whatever.

It chanced that these five ambassadors fell, on their way, into the hands of robbers who so frightened them that, being let go, they fled to Sylla. Sylla received them with munificent courtesy. Sallust says that "interested bounty in those days was still unknown to many," whereby he accounts for it that these simple barbarian folk concluded from Sylla's conduct toward them that the reports of Roman avarice were false, and that generous Sylla must surely be their friend. Sallust's cynical smile leers out upon you here from between the lines. Sylla promised his guests every thing they asked

for. He gave them lessons in the proper way to address Marius and the senate, and, at the end of forty days, dismissed them delightfully penetrated with the idea that disinterested kindness, if nowhere else at home in this unfriendly world, had at least found refuge with Lucius Sylla.

Three of the ambassadors were sped on to Rome, and two went back to Bocchus, who was especially well-pleased with their report of Sylla's politeness. The senate gave answer that Bocchus should have Roman friendship and alliance—when he should have deserved them. This parsimonious assurance from Rome made Bocchus send for his friend Sylla.

Sylla, setting out with a suitable escort, was met on his way by Volux, Bocchus's son. This encounter was at first suspected to be hostile, as Volux had with him a body of horse whose loose array made their number, about a thousand, seem greater than it was. Volux and Sylla marched together in amity two days. On the third day, Volux came distressed to Sylla with the news that his scouts reported Jugurtha close at hand. The Mauritanian (Moor) urged Sylla to flee along with him under cover of darkness. Sylla responded in good Roman character; but he did adopt the suggestion of Volux that they should continue their forward march by night. Sunrise found them tired and about to encamp, when suddenly they learned that Jugurtha was but two miles away. 'Perfidy!' exclaimed some; 'let us take vengeance at once on Volux.' Sylla, himself suspicious, kept cool, and inspired his men. He, however, with imprecations to Jupiter the almighty on wicked Bocchus, ordered Volux to quit the camp. The Moor protested his innocence, and adjured Sylla to trust him. He advised Sylla to go boldly straight through the camp of Jugurtha. This the fearless Roman actually did, and without suffering molestation.

The end now hastens. It is Sylla's unscrupulous, adroit, and audacious contrivance that entraps the wily Jugurtha, and delivers him into the hands of Marius. Jugurtha, it

seems, had a Numidian envoy at Bocchus's court to act as spy on the conduct of his doubtful Moorish ally. The astuteness of this ambassadorial spy was no match for the profound policy of Sylla playing upon the facile faithlessness of Bocchus. The first step was taken by Bocchus. Bocchus gave Sylla to understand that he himself was ready to agree to any thing. It was, however, he said, necessary to let Jugurtha's man be present at their interviews. Sylla replied that before said personage he would speak sparingly, and see Bocchus again apart. It was accordingly arranged by Sylla that Bocchus, at the close of the formal interview, should, in the presence of Jugurtha's representative, tell Sylla to come back in ten days and get the king's answer. This was done, and the two withdrew to their respective camps. But in the middle of the night, Sylla, according to the plan concerted between them, was summoned secretly back by Bocchus, who, to trust Sallust's report of it, made the Roman lieutenant a remarkable speech, profuse in professions of personal attachment and gratitude. Sylla replying told the king in effect that promises from an enemy situated as he, Bocchus, now was, at disadvantage, would signify little to the Roman senate and people. He, Bocchus, would have to do something substantial. It lay in his, Bocchus's, power to put Rome under real obligation. He could betray Jugurtha to her. Bocchus started back. Why, there was the kindred tie, the solemn league, between himself and Jugurtha. Besides, Jugurtha was beloved, and the Romans were hated, by his, Bocchus's, subjects. Sylla pressed, and Bocchus—yielded. An ambush was laid, and the father-in-law delivered up the son-in-law to Sylla. It was a proud feather in young Sylla's cap. But it was before the chariot-wheels of Marius that, afterward, Jugurtha, with his two sons, was driven in triumph at Rome.

Sallust's history stops abruptly with Jugurtha's capture. From other sources we learn that the proud captive lost his

senses under the dreadful humiliation of the triumph; also that soon after, with much contumelious violence, he was flung naked into the chill under-ground dungeon at Rome called the Tullianum, where after six days he perished of cold and starvation. (One authority says he was strangled.) He is said to have exclaimed shudderingly, as he fell, "Heavens, a cold bath this of yours!"

Jugurtha is painted black in Sallust's picture. But the artist that painted him, remember, is a foe and a Roman. Jugurtha must have been, indeed, a false and bloody man. Still he had followers that clave to him. Nay, Jugurtha was to all Africans the most beloved of men. He was universally hailed as deliverer of the nation from Rome. His name long continued a spell of power to his countrymen. It was twenty years after his death—and already his kingdom was in large part a province of Rome—when a son of his, recognized in the force opposed to the Romans, raised such sentiments in the breasts of a Numidian corps attached to the Roman army, that the whole body had to be immediately sent home to Africa.

Jugurtha's bravery, his talent, his endurance, redeem him to our admiration, as do his misfortunes to our sympathy. Supposing Jugurtha had been the conqueror, and some Numidian partisan of his, instead of a Roman partisan of Cæsar's, had given us the history! Imagine the difference! Instead of "Punic faith" as now, the phrase, "Roman faith," might then have been the proverbial irony for false dealing.

There is, outside of the Bible, no history that is not merely a version of history.

#### OVID

(Ovid Publius Ovidius Naso is the full Roman name) was born in Northern Italy. It is striking how few, comparatively, of the great Roman writers were natives of Rome. Ovid came of a good family, and he liked to have this known. "In my family," he says, "you will find knights up

through an endless line of ancestry." He was born just when the republic died; that is, he and the imperial order came twins into the world together, in 43 B.C. The boy was a natural versifier. Like Pope, he "lisped in numbers, for the numbers came." His youth coincided either with the full maturity, or with the declining age, of the great Augustan writers, Virgil, Livy, Horace, Sallust. Unhappily for himself, he did not come under the sunshine that streamed on literature and art from the face of Augustus's great minister, Mae-ce'nas. The emperor never extended his favor to Ovid; and in the end, as our readers know, the poet was sent into exile.

Ovid was a man of loose character, and his looseness of character leaked into his verse. In fact, much of what he wrote is now unreadable for rank impurity. One of his poems in particular scandalized the moral sense of even his own age, and became the ostensible occasion of his banishment. His "Metamorphoses" must be considered his chief work. The title means, literally, "changes of form." Ovid's idea in the poem is to tell in his own way such legends of the teeming Greek mythology as deal with the transformations of men and women into animals, plants, or inanimate things. The inventive ingenuity of the poet is displayed in connecting these separate stories into something like coherence and unity. This poem has been a great treasury of material to subsequent poets. Even Milton has condescended to be not a little indebted to Ovid for images or allusions, which he dignified by adopting them, with noble metamorphosis, into his own loftier verse.

For our first specimen of Ovid's *Metamorphoses*, we select a passage which does not indeed, as properly perhaps it should, contain an instance of transformation, but which nevertheless is an interesting and a celebrated story capable of various moral application. It is the story of Pha'e-ton, or Pha'e-thon. We are able to give this in a version which,

if it is not quite so closely literal as would be desirable, is excellent art of its kind, and is, at any rate, a classic too in English, for it is from the hand of Joseph Addison.

For the benefit of the more inquisitive among our readers, we may mention that Lippincott's re-issue of *Ancient Classics for English Readers* contains an admirable volume on Ovid. There is in Bohn's *Classical Library* a very good prose translation of Ovid's *Metamorphoses* entire, accompanied with enlightening notes. There have, first and last, been a considerable number of English translations made, both in prose and in verse, of Ovid's poetry. Two small volumes, published by Harper & Brothers, compile various partial rhymed versions by different hands, among them Dryden, Pope, Congreve, and Addison. These pieces of translation are all of them, perhaps, a little antiquated in tone and style, and they are of exceedingly unequal merit. They have the recommendation of being very accessible.

Our readers will like, by way of introduction to our exemplification of Ovid's *Metamorphoses*, to see what the poet himself—in one of his most delightfully buoyant moods surely it must have been—thought of his own work as a whole. We give, accordingly, the conclusion of the *Metamorphoses* in literal prose translation :

And now I have completed a work, which neither the anger of Jove, nor fire, nor steel, nor consuming time will be able to destroy! Let that day, which has no power but over this body of mine, put an end to the time of my uncertain life when it will. Yet, in my better part, I shall be raised immortal above the lofty stars, and indelible shall be my name. And wherever the Roman power is extended throughout the vanquished earth, I shall be read by the lips of nations, and (if the presages of the poets have aught of truth) throughout all ages shall I survive in fame.

There is, perhaps, no part of Ovid's poem that constitutes upon the whole a better warrant to the poet for his cheerful anticipation of enduring fame, than that which we now in

specimen present. Phœbus (Apollo) is god of the sun. He is applied to by his not universally acknowledged son, Phaeton, with a startling request. Obedient to the straitening demands of space, we omit the brilliant opening which describes the dazzling palace and the richly decorated enthronement of the god. Phaeton has arrived and presents himself. To Phœbus's gracious welcome of his son,

"Light of the world," the trembling youth replies,  
"Illustrious parent ! since you don't despise  
The parent's name, some certain token give,  
That I may Clymene's proud boast believe,  
Nor longer under false reproaches grieve."

The tender sire was touched with what he said,  
And flung the blaze of glories from his head,  
And bade the youth advance. "My son," said he,  
"Come to thy father's arms ! for Clymene  
Has told thee true: a parent's name I own,  
And deem thee worthy to be called my son.  
As a sure proof make some request, and I,  
Whate'er it be, with that request comply:  
By Styx I swear, whose waves are hid in night,  
And roll impervious to my piercing sight."

The youth, transported, asks without delay,  
To guide the sun's bright chariot for a day.

Phœbus is distressed. He begs Phaeton to reconsider and choose more wisely for himself. This at considerable length and with much poetical eloquence. But Phaeton was not to be dissuaded, and the reluctant father has his chariot brought out. Then at daybreak,

He bids the nimble Hours, without delay,  
Bring forth the steeds: the nimble Hours obey.  
From their full racks the generous steeds retire,  
Dropping ambrosial foams, and snorting fire.  
Still anxious for his son, the god of day,  
To make him proof against the burning ray,  
His temples with celestial ointment wet,  
Of sovereign virtue, to repel the heat ;  
Then fixed the beamy circle on his head,  
And fetched a deep foreboding sigh, and said :



"Take this at least, this last advice, my son :  
 Keep a stiff rein, and move but gently on :  
 The coursers of themselves will run too fast ;  
 Your art must be to moderate their haste.  
 Drive them not on directly through the skies,  
 But where the zodiac's winding circle lies,  
 Along the midmost zone ; but sally forth,  
 Nor to the distant south, nor stormy north.  
 The horses' hoofs a beaten track will show ;  
 But neither mount too high, nor sink too low.  
 That no new fires or heaven or earth infest,  
 Keep the mid way ; the middle way is best :  
 Nor where, in radiant folds, the serpent twines,  
 Direct your course, nor where the altar shines.  
 Shun both extremes ; the rest let Fortune guide,  
 And better for thee than thyself provide !"



HELIOS, OR SOL.

Meanwhile the restless horses neighed aloud,  
 Breathing out fire, and pawing where they stood.  
 Tethys, not knowing what had passed, gave way,  
 And all the waste of heaven before them lay.  
 They spring together out, and swiftly bear  
 The flying youth through clouds and yielding air ;  
 With wingy speed outstrip the eastern wind,  
 And leave the breezes of the morn behind.  
 The youth was light, nor could he fill the seat,  
 Or poise the chariot with its wonted weight :  
 But as at sea the unballasted vessel rides,  
 Cast to and fro, the sport of winds and tides,  
 So in the bounding chariot, tossed on high,  
 The youth is hurried headlong through the sky.  
 Soon as the steeds perceive it, they forsake  
 Their stated course, and leave the beaten track.

The youth was in a maze, nor did he know  
Which way to turn the reins, or where to go :  
Nor would the horses, had he known, obey.  
Then the seven stars first felt Apollo's ray,  
And wished to dip in the forbidden sea.  
The folded serpent, next the frozen pole,  
Stiff and benumbed before, began to roll,  
And raged with inward heat, and threatened war,  
And shot a redder light from every star ;  
Nay, and 'tis said, Boötes, too, that fain  
Thou wouldst have fled, though cumbered with thy wain.

The bewildered charioteer is racked with emotions which Ovid feels himself at leisure enough to describe with great particularity. Then follows a very detailed account, with many geographical names, of the progressive effects of that unguided drive. We omit and resume :

The astonished youth, where'er his eyes could turn  
Beheld the universe around him burn :  
The world was in a blaze ; nor could he bear  
The sultry vapors and the scorching air,  
Which from below, as from a furnace, flowed :  
And now the axle-tree beneath him glowed.  
Lost in the whirling clouds that round him broke,  
And white with ashes, hovering in the smoke,  
He flew where'er the horses drove, nor knew  
Whither the horses drove, or where he flew.

'Twas then, they say, the swarthy Moor begun  
To change his hue, and blacken in the sun ;  
Then Libya first, of all her moisture drained,  
Became a barren waste, a wild of sand ;  
The water-nymphs lament their empty urns ;  
Boeotia, robbed of silver Dirce, mourns,  
Corinth Pyrene's wasted spring bewails ;  
And Argos grieves while Amyone fails.

The floods are drained from every distant coast ;  
Ev'n Tanais, though fixed in ice, was lost ;  
Enraged Caicus and Lycormas roar,  
And Xanthus, fated to be burnt once more.  
The famed Mæander, that unwearied strays  
Through many windings, smokes in every maze :  
From his loved Babylon Euphrates flies :  
The big-swollen Ganges and the Danube rise  
In thickening fumes, and darken half the skies :  
In flames Ismenos and the Phasis rolled,  
And Tagus, floating in his melted gold :

The swans, that on Cayster often tried  
 Their tuneful songs, now sung their last, and died.  
 The frighted Nile ran off, and under ground  
 Concealed his head, nor can it yet be found ;  
 His seven divided currents all are dry,  
 And, where they rolled, seven gaping trenches lie :  
 No more the Rhine or Rhone their course maintain,  
 Nor Tiber, of his promised empire vain.  
 The ground, deep cleft, admits the dazzling ray,  
 And startles Pluto with the flash of day :  
 The seas shrink in, and to the sight disclose  
 Wide naked plains, where once their billows rose ;  
 Their rocks are all discovered, and increase  
 The number of the scattered Cyclades ;  
 The fish in shoals about the bottom creep ;  
 Nor longer dares the crooked dolphin leap :  
 Gasping for breath, the unshapen Phocæ die,  
 And on the boiling wave extended lie :  
 Nereus, and Doris, with her virgin train,  
 Seek out the last recesses of the main :  
 Beneath unfathomable depths they faint,  
 And secret in their gloomy caverns pant :  
 Stern Neptune thrice above the waves upheld  
 His face, and thrice was by the flames repelled.  
 The Earth at length, on every side embraced  
 With scalding seas, that floated round her waist,  
 When now she felt the springs and rivers come,  
 And crowd within the hollow of her womb,  
 Uplifted to the heavens her blasted head,  
 And clapped her hand upon her brows, and said,  
 (But first, impatient of the sultry heat,  
 Sunk deeper down, and sought a cooler seat) :  
 "If you, great king of gods, my death approve,  
 And I deserve it, let me die by Jove :  
 If I must perish by the force of fire,  
 Let me transfix'd with thunderbolts expire."

Jove called to witness every power above,  
 And even the god whose son the chariot drove,  
 That what he acts he is compelled to do,  
 Or universal ruin must ensue.  
 Straight he ascends the high ethereal throne,  
 From whence he used to dart his thunder down,  
 From whence his showers and storms he used to pour,  
 But now could meet with neither storm or shower :  
 Then, aiming at the youth, with lifted hand,  
 Full at his head he hurled the forky brand  
 In dreadful thunderings. Thus the almighty sire  
 Suppressed the raging of the fires—with fire.

At once from life and from the chariot driven,  
The ambitious boy fell thunder-struck from heaven ;  
The horses started with a sudden bound,  
And flung the reins and chariot to the ground:  
The studded harness from their necks they broke,  
Here fell a wheel, and here a silver spoke,  
Here were the beam and axle torn away,  
And scattered o'er the earth the shining fragments lay.  
The breathless Phaeton, with flaming hair,  
Shot from the chariot like a falling star,  
That in a summer's evening from the top  
Of heaven drops down, or seems, at least, to drop,  
Till on the Po his blasted corpse was hurled,  
Far from his country, in the western world.

A "long bright river" of verse it is, in the original, and in the translation as well. We have been sorry to break the current with omissions. You, however, lose nothing essential. You simply fail to receive, as through any condensed citation you would necessarily fail to receive, a due impression of the melodious prolixity, the "linked sweetness long drawn out," which is characteristic of Ovid.

The foregoing episode about Phaeton is taken from the second book of the *Metamorphoses*. (There are fifteen books in all.) As we said beforehand, and as our readers have now seen, it does not include an example of transformation. But there is plenty of transformation in the sequel of the story, as given in the rest of the second book. Phaeton's sisters, while mourning their brother, are changed into trees, and a male kinsman of his, similarly engaged, finds himself suddenly a swan. Jupiter, visiting the earth to mend the mischief caused by Phaeton's adventure, commits some characteristic mischief of his own, which his wife Juno, jealous with reason, revenges by making a bear of the unhappy victim of her husband's lust. Arcas, son by Jupiter to that victim, being about to slay his unrecognized mother, in her form of bear, presto, Jupiter plants them both among the constellations of the sky. These are but a few of the transformations with which Ovid fills the sequel of his story of Phaeton. Our readers will guess that here they have

Ovid's account of the origin of the constellation, Ursa Major, and perhaps, too, of the neighboring constellation, Ursa Minor—the mother being the Greater Bear, and her tender son, the Lesser.

Ovid's fondness for making his stories always about as long as he can—which means longer than any body except Ovid could make them—creates for us great difficulty in laying before our readers, within allowable limits of space, as great a variety of instances as we should be glad to present, of this poet's quality. We must not dismiss the example already offered without adding one or two suggested remarks.

In Burke's celebrated "Letter to a Noble Lord," one of the greatest masterpieces of indignant sarcasm to be found in literature, occurs this sentence, "I was not, like his Grace of Bedford, swaddled, and rocked, and dandled into a legislator—*Nitor in adversum* is the motto for a man like me." Burke's Latin phrase is taken from a line in the foregoing passage of Ovid. "I steer against their motions," Addison renders it freely. More literally, it is, "I struggle against opposition."

The words which Addison translates, "Keep the mid way, the middle way is best," our readers will recognize in its original Latin as a familiar quotation for recommending the proverbial wisdom of the golden mean :

**Medio tutissimus ibis.**

The legend of Phaeton is conceived by many to have had its origin in some meteorological fact—an extraordinary solar heat perhaps, producing drought and conflagration. It has even been connected, by a rather fanciful conjecture, with the burning of the cities of the plain, and also with the staying of the sun at the command of Joshua. Chrysostom offers the suggestion of Elijah's rapture in his chariot of fire. Plutarch explains that Phaeton was a Molossian king who drowned himself in the Po—lively Lucian to this explanation

of Plutarch's adding, that the monarch, having a mind to astronomy, died before completing his observations, whence the story of his not knowing how to drive to the goal. And now our readers, from among these various modes of explaining the myth of Phaeton, shall choose to suit themselves; or if this they cannot do, then, either give the puzzle up, or invent a solution of their own, whichever course may please them best.

We shall not violently shock the unity, the progress, or the true effect, of the *Metamorphoses*, if we go back now, as let us do, to the first book for our second specimen. There is, in truth, no proper organic unity to Ovid's *Metamorphoses*. The successive stories selected by the poet to be told are just ingeniously tacked together by some association more or less natural, and that is all. The interest of the work is the interest of its episodes. In fact the work consists of its episodes. To point out the connection of this story with that, would in most cases be merely curious, not at all instructive. By disregarding, as we do, the order of the poem, we best point out to our readers the fact that the poem has no order that needs to be regarded.

Dryden shall be our next translator—a bold, free, manly, mind, gifted with more of talent than of real genius, but writer of verse that is secure of place among the imperishable classics of English literature. You will feel increase of vigor, as you will feel diminution of urbanity, elegance, and grace, in passing from Addison to Dryden. On the other hand, such readers as may take the pains to compare Dryden translating Ovid with Dryden translating Virgil, will observe that the native force of this writer is sympathetically modulated to more softness and sweetness in representing the poet of the *Metamorphoses*. Let us choose the pretty story of Daphne's transformation into a laurel. We shall omit in places, indicating our omissions by dotted lines. Apollo is the—hero, shall we call him? of a most unmanly, if too

godlike, adventure in which Daphne, daughter of the river Peneus, is the heroine, or victim. Disregarding the contraction of verbal forms which Dryden and Addison affect, we print, for instance, "viewed," instead of "view'd," as do they. It is observable, however, that Tennyson, too, whose judgment in such things it is safer generally to accept than to reject, makes the line light to the eye by the practice which we decide to honor rather in the breach than in the observance. The mutilated aspect of words thus contracted is hardly, we think, compensated for by merely ocular illusion of greater lightness in the line.

Apollo had disdainfully bidden stripling Cupid lay aside bow and arrows, as weapons proper to himself alone, and unsuitable for such as the infant god of love. Whereupon Cupid takes revenge by piercing Apollo's breast with passion for Daphne. We omit some opening lines:

So burns the god, consuming in desire,  
 And feeding in his breast a fruitless fire:  
 Her well-turned neck he viewed, (her neck was bare,)  
 And on her shoulders her disheveled hair:  
 "O were it combed," said he, "with what a grace  
 Would every waving curl become her face!"  
 He viewed her eyes, like heavenly lamps that shone,  
 He viewed her lips, too sweet to view alone.  
 Swift as the wind the damsel fled away,  
 Nor did for these alluring speeches stay.

"Stay, nymph," he cried, "I follow, not a foe.  
 Thus from the lion trips the trembling doe;  
 Thus from the wolf the frightened lamb removes,  
 And from pursuing falcons fearful doves:  
 Thou shunn'st a god, and shunn'st a god that loves.

Yet think from whom thou dost so rashly fly;  
 Nor basely born, nor shepherd's swain am I.  
 Perhaps thou know'st not my superior state;  
 And from that ignorance proceeds thy hate.  
 Me, Claros, Delphos, Tenedos, obey;  
 These hands the Pataraean sceptre sway:  
 The king of gods begot me: what shall be,  
 Or is, or ever was, in fate, I see:  
 Mine is the invention of the charming lyre:  
 Sweet notes, and heavenly numbers, I inspire

Sure is my bow, unerring is my dart ;  
But ah ! more deadly his who pierced my heart.  
Med'cine is mine ; what herbs and simples grow  
In fields and forests, all their powers I know,  
And am the great physician called below.  
Alas ! that fields and forests can afford  
No remedies to heal their love-sick lord :  
To cure the pains of love no plant avails ;  
And his own physic the physician fails."

She, urged by fear, her feet did swiftly move,  
But he more swiftly, who was urged by love.

The nymph grew pale, and, in a mortal fright,  
Spent with the labor of so long a flight,  
And now despairing, cast a mournful look  
Upon the streams of her paternal brook :  
" O help," she cried, " in this extremest need !  
If water-gods are deities indeed ;  
Gape earth, and this unhappy wretch entomb ;  
Or change my form, whence all my sorrows come."  
Scarce had she finished, when her feet she found  
Benumbed with cold, and fastened to the ground ;  
A filmy rind about her body grows ;  
Her hair to leaves, her arms extend to boughs :  
The nymph is all into a laurel gone ;  
The smoothness of her skin remains alone.  
Yet Phœbus loves her still, and casting round  
Her bole his arms, some little warmth he found.  
The tree still panted in the unfinished part,  
Not wholly vegetive, and heaved her heart.  
He fixed his lips upon the trembling rind ;  
It swerved aside, and his embrace declined :  
To whom the god : " Because thou canst not be  
My mistress, I espouse thee for my tree :  
Be thou the prize of honor and renown ;  
The deathless poet, and the poem, crown :  
Thou shalt the Roman festivals adorn,  
And, after poets, be by victors worn :  
Thou shalt returning Cæsar's triumph grace,  
When poms shall in a long procession pass ;  
Wreathed on the post before his palace wait,  
And be the sacred guardian of the gate :  
Secure from thunder and unharmed by Jove ;  
Unfading as the immortal powers above :  
And as the locks of Phœbus are unshorn,  
So shall perpetual green thy boughs adorn."

The grateful tree was pleased with what he said,  
And shook the shady honors of her head.



Dazzled and perplexed amid so many brilliant things from which to choose, we pitch next upon the tragic story of Ni'o-be. This—for the sake of variety, as well as for the sake of letting our readers, in this final example, see a more exact reproduction of the very words and forms of the original—we will give from the literal prose translation of Ovid's "Metamorphoses" furnished in Bohn's Classical Library. It would seem that Niobe (wife of Am-phi'on, king of Thebes) was of a temper haughty even to impiety. When sacrifice and worship were demanded from the Thebans by La-to'na, mother of Apollo and Di-a'na, to be paid to herself and her two divine children, Niobe advanced her own claim to such honors in rivalry with the divinities. To punish her, Apollo slew her seven sons and seven daughters. We omit the horribly realistic details of the shooting of the seven sons by the archer god. Suffice to say, these had been duly and divinely shot:

The sisters were standing in black array, with their hair disheveled, before the biers of their brothers. One of these, drawing out the weapon sticking in her entrails, about to die, swooned away, with her face placed upon her brother. Another, endeavoring to console her wretched parent, was suddenly silent, and was doubled together with an invisible wound; and did not close her mouth, until after the breath had departed. Another, vainly flying, falls down; another dies upon her sister; another lies hid; another you might see trembling. And now six being put to death, and having received different wounds, the last only remains; her mother covering her with all her body, and with all her garments, cries, "Leave me but one, and that the youngest; the youngest only do I ask out of so many, and that but one." And while she was entreating, she, for whom she was entreating, was slain. Childless, she sat down among her dead sons and daughters and husband, and became hardened by her woes. The breeze stirs not a hair; in her features is a color without blood; her eyes stand unmoved in her sad cheeks; in her form there is no appearance of life. Her tongue itself, too, congeals within, together with her hardened palate, and the veins cease to be able to be moved. Her neck can neither be bent, nor can her arms give any motion, nor her feet move. Within her entrails, too, it is stone.

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Still did she weep on ; and, enveloped in a hurricane of mighty wind, she was borne away to her native land. There, fixed on the top of a mountain, she dissolves ; and even yet does the marble distil tears.

Our readers will recall Byron's magnificent comparison of the desolated city of Rome :

“ The Niobe of nations ! there she stands,  
Childless and crownless, in her voiceless woe ;  
An empty urn within her withered hands,  
Whose holy dust was scattered long ago.”

Shakespeare's “ Like Niobe, all tears ” is one of those commonplaces of quotation multitudinously supplied by the tragedy of Hamlet.

The stories of miraculous metamorphosis were even in ancient times the subject of much ingenious conjectural interpretation. We hardly have space here to accumulate examples of the guesses that have been made to explain the origin and meaning of these myths.

We have not, of course, pretended to give any thing like a full account of Ovid's “ Metamorphoses. ” To do so would far exceed our space. But it would in any case be tedious, and not very profitable. Some monuments of architecture there are, which, besides being composed of choice stones exquisitely wrought, are great wholes whose aggregate mass and proportion impress you with an effect of grandeur or beauty infinitely surpassing the sum of the effects due to all the component parts taken together. Of such a structure a few stones by themselves would give a very inadequate idea. But the “ Metamorphoses ” of Ovid form an edifice from which a number of shapely and polished precious blocks brought away will serve to suggest all the beauty that belongs to the building. You have merely to say, There are a great many lovely pieces like these. You could not truly say, The glory of the whole is greater than that of the sum of all the parts.

Ovid had predecessors in the treatment of his subject. To

these predecessors how much he was indebted, we have no means of judging. The earlier works have perished, and no critics who knew them have transmitted to us their estimate of Ovid's obligation. We need hardly say that Ovid's fore-runners were Greek.

If any reader of ours has the means at command, and therewith the curiosity too, to go further than we forward him in the study of Ovid's "Metamorphoses," he will find The Golden Age, Nar-cis'sus at the Fountain, Dæ'da-lus and Ic'a-rus, Pyr'a-mus and This'be, Bau'cis and Phi-le'mon, charming episodes for his examination. Of the story of Baucis and Philemon, Hawthorne makes a lovely idyll, clothed upon with more than Ovidian grace, in his "Wonder-book." Hawthorne's, "The Golden Touch," in the same volume, is that magical genius's treatment of Ovid's "Midas." Indeed, you could not do better, for entrance into the spirit of these old myths delightfully modernized, than to read Hawthorne throughout in his two collections, "Wonder-book" and "Tanglewood Tales." No one will need to be reminded of the interlude of Pyramus and Thisbe, interspersed through Shakespeare's "Midsummer Night's Dream." A good many Americans will have become familiar with Mr. John G. Saxe's comical rendering of the same story. Milton's "Lycidas," (notably the allusion in it to Orpheus,) and his "Comus," especially the song in it to Echo, are full of Ovid.

Since the publication of the volume answering to this, in Greek, we have received from correspondents in various parts of the country, courteous letters of request to have collateral reading suggested in private communications, additionally illustrative of the subjects introduced in our text. In some instances, these applications have proceeded from persons writing on behalf of circles and coteries of readers who were making their perusal of the book a genial social exercise. To all such friends of ours we will say that a comparative reading of the different English poems named by us

as in part drawn from Ovid, together with Hawthorne's exquisite handling of Ovidian topics, would certainly prove at once instructive and delightful. The same is true of other productions in English literature elsewhere mentioned in connection with the various Latin authors represented.

We must now take lingering leave of Ovid, to go on in the following chapter with an author who, to a character of social dilettanteism in which he might have rivaled Ovid himself, joined a character of stern and strenuous practical force, for affairs of war and of state, in which he scarcely admitted any rival ancient or modern—we mean, Julius Cæsar. We barely add that Ovid's verse in the "Metamorphoses" is the same as that of Virgil and of Homer, namely, the dactylic hexameter. No Latin poet ever made his numbers more tunable than did Ovid.



HEAD OF MEDUSA.

## VI.

## CÆSAR.

WE put our readers on their guard. The present writer is not a disciple of Carlyle. He is no idolater of power. He does not believe that might makes right. He is not, therefore, a member of that school of thinkers who fall down speechless in worship before Cæsar. We have honestly tried, in the pages that follow, to do scrupulous justice to that great character—as much so as if he were still a living man among us, to be pleased or to be pained with award of human praise or blame. We have, however, found it quite impossible not to feel, and not sometimes to vent, a sentiment of indignation at the monstrous things that Cæsar could do.

We have been, no doubt, prompted the more to this by the present prevalence of the opposite tendency, the tendency not simply to apologize for, but boldly to glorify, the man. Let it be considered that it is not against Cæsar, the individual man, but against Cæsar, the great embodiment of a certain spirit, pagan in general and Roman in particular, that our zeal of condemnation here or there irrepressibly kindles.

“The foremost man of all this world,” is what Shakespeare, in his tragedy bearing for title the illustrious Roman’s name, makes Brutus, who had stabbed him, speaking to Cassius, who also had stabbed him, call Julius Cæsar. The general agreement of thoughtful minds has tended to affirm Brutus’s sentence, and this in a meaning of his expression higher and larger than that which Shakespeare probably intended to represent Brutus as intending to convey. Foremost in position and power, rather than foremost in rank of personal greatness, was, we suppose, what Shakespeare’s Brutus meant. But there is, with judges presumptively competent to pronounce opinion, a strong disposition, to say the least, to accord to Julius Cæsar a place of lonely pre-emi-

nence, as, upon the whole, in amplitude of natural endowment, and in splendor of historic achievement, perhaps the very first among the sons of men.

It undoubtedly requires much comprehensive and comparative knowledge of the heroes of history, to appreciate the large-molded, many-sided character of such a man as Cæsar. Julius Cæsar is great in an order of greatness like that, for



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instance, of Mont Blanc or of Niagara among the works of nature ; of St. Peter's or of the Milan Cathedral among the works of human hands. You have to study him to measure him. You have to put other great men alongside of him, to perceive how he dwarfs them by the contrast of his easy and symmetrical magnitude.

In the present volume, we are to let Cæsar, in large part, make his own impression of himself by one of his literary

works. This work is the account which he wrote of his campaigns in Gaul. "Commentaries" is the name by which the account is technically known. The word "commentaries" in this title is not, of course, to be understood as signifying remarks in criticism and explanation. It is used in the sense of memoirs or memoranda. In the entitling of Cæsar's book, it has—it perhaps was designed to have—the effect of modesty. It is as if to forewarn the reader, This is not an elaborate work of literary art; it is simply a collection of sketches or jottings. And, in fact, Cæsar's memoirs of his campaigns are said to have been written from time to time, in the course of duty performed by him as military commander in arduously active service in field and in camp. They have somewhat the character of journals of camp and march and fight.

They are, for all that, much admired for the style in which they are written. Clear, straightforward, simple, manly records they are, of great achievements, hardly, but triumphantly, performed. Cæsar writes constantly in the third person, never, save in some three or four, perhaps inadvertent, certainly unimportant, cases of exception, in the first. That is, when he means Cæsar he says "Cæsar," not "I," or "me." There is scarcely any thing more remarkable in the book than the impersonal form under which the strong personality of writer and actor is forced by the writer to appear. You would scarcely guess, from merely reading the book, that the writer of the book is the same man as he who furnished the matter of action which the book was written to report. Given the fact that Cæsar is the author, you then immediately feel that the author could have been no other than he. But, without that clue, the idea might never have occurred to your mind. The external evidence, however, is ample for Cæsar's authorship of the "Commentaries."

What did Cæsar write his memoirs for? Such a detail of his activity was not required by the government at Rome. The answer probably is, Cæsar felt himself a public man.

He had the consciousness of great aims. He felt that he could do things worthy of record, and he felt, moreover, that he could produce a record worthy of the things that he should do. In addition to this more abstract incentive, he, no doubt, had a directly practical purpose in writing his "Commentaries." The book would advance his fortunes at Rome.

For Cæsar was unboundedly ambitious. He wanted to be the lord of the world. We impute this motive freely with all confidence. Let every reader, however, keep wisely on his guard. Motives are generally matters of inference only. Cicero says that Cæsar had habitually on his tongue that sentiment from Euripides, "If you may ever rightly do wrong, you may do so for the sake of obtaining sovereign power." He wished in his distant wars to act under the gaze of mankind. He should need the support of wide admiration and confidence from his countrymen, in the future movements that he might find it necessary to make, in his race for the first place of power among men. Still, Cæsar relates his own exploits with singular self-restraint. There is not a particle of apparent demonstration. A tone of quiet and candor prevails throughout his story, which would be the perfection of art, were it art, but which probably is in the main the unaffected, unsought expression of a great nature, in complacent harmony with itself. Cæsar's singleness of purpose as a man helped him as a writer. It forbade his allowing any literary vanity to disturb the serenity of his style. Every other ambition was servant in Cæsar to the ambition to be the first man in the first city in the world.

We are not to read Cæsar's "Commentaries," as if the author's years of unparalleled activity in Gaul were a mere unrelated episode, brilliant, but barren, in his career. We are rather to read them—but there are two quite different ways in which we may read Cæsar's Gallic "Commentaries." Either we may regard them as telling the story of the thorough and



masterful manner in which he accomplished an important share of certain serious work that it fell to his lot to do for Rome and for the world; or we may regard them as giving account of a piece of canvassing, on his part, for place and power in the Roman state, canvassing conceived and executed on a scale of largeness and enterprise beyond the reach of any but the most magnificent political as well as military genius. But whichever of these two views we take, it still remains true that this history is vitally related to the whole subsequent history of mankind.

We shall, in reading Cæsar's story, seem to be reading only how consummate skill and discipline in war, supported by boundless resources, overwhelmed brave, but helpless, barbarism, with the irresistible mass and weight of an equally brave, but also a splendidly equipped, civilization. But let us correct our very natural misconception of the case. The truth is, the Gauls were by no means a wholly uncivilized people, and they were a really formidable foe to Rome. For good reason, Rome dreaded them with immemorial dread. One of the saddest and most shameful of the early traditions of Roman history was the taking and sacking of the city by Gauls. A vast, dense, black cloud of ever-threatened irruption hung, growing, in the quarter of the Roman sky toward Gaul and Germany, ready to break on Italy and pour a flood of devastation against Rome that should even sweep the city from the face of the globe. Cæsar's bold plan was to open the cloud and disperse its gathering danger. He perhaps saved Europe to civilization and to Christianity. Four hundred years later, the barbarians pressed again against the barriers of the Roman empire. This time the barriers gave way, and the floods came in. But meantime, and this as the result of Cæsar's work, Gaul itself, indeed all Europe, west and south, with Africa, too, had been permanently Romanized; and there was moreover now a Christian Church prepared to welcome the inrushing barbarians to her bosom,

and make them, retaining much, no doubt, of their native fierceness still, yet strangely gentle pupils in the school of Christ.

With how much far forecast, on his own part, of all this long reach of influence, to be exerted through his deeds, on the future fortune of Rome, Cæsar accepted and administered his governorship of Gaul, it is of course impossible now to say. It is hard, however, not to feel that glorifying historians, like Mommsen, of Cæsar, have found much statesmanlike wisdom in Cæsar's career, which in point of fact it never entered the great Roman's mind to conceive. Providence is wiser in state than any man, and it is poor philosophy of history to be over-confident in projecting backward upon Cæsar's credit for foresight, results of his activity that in all probability he neither planned, nor expected, nor desired, nor even conjectured. The historian of Cæsar thus magnifies the man by giving him adjuncts not his, and by applying standards of measurement too large to be laid off against any one but God. Cæsar was wise in his generation. He knew how to make himself master of Rome. Let him have his praise. But he was not a prophet. And he was too selfish to be a patriot. And with all his greatness, he was not great enough to be a lover of mankind. The type of greatness that embraces the human race, that anticipates all time, was born into this world with Jesus of Nazareth precisely one hundred years after the birth of Cæsar. It was not Cæsar's individual fault that he kept within the limits of the ideas of the non-Christian ancient world. But so it is not to be made his individual praise that he overpassed those limits; for he did not overpass them. Cæsar was just a Roman, with Roman traits, both good and bad, carried to their highest expression. He was the impersonation, the idealization, the realization, of the Roman genius for conquest and government. He had the cold blood and cruelty of Rome.

Our readers will observe, as they go forward in the Commentaries, occasional mention made of Cæsar's absences, during the winters, in Italy. These absences of Cæsar from Gaul, during that season of the year in which military operations were usually suspended, were not for the purpose of mere pleasure and relaxation, on his part, in the capital. Cæsar, in fact, did not visit the capital. Friends and followers from the capital visited him instead, where he held for them almost regal court at Luca (modern Lucca) in North Italy. These Italian winters of his were a part, an essential part, of Cæsar's long, patient, watchful, skillful, audacious, successful, tragic game in Roman politics. The senate had banished him—if the senate intended to banish him—to Gaul, in vain. He was still present in Rome more potently than ever. Our readers will better understand the relation of Cæsar's experience in Gaul to the rest of his life, if we pause long enough at this point to sketch briefly his previous career.

Caius Julius Cæsar was of an ancient patrician family of Rome, who claimed derivation from Iulus, son of Trojan Æneas. The word Cæsar was made by Caius Julius a name so illustrious, that it came afterward to be adopted by his successors in power at Rome, and finally thence to be transferred to the emperors of Germany, and to the autocrats of Russia, called respectively Kaiser and Czar. Cæsar was politician from a boy. He was married (or perhaps only betrothed) early enough to get himself divorced at seventeen, for the purpose of allying himself to Cinna through a second marriage with that democratic leader's daughter. This wife, too, the dictator, Sylla, now omnipotent at Rome, advised young Cæsar to put away. Cæsar had the spirit to refuse compliance, but he had also the prudence to flee from Rome to escape the dictator's resentment. Before he fled, Sylla had warned him of his danger by taking away his office, his inheritance, his dowry by his wife. When, upon Sylla's death, Cæsar got back to Rome, he won popular favor by

bringing an indictment for extortion in Macedonia against Dolabella. His taste of applause as public speaker excited him to become a master of eloquence. He repaired to Rhodes for study with a celebrated rhetorician there. On his way, he was taken by pirates who asked thirty thousand dollars in ransom. He agreed to pay this sum, but at the same time laughingly told the pirates that if they knew who he was, they would ask fifty thousand dollars. Let me but catch you, he said, and I will crucify you to a man. They thought Cæsar a merry fellow; but he promptly got together a number of ships, pursued them, captured them, and, taking the law into his own hands, true to his word put them all to death on crosses. The young student then went on to his rhetorical professor.

Having been chosen pontifex, he returned to Rome, where he went rapidly through a succession of public offices: as quæstor, bidding for popularity by pronouncing a eulogy on his aunt Julia, wife of the redoubtable democrat Marius; as ædile, still further courting the favor of the common people by entertainments provided on a scale of unmatched magnificence, and of course at correspondingly enormous expense. The result was to plunge him millions on millions of dollars in debt. Now occurred the conspiracy of Catiline, in which Cæsar himself was implicated, in the suspicion of some. The mere existence of the suspicion tends to show how active and how unscrupulous in politics Cæsar was held to be. Mommsen, the German historian of Rome already before alluded to, a warm eulogist of Cæsar, holds it for tolerably certain that his hero was in fact a fellow-conspirator with Catiline; nor does he on that account (or on any other account) at all abate the great man's praise.

He wanted to be pontifex maximus, that is, chief priest of the Roman religion. Cæsar was a thorough-paced skeptic, and his aim in this matter was worldly-minded in the extreme: he needed the office as a refuge from his creditors.

Without it he would have to flee from Rome. A rival candidate offered to pay Cæsar's debts for him, if he would withdraw his name from the canvass. "I would double my debt, if that were necessary," was Cæsar's reply. "I shall be pontifex maximus this day or I shall be an exile," he said to his mother on the morning of the election day. He was triumphantly elected. The next year saw him prætor. At the close of the year's prætorship, he was, in due course of Roman custom, given a province to squeeze. Spain was his lot. He here, by levying war on the native tribes bordering the province, found means to amass money enough to ease him of his debts, which, by the way, to the pretty sum of five millions of dollars, his friend Crassus had had to become surety for, before Cæsar, in the first instance, could leave Rome for Spain. From Spain, at the end of his term of office in that province, this masterful spirit hastened back to Rome to run for the consulship. The consulship was the top round in the ladder of Roman political ambition. Cæsar saw all things possible to himself once chosen consul. He was chosen. His colleague was Bibulus, a stiff senatorial conservative, joined with Cæsar in office in order to check that politician's popular arts. But honest Bibulus became so manageable in Cæsar's hands that there might nearly as well have been one consul instead of two. In fact, it was a saying at Rome that the two consuls were—Julius and Cæsar. Cæsar's consulship, in its bearing on his own personal fortunes, was an overflowing success. He steadily opposed the oligarchy of the senate (for the Roman republic, so-called, was in reality a senatorial oligarchy)—he got a law enacted for distributing lands to the poor (the poor being chiefly the soldiers of Pompey, which great Roman was now to be made Cæsar's friend)—he won the favor of the knights by relieving them, as the senate had refused to do, from a burdensome contract into which they had entered with the state for collection of revenue; in short, he made himself

an overwhelmingly popular man. It was now that, with Pompey, the most honored man in Rome, and Crassus, perhaps the richest, Cæsar, undoubtedly the ablest, formed that famous political fellowship which has acquired the name of the first triumvirate.

Cæsar's consulship expired, he went to Gaul as proconsul. His term of proconsular government was at first fixed for five years, an unusual length of term, afterward, however, extended to ten years, though eight years was the extreme limit of time that Cæsar actually spent as governor of Gaul. Before the other two years were done he had outgrown Gaul. In four years more he had made himself emperor of the world, in every thing but the name, and then, after less than twelve months' enjoyment of the long-coveted supremacy, had fallen in death, under numerous wounds from his friends, at the base of the statue of that former colleague of his, great Pompey, against whom he had meantime waged deadly war, and who had himself also but a short time before been treacherously slain. It is a dreadful history. Cæsar's glory is emblazoned in blood.

For the subsequent and closing parts of his career, Cæsar's campaigns in Gaul, which we are here about to study in his own record of them, were a necessary preparation. It was for these campaigns that he at first obtained control of the legions which were soon to be the weapon in his hand for hewing his way to sovereign power. It was in these campaigns that he disciplined those legions to become, perhaps, the best soldiers the world ever saw, and that he attached them so remarkably to his own person and fortune. The whole course of subsequent history would have been incalculably different, but for the momentous transactions which we learn of from Cæsar's Commentaries. The occurrences which the *Anabasis* of Xenophon relates, have their bearing on the general history of mankind in but an incidental and, as it were, fortuitous way. In Cæsar's Commentaries, on

the contrary, we give our attention to affairs that directly affected the destiny of the civilized world.

Cæsar's style is correspondingly different from the style of Xenophon. There is a largeness of handling, a virility, a force, in the Roman's work, which in the Grecian's we do not find. In compensation, Xenophon has more grace, more humanity, than Cæsar. Cæsar, we may as well frankly confess it, has stretches that are drier than any in Xenophon. We make our peace with Latin specialists for this comparative slight to an author who is universally, with good reason, their admiration and delight, by quoting here a sentence from learned Roger Ascham, tutor to Queen Elizabeth. In his "Schoolmaster," this early and excellent writer on education, says: "In Cæsar's Commentaries is seen the unspotted propriety of the Latin tongue." We may adapt a familiar quotation, and, of Cæsar, with the change of a word or two, say exactly what stately Edmund Spenser said of Chaucer:

Dan Chaucer, well of English undefiled,  
becomes

Great Julius, well of Latin undefiled.

This we think with all our heart, and yet believe that our readers will be contented to have less of his narrative in Cæsar's own words, than, in the case of Xenophon, we were sure they would unanimously demand. Undoubtedly one feels that Cæsar is of the two the greater man. But undoubtedly, also, one feels that of the two Xenophon is the more pleasing writer.

Out of the eight books comprised in Cæsar's Gallic Commentaries, the preparatory student is usually required to read only four. We, however, with our accustomed liberality toward our friends, shall try to give them a fairly satisfactory account of the entire work. Each book recounts the events and incidents, these and no more, of one campaign, covering a military year of time.

## FIRST BOOK.

The first book, after a bit of geography to begin with, occupies itself with two series of military operations on Cæsar's part, one directed against the Helvetians, (Swiss,) and one against a body of Germans who had invaded Gaul. Our readers will, not only here, but elsewhere at points throughout the volume, find in the elegant colored map provided by the enlightened liberality of the publishers, a convenient elucidation of the text.

It seems that there is among the Helvetians a man with ideas. Or-get'o-rix is his name. This Orgetorix proposes to his countrymen a whole national migration. To prevent, or rather to turn back, this movement, deemed by Cæsar threatening to the Roman province of Gaul-beyond-the-Alps—a margin of territory along the Mediterranean coast, with Marseilles (Massilia) for its chief town—was the first object of the new governor's first Gallic campaign.

The Helvetians have already, after two years of provident and laborious preparation, begun to move. Their towns and villages burned behind them, they are already on the banks of the Rhone, seeking the most eligible route to their destination, which is a district of country lying to the west, outside their native mountain fastnesses.

But Cæsar appears. They ask his permission to cross the Roman province. Cæsar will answer them in two weeks. The two weeks Cæsar spends in putting himself in safe condition to answer them no. The Helvetian emigrants persisting make several attempts to pass the Rhone, which failing, they turn in another direction.

Cæsar posts to Italy. Quickly back again with ample reinforcements, he hears from the Æduans that the Helvetians are overrunning their country. The Æduans were old allies of Rome. Cæsar undertook to help them. He follows up the line of the emigrant Helvetians. Seizing his opportunity,



he falls upon a fourth part of the Helvetian horde, left still upon the hither bank of a river they were crossing, and cuts them in pieces. Cæsar recalls that it was this particular canton of the Swiss which had, in a former generation, slain a Roman consul and compelled that Roman consul's army to pass under the yoke. A coincidence, he thinks, that the same canton should be the one now to feel the stroke of retribution. Cæsar had a kinsman who suffered in that ancient calamity. This personal wrong also was redressed. Readers will be interested to know just how close home to Cæsar had come the wrong thus vicariously avenged. The man concerned was the grandfather of Cæsar's father-in-law!

The Helvetian body, the three fourths that were left of them, sued for peace. Cæsar demanded hostages. They were accustomed, so they haughtily replied, to receive hostages, not to give them. The great multitude staggered forward. Cæsar dogged them watchfully.

But his provisions were failing. The Æduans had promised to victual his army. They paltered and postponed. Cæsar at length learned what the difficulty was. There was one Æduan who had the spirit not to be a Romanizer. Cæsar guessed his man. It was a brother of Div'i-ti'a-cus, and Divitiacus was a chief whom Cæsar could not afford to offend. This man, Dumnorix by name, had influence enough to make the Æduans keep back the promised supplies. Cæsar warned him to beware, but forgave him this time for his brother's sake.

The Romans now turn aside in quest of provisions. The Helvetians mistook the movement for retreat. They pursue, and give Cæsar his chance. They fight at disadvantage, and after a desperate struggle are defeated.

But the duel was long, and for a time it even seemed doubtful. When finally the Romans prevail, the emigrants retire, one part up a mountain near by, and the other to

their baggage trains. No Roman, Cæsar testifies, saw that day the back of a foe. The conflict lasted all the long summer afternoon. It was prolonged at the wagons far into the night. The end came at last, and the Romans got possession of the emigrants' baggage and encampment. The daughter, and a son, of Orgetorix were among the captives.

All this was a good while ago, but it was highly real when it happened. Cæsar's mention of Orgetorix's daughter irresistibly stimulates the imagination of the thoughtful modern reader of his story, to conceive the multiplied and diversified distress endured by the Swiss, in this experience of armed and fighting migration. Old men, tender women, little children, there were, huddled helplessly together in the Helvetian quarters—bereavement, destitution, death, captivity worse than death, staring them in the face—while husbands, sons, fathers, brothers, sweethearts, by scores and by hundreds, fell before their very eyes, bravely but vainly fighting there for every thing dear to the heart of man. War, Cæsar, with Roman magniloquence, called this dreadful business. Butchery would be a better name.

Cæsar relates that about one hundred and thirty thousand emigrant survivors of the struggle marched—men, women, and children, think of it, and after an endless afternoon of such agony—all that night, without a moment to rest, and wearily on and on—until on the fourth day they reach, "all that was left of them," the country of the Lin'go-nes. To the Lingones, Cæsar—choking down any gasp of sympathy for the sufferers he might have the weakness to feel rising in his Roman breast—sends word that they must give no aid whatever, not so much as a crust of bread, to the Helvetians, on pain of being regarded by him in the same light as were they. The Romans, an unusual thing for Romans under Cæsar, have to wait three days before pursuing the refugees.

With arithmetical calmness, Cæsar gives the number of the

enemy, according to lists found in the captured camp of the Helvetians. There had set out from home in all three hundred and sixty-eight thousand emigrants. There returned, for there was a return, under what auspices effected we shall presently see, one hundred and ten thousand. In round numbers, a quarter of a million souls perished or were made slaves, as the result of that disastrous exodus.

Excavations made under the munificent auspices of Napoleon III., uncovered, in some of the localities identified as scenes of Cæsar's Gallic slaughters, vast deposits of human remains, in which could be distinguished the skeletons of men, women, and children.

Mr. J. A. Froude has written an elaborately studied and highly readable life, by him entitled "Sketch," of Julius Cæsar. The work is conceived and is executed throughout in a spirit of unbounded, not to say unscrupulous, ascription to the author's hero. A fair estimate—that of Napoleon III., biographer surely devoted enough to Cæsar—makes the actual fighting force engaged in the struggle just described nearly equal on the two sides, not far from sixty thousand men to each. The Helvetians may have had a few thousand more than the Romans, perhaps seventy thousand against sixty thousand. Mr. Froude, however, apparently forgetting that the great mixed multitude of the emigrants did not raise to a very high figure their effective combatant strength, says that the Helvetians were "enormously superior" in numbers to Cæsar's army.

Mr. Froude also says that "Cæsar treated the poor creatures [the survivors] with kindness and care." Cæsar, after unconditional surrender on the part of the fugitives, commanded the Al-lob'ro-ges to furnish them with plenty to eat, and sent them, so victualled at the expense of his allies, back to their own deserted and desolated homes with orders there to rebuild their towns and villages. This constituted Cæsar's "kindness and care," and this constituted the whole

of it. Cæsar, regardless of future biographers, is at pains to let it be known that he, for his part, had no sentimental reasons for his "kindness and care." He says: "This he did, chiefly, on this account, because he was unwilling that the country from which the Helvetians had departed, should be untenanted, lest the Germans, who dwell on the other side of the Rhine, should, allured by the excellence of the lands, cross over from their own territories into those of the Helvetians, and become borderers upon the provinces of Gaul and the Allobroges."

Cæsar, by the way, saved his character, as a sound practical man of affairs and no sentimentalist, by excepting from his "kindness and care" some six thousand men of the Helvetians who, after the general surrender, made off in the night to seek safety for themselves rather than depend upon the clemency of their conqueror. "These he considered, when brought back, in the light of enemies," a pregnant expression from the frugal pen of Cæsar. The euphemism means that he had six thousand unarmed and helpless prisoners of war butchered in cold blood. The people through whose territory the escape was attempted, were required by Cæsar to do the catching and bringing in of the fugitives.

Thus ended the Helvetian war—war, to indulge Cæsar in his own non-descriptive word. The future dictator had begun prosperously in Gaul. Already he had made up his score to one quarter of the full million of human lives that he must take in Gaul, to prepare himself for by and by crossing the Rubicon, on his way to empire and to bloody death.

Here let the thought of that expiation awaiting this ruthless conqueror give us check and pause. Our indignation and horror must not hurry us into injustice toward Cæsar. This was not Cæsar, except as Cæsar was Rome. Hardly more, perhaps, was it Rome, except as Rome was the ancient pagan world. We say this, but we feel that we ought to qualify with an exception in favor of the Greeks. Xenophon.

for example, relating an incident of peculiar distress to his enemies, comments upon it with humanity: "A dreadful spectacle was then to be seen." No such token of sympathy, on the part of the soldier and author, even once relieves the arctic pages of Cæsar. Sentiment like that was Grecian, not Roman. In the present instance, however, we have no reason for supposing otherwise than that the wretched Helvetians would, in the place of conquerors, have been every whit as cruel as were the Romans. It is natural to side with the weak. But we must in doing so take care not to be unjust to the strong. And, here at least, we may comfort ourselves with remembering it was for the good of mankind that the strong should prevail.

Victorious Cæsar now sat at the receipt of congratulations. Ambassadors from almost all parts of Gaul hastened to his head-quarters to thank him for his services. One would like much to know with what degree of literal accuracy Cæsar has condescended, in that indirect fashion of his, the *oratio obliqua* so called, (which is the delight of drill-masters in Latin desiring to initiate their pupils into the mysteries of the reflexive pronoun and of the subjunctive mood)—one, we say, would gladly know with what measure of regard for strict fidelity to fact, Cæsar has condescended to make his oblique report of the speeches delivered to him by these effusive ambassadors!

The crowded first Gallic campaign of Cæsar is to be closed with a series of operations better deserving, than did the slaughter of the pilgrim Helvetians, to be styled a war. A certain Ar'i-o-vis'tus, German prince and conqueror, invoked at first as ally by one of the Gallic tribes at war among themselves, has turned intolerable oppressor and usurper, menacing especially the prosperity and power of the Æduans.

Cæsar at once resolves on interfering. His first step of course is to send an embassy to Ariovistus. Ariovistus

must meet Cæsar in conference. Ariovistus demurs, and Cæsar insists. There is thrust and parry between the two in diplomatic interchange. Cæsar stings Ariovistus with a charge of ingratitude to himself and the Roman people. Ariovistus retorts that Rome governed her conquered as she chose, and that he, Ariovistus, claimed a similar privilege for himself. Let Cæsar come on if he liked. He, Cæsar, would soon learn what Germans, inured from infancy to war, and never once during fourteen years sheltered under a roof, were able to accomplish.

Whatever the effect produced on Cæsar's own mind by Ariovistus's bold attitude, Cæsar's camp at any rate is now the scene of singular commotion. Staggering reports reach the soldiers respecting the enemy they are about marching to meet. The Germans are of gigantic stature, they are incredibly brave and incredibly skillful in arms. Their very looks are frightful. You could not withstand the mere fierceness of their eyes. At these reports, the whole army of Cæsar is panic-stricken.

The civilians—present in camp as friends of Cæsar, place-holders there perhaps by personal favor and spectators rather than sharers of the campaign—were the first to feel, and they communicated, the fright. Urging various reasons why it was necessary for them to leave, some of these begged Cæsar kindly to excuse them and let them withdraw; while others, ashamed to appear afraid, yet could not with all their efforts keep their countenances composed, or even always restrain their tears. They got together in groups of mutual commiseration, and, hidden within the tents, gave themselves up to moans of despair. Throughout the camp, there was a universal making of wills. (This feature of the panic is fairly farcical. If the extremity was so desperate, who, pray, was going to carry the sealed testaments to Rome and see that they were duly executed?) It was a scene of general demoralization. The most experienced soldiers did not escape the

spreading contagion. Officers even began to yield. They did not fear the enemy, not they, but the narrow roads, the vast forests, the failing supplies! Cæsar was warned that his soldiers would not obey a command to advance.

Here was a situation for a general. But there was a general for the situation. Cæsar summoned his officers to council and lectured them sharply. He reasoned with them, but he also brought his will to bear upon them. In short, he used the language of one born to command, as well as of one born to persuade. It was the will, no doubt, quite as much as the reasons, that prevailed. But if Cæsar in fact overbore with his will, he did not disdain to give his centurions a chance to save their own self-respect. They might, if they preferred, feel that they were overborne by his representations. He shrewdly excited the spirit of mutual emulation. He said if the rest of the army all failed him, he would march on with his tenth legion alone. Cæsar's tenth legion, by the way, was his favorite body of soldiers. It became famous, immortal indeed, in history. It is a proverb still for loyalty, valor, effectiveness.

Cæsar frankly admits that his address told surprisingly on his hearers. The general feeling was completely changed. Enthusiasm took the place of panic. The tenth legion sent to thank their commander for his compliment to them. They were ready, they said, to march to the war. The centurions now generally explained, each one that *he* had not been afraid, that he had not taken it upon him to distrust Cæsar's wisdom. They were, each man of them, too well instructed in duty.

Cæsar was prudently gracious and he accepted their excuses. Hastened instead of retarded by the mutinous state of his army, he broke camp and set out in the fourth watch, that is, between three and six in the morning. (The Roman night was divided into four watches of three hours each, the length of the hour varying with the season of the year.)

Seven days of Cæsar's marching brings him within about twenty miles of Ariovistus.

Ariovistus hears of an approach so important to himself, and sends ambassadors to Cæsar. A conference, to be held in the saddle, was agreed upon. Cæsar had to extemporize a cavalry escort that he could trust. He dismounted the Gallic cavalry, and on their horses seated his tenth legion. The extemporized cavalry were well pleased with the arrangement. One of them facetiously remarked: 'You have done more for us than you promised. You promised to make us your pretorian cohort. But here we are all of us knights.' (The Latin word for horseman meant also member of a certain privileged order, namely, the knights. It is fair, however, to apprise our readers that there is another explanation of the soldier's pleasantry. According to this other explanation, there is no pun in the case. The soldier simply felicitates himself with his comrades on their good fortune in being converted from foot-soldiers into cavalry. We advise our readers to choose the first explanation, and, with undisturbed confidence, enjoy their pun. Those, however, who take Dr. Johnson's severe view of puns, as worthless wit, are supplied with their alternative.)

We can afford to skip the pages of oblique report in which Cæsar gives his account of what passed between the two generals in their conference. Again there was thrust and parry on either side; but the result of course was that they parted without arriving at any agreement. A movement on the part of the German cavalry escort was interpreted by the Romans as hostile. Cæsar on this withdrew. He was solicitous, he says, that no chance should be given the enemy for saying that they had been ensnared at the conference. On a signal subsequent occasion, as our readers will see, Cæsar was less solicitous.

Battle cannot now be much longer postponed. However, Cæsar draws up his army before Ariovistus in challenge to



engagement, day after day, without result. A description given of the German military method is interesting. (We use, for our extracts in strict translation from Cæsar, chiefly the version of Professor William Duncan, of the University of Aberdeen. A more accessible, but far inferior, work is the translation printed in Bohn's Classical Library.)

Cæsar :

They had about six thousand horse, who chose a like number out of the foot, each his man, and all remarkable for strength and agility. These continually accompanied them in battle, and served them as a rear-guard, to which, when hard pressed, they might retire; if the action became dangerous, they advanced to their relief; if any horseman was considerably wounded, and fell from his horse, they gathered round to defend him; if speed was required, either for a hasty pursuit, or sudden retreat, they were become so nimble and alert by continual exercise, that, laying hold of the manes of their horses, they could run as fast as they.

Ariovistus at length hazards an attack. This was about midday. A hot fight raged all the afternoon. From some German prisoners taken, Cæsar learned at evening the reason why Ariovistus had been so slow in coming to an engagement. It seems the German matrons, who practiced some sort of divination, warned him not to fight until the new moon.

The Germans now prepare for the inevitable decisive encounter. They marshal their army by cantons or tribes, of which Cæsar enumerates seven, all with barbarous names. They surround the whole army with their chariots and wagons, on which are placed their women, who, with disheveled hair and in tears, implore the warriors, moving forward to battle, not to deliver them into Roman slavery.

Cæsar quietly introduces a change in the organization of the legion. Over each legion he sets a lieutenant and a quæstor to act as witnesses, and so as stimulators, of the valor of the men. Previously to this there seems not to have been

any unity given to the legion by the existence of a general officer for the whole body. Cæsar this time commences the attack himself. The enemy meet him more than half way. They rush forward so prompt and so swift, that the battle is joined hand in hand before javelins can be thrown. The Germans form a phalanx. On this close-locked array, with its impenetrable front of shield to shield, the Roman soldiers, some of them, in their eager bravery, leaped up and with their hands pulling down the shields stabbed at the bearers from above.

Cæsar's attack was successful on the right. But on the left the Romans suffered. A timely re-enforcement supported them at that point, and along the whole line the Germans gave way. They fled, fifty miles without stopping, to the Rhine. A few escaped, among them, Ariovistus. All the rest, dryly observes Cæsar, "our cavalry slew." Ariovistus had two wives, (monogamy, however, was the rule, polygamy the exception, among the Germans,) who both perished in this flight. There were two daughters. Of these one was killed, another captured.

The rumor of this rout reached a body of Germans who had come to the banks of the Rhine intending to cross, and sent them back home. Their retreat was not without loss, for the Gauls near the river followed them and destroyed many lives.

In his grand way, Cæsar closes the first book of his Commentaries as follows :

Cæsar having in one campaign put an end to two very considerable wars, went into winter-quarters somewhat sooner than the season of the year required. He distributed his army among the *Seq'ua-ni*, left *La-bienus* to command in his absence, and set out himself for *Cisalpine Gaul*, to preside in the assembly of the states.

The winter-quarters of a Roman army had much the character of a permanent town. They occupied a considerable area. They were fortified in almost every conceivable way.

They were supplied with conveniences of various kinds, like the cities of the period. Hither Gaul, or Cisalpine Gaul, was Northern Italy. The assizes spoken of were sessions of a proconsular court such as was customarily held in Roman provinces for the administration of justice. Without neglecting these official duties of his, Cæsar, we know, managed besides to pay some attention to his own personal plans for getting on in the world, though of this it does not belong to the purpose of the Commentaries to speak.

#### SECOND BOOK.

Cæsar's winter in Luca is disturbed, perhaps not disagreeably to himself, by reports brought to him that the Belgians are "conspiring" against the Roman people. The Belgians were made up of different tribes, who now all exchange hostages among themselves, in pledge of mutual good faith for the purpose contemplated. Cæsar gives a considerable number of reasons for this hostile confederation on the part of the Belgians. He might have spared himself his pains. There was one sufficient reason to the Belgians for entering into their league against Rome—they did not wish to be Rome's slaves.

Cæsar at once raises two new legions in Hither Gaul, that part of his province in which he then was. The Roman legion, by the way, was, in the number of men composing it, a somewhat variable quantity. Originally, the number was three thousand foot with three hundred horse. Later it went up to four, five, and even six thousand men. Cæsar's legions have been differently estimated; they were probably about forty-five hundred strong. Cæsar seldom takes care to let us know the exact numerical strength of his own army. Habitually, too, he avoids telling the loss and waste of men that he suffers. We only read from time to time of his levying new legions. His auxiliary forces are usually a pretty indefinite addition to his strength.

Sudden rapid movement on his part has the usual effect on the enemy. The Remi (Rheims, pronounce Reemz, is the modern form bequeathed from this Roman name of the Belgic tribe) are fairly scared into poltroonery. They send ambassadors to Cæsar, and make an abject surrender of themselves and of all their possessions into Cæsar's hands. They purge themselves of fault in his eyes, by declaring that they had not conspired with the rest, and by volunteering information about what their brethren are doing. The poor cravens say that the (patriotic) infatuation of the Belgians is so great that they, the Remi, could in no wise keep back even their own kindred, the Sues-si-o'nes (Soissons is the modern derivative) from joining the confederacy.

The Remi are, like the Æduans, after Cæsar's own heart. He gets the following statistics of numbers from his forward informants—we give them in Cæsar's own summary :

He found that the Suessiones had within their territories twelve fortified towns, and promised to bring into the field fifty thousand men: the like number had been stipulated by the Nervians, who, inhabiting the remotest provinces of Gaul, were esteemed the most fierce and warlike of all the Belgian nations: that the At're-ba'tians were to furnish fifteen thousand, the Am'bi-a'ni ten thousand, the Mor'i-ni twenty-five thousand, the Men'a-pians nine thousand, the Cal'e-tes ten thousand, the Vel'o-cas'sians and Ver'o-man'du-ans the like number; the At'u-at'i-ci twenty-nine thousand; and the Con-dru'sians, Eb'u-ro'nes, Caerœ'sians, and Pae-ma'ni, all comprehended under the common name of Germans, forty thousand.

Let not our readers shudder at the aspect of these bristling proper names. We show them for this once here, but we shall, for the most part, keep them discreetly out of sight hereafter.

Cæsar patted those accommodating Romanizers, the Remi, on the back, told them to have their whole senate paraded before him, and to bring him the children of their chief men as hostages. The Remi eagerly obey.

Meantime, the Belgians are on the march to meet Cæsar.

Eight miles distant from his camp was a town of the Remi, Bi'brax by name. This town the marching Belgians pause to attack. They well-nigh succeed in taking it the very first day. Their plan of operations was like that of the Gauls proper in besieging. (The Belgians were not pure Gauls, having a strong admixture of German in their blood.) They surrounded the whole circuit of the fortifications with men, who, casting stones, cleared the walls of defenders. This done, they formed a *testudo*—which Roman military term may here properly be explained to our readers. The *testudo* was a certain disposition of troops made for a particular purpose. It was formed by a body of soldiers closing up to each other, the central part with their shields held over their heads, to provide complete protection against missiles hurled from above, the outer ranks with their shields sloped at an angle, to guard all the sides from weapons horizontally thrown. The whole appearance resembled the back of a tortoise, (whence the name *testudo*, meaning tortoise.) The *testudo* became a cover under which besieging soldiers could at their leisure work safely to undermine walls. This purpose was on the present occasion successfully effected by the Belgians. But evening fell, and put a temporary period to the progress of the operations.

As soon as it is dark, messengers come from the beleaguered town to Cæsar with news that, unless relieved, the town must surrender. Cæsar loses no time. At midnight he sends a detachment of troops, such as Rome had learned, from various enemies encountered, to add to her own army organization—Numidian and Cretan archers, they were in this instance, together with Balearic slingers—to succor the distressed inhabitants of Bibrax. The effect was decisive. The Belgians stayed only to devastate the neighboring country, and then advanced to within two miles of Cæsar. Their camp was seen, by its line of fires, to have a front of some eight miles.

Cæsar to great audacity joined great prudence. In the present case he did not give battle at once. The multitude of the enemy was formidable, their repute for valor was high. He would first test his soldiers in skirmishes against the foe. The result was reassuring. Cæsar accordingly resolved on committing himself to the hazard of battle. The battle had its vicissitudes, but there was a foregone conclusion of them all. The Belgians, worsted, resolved on returning to their respective homes. They broke up their camp in the night. The noise was like that of a rout. At daybreak, Cæsar started in pursuit.

Labienus, Titus Labienus, was Cæsar's ablest and most trusted lieutenant. He is destined to fight against his chief in the civil war that, in a few years, will follow. This Labienus was now with three legions set upon the flying foe. All day long these dogs of war fed on the helpless Belgians as if they had been sheep. Read Cæsar's business-like statement, and consider that it is of hunted men, not of beasts, that he is speaking:

Thus, without any risk to themselves, our men killed as great a number of them as the length of the day allowed.

This was not cruelty; it was simply cold blood. Cold blood was Cæsar's strength, and Rome's. Cæsar was Rome. Let us not forget it—when a writer is heartless, the readers whom that writer addresses are probably as heartless as he. There was little danger that any one at Rome would charge Cæsar, do as he might, with acting cruelly in Gaul. It was a dreadful world, the world before Christ.

The very next day, Cæsar advanced into the country of the Suessiones, neighbors to the Remi. He would give his wretched foes no time to rally from their terror and flight. But he encounters an obstacle. He finds himself unable to take a town, *No'vi-o-du'num*, or Suessiones, (modern Soissons,) by storm, as he passes. He pauses, therefore, to bring up

his military engines. Meantime, the returning inhabitants swarm into the town. They see what Cæsar is doing. Dismayed at the greatness of his works, such as were never before seen or heard of by them, they offer to capitulate to Cæsar, who, for the sake of the interceding Remi, graciously accepts their surrender. He condescends to receive as hostages the first men of the state, together with "even the two sons of king Galba himself." These acts of sovereign grace accomplished, Cæsar is free to deal next with the Bel-lov'a-ci.

The Bellovaci had all sought refuge in a certain town, toward which Cæsar was now making his way. Five miles from the town the conquering hero is met by a striking and pathetic embassy. All the old men coming out of the gates stretched forth their hands to Cæsar, and implored him to receive them into surrender. Arrived at the town—for Cæsar's advance is apparently not hindered at all by so picturesque an appeal—and duly encamped, he sees now the boys and the women standing ranged on the ramparts, their hands reached out toward the Romans, still in sign of surrender, and in piteous dumb plea for compassion.

Cæsar's man Friday, Divitiacus, appears again. He is back in Cæsar's camp, having, by devastating work in the territory of the Bellovaci, done his Roman master important service in creating a diversion that helped break up the army of the confederates. The thrifty Æduan Romanizer now intercedes with Cæsar on behalf of the very Belgians whose lands he has just been engaged in laying waste. The chief motive which actuates this intervention will be seen and appreciated from what Cæsar reports Divitiacus as saying, namely: "That Cæsar in granting their request would greatly enlarge the credit and authority of the Æduans among the Belgian states."

Cæsar's policy was always to make great ostentation of regard for those who, like this Divitiacus, were exemplarily submissive and serviceable to him. He grants grace to the

Bellovaci, for the sake of Divitiacus and the Æduans. To the comparative influence of the Bellovaci among Belgians, he pays a distinguished compliment. He will receive from them the unusual number of six hundred hostages.

The next aim of Cæsar is the tribe called Ambiani (Amiens). These incontinently surrender without condition to Cæsar.

Beyond the Ambiani live the Nervii. About the Nervii, Cæsar, inquiring, learns the following particulars :

That they suffered no resort of merchants into their cities, nor would allow of the importation of wine or other commodities tending to luxury ; as imagining that thereby the minds of men were enfeebled, and their martial fire and courage extinguished ; that they were men of a warlike spirit, but altogether unacquainted with the refinements of life ; that they continually inveighed against the rest of the Belgians for ignominiously submitting to the Roman yoke and abandoning the steady bravery of their ancestors. In fine, that they had openly declared their resolution of neither sending ambassadors to Cæsar, nor accepting any terms of peace.

The foregoing passage, containing, as readers may observe, nothing whatever but an abstract of information received by Cæsar concerning the Nervii, Mr. Froude cites, in its original Latin, with these prefatory words, "Cæsar thus records his admiration of the Nervian character." This English idolater of Cæsar wishes to impress his readers with the idea that there was, in his hero's breast, a generous sentiment of appreciation for high character in a foe. Bare, bald, cold summary of statements brought to Cæsar, and by him barely, baldly, coldly related, are transformed, by Mr. Froude's hero-worshipping imagination, into a record of admiration on Cæsar's part. Mr. Froude even brings himself, on no better authority as appears than that of the passage just placed under our readers' eyes, to say that "the abstemious Cæsar marks with approbation" the water-drinking habits of the Nervians. In point of fact, there is not a trace, not a shadow, of approval either expressed or implied. Over against



laudation like Mr. Froude's of Cæsar, set the following expression from a great student and authority in Roman history, sturdy, Christian Dr. Arnold of Rugby. (We quote from his "Later Roman Commonwealth":)

"While Cæsar was giving tokens of the danger which the aristocracy had to apprehend from his political career, he almost lulled their fears by the unbounded infamy of his personal character. We will not, and cannot repeat the picture which ancient writers, little scrupulous on such points, have drawn of his debaucheries; it will be sufficient to say, that he was stained with numerous adulteries, committed with women of the noblest families; that his profligacies in other points drew upon him general disgrace, even amid the lax morality of his own contemporaries, and are such that their very flagitiousness has in part saved them from the abhorrence of posterity, because modern writers cannot pollute their pages with the mention of them."

We, for our part, have no occasion here to denounce Cæsar, and we have no disposition to do so. Let us render the amplest justice to his character. But let us not be dazzled by his greatness, to be blind to his wickedness. Our readers will wish to have the true view of Cæsar; and, from what Dr. Arnold is quoted as saying, they may at least see that their friend, the present author, is not peculiar in challenging the enormous claims made on his behalf by such encomiasts as Mr. Froude. Cæsar was a great man, but he was an evil man. He was perhaps uniquely great; and he was not, which is the best that can be truly said for him, he was not uniquely, nay, his time being considered, he was not even remarkably, evil. Mr. Anthony Trollope has, in the series of *Ancient Classics for English Readers*, a volume on Cæsar, in which, while sufficiently eulogizing his hero, the author, wholesomely contrasting herein with Mr. Froude, stands up somewhat as an Englishman writing in the nineteenth Christian century should, to point

out the staring moral deformities in the great Roman's character.

Cæsar's struggle with the Nervii was one of the sharpest crises that he encountered in the whole course of his Gallic experience. Shakespeare showed true art in making Antony begin his funeral discourse over the dead body of murdered Cæsar, with an allusion, seemingly the offspring of chance reminiscence, to this bloody and glorious moment in the dead man's military career. What a stroke it was of artful eloquence on Antony's part!

You all do know this mantle ; I remember  
The first time ever Cæsar put it on !  
'Twas on a summer's evening in his tent,  
That day he overcame the Nervii.

The Nervians were beforehand with the Romans in attacking. In truth, this time the Romans were taken by surprise. They had not a moment to put themselves in proper order of battle. Nay, the men could not even arm themselves as usual. It was not so much one battle, as it was a confusion of separate battles, that ensued. Cæsar for once found himself in imminent peril. His officers were slain or disabled. He had himself to hasten from point to point as he could. There was one moment when all seemed to be over with him and his army. A body of his own auxiliary horse actually fled headlong home bearing that news to their countrymen. While this was happening in one quarter, in another, matters were if possible worse for the Romans.

The men of the twelfth legion were so huddled together that they had no room to use their arms to advantage. Their centurions were nearly all of them either killed or disabled, among them the chief centurion, whom Cæsar pauses to name and to praise—it is Publius Sextius Baculus, an officer who will reappear later in the history, rising from a sick bed, and, with one brief heroic rally, rescuing a panic-stricken camp from the most threatening danger, to sink then in a

swoon of utter exhaustion. (Would his pain, think you, have been to Publius Sextius Baculus a degree lighter to bear, if he could have known that, near twenty centuries after, four thousand miles away, you, dear reader, would dwell for a moment on his name?) The enemy, at every point, were pressing harder and harder.

Such was the posture of things confronting Cæsar. Should he order up his reserves? But there were no reserves. No reserve but himself. On that reserve, Cæsar confidently fell back. He found it a sufficient support. With it he successfully stemmed and turned the rising and foaming tide of adverse battle.

Snatching from a soldier his shield, Cæsar pressed to the front line of his men. He called his centurions by name. He inspirited the rest of the soldiers. 'On with the standards,' he shouted. 'Spread out your ranks and give yourselves room.' Labienus from a distant point discovered the critical situation of affairs. He immediately dispatched the tenth legion to give aid, and the aspect of the field was instantly and utterly changed. Wounded men revived and renewed the fight. Camp-followers unarmed met the enemy armed. The cavalry, eager to retrieve their forfeited fame, sought everywhere to be in advance of the legionaries. It was now the turn of the Nervii to be dismayed. Dismayed, however, as they might be, they fought with desperate valor. When a soldier among them fell, his comrade behind advancing would stand on the corpse and thence continue to fight. He falling in turn, and another, and another, still the indomitable Nervii would only make mounds of their slain from which to discharge their weapons on the foe. There was no flight, no surrender, no giving way. The Nervii fought till they died. But they died almost to a man. The nation and the name were well-nigh annihilated. So Cæsar says, but we hear of the Nervii again by and by, and as redoubtable warriors

still. Perhaps the exaggeration is not so much Cæsar's, as that of the old men of the Nervii, who sent from their marshes to offer themselves, with the women and the children, in surrender to Cæsar. They said that their senators were reduced from six hundred to three, their fighting men from sixty thousand to five hundred. These, "Cæsar, that he might appear to use compassion toward the wretched and the suppliant, most carefully spared." He "ordered them to enjoy their own territories and towns, and commanded their neighbors that they should restrain themselves and their dependents from offering them injury or outrage."

It is a slip in accuracy on Mr. Motley's part, for that historian, in the introduction to his "Rise of the Dutch Republic," to make Cæsar bid "his *legions*" "treat with respect the little remnant of the tribe that had just fallen to record the empty echo of his glory." As our readers can see, it was not the Roman legions, but the neighbors of the Nervii, on whom the purely negative injunction to refrain from outrage, was laid. This is not the only fault of too great freedom, in the brief spirited report made by Mr. Motley of the present passage in Cæsar.

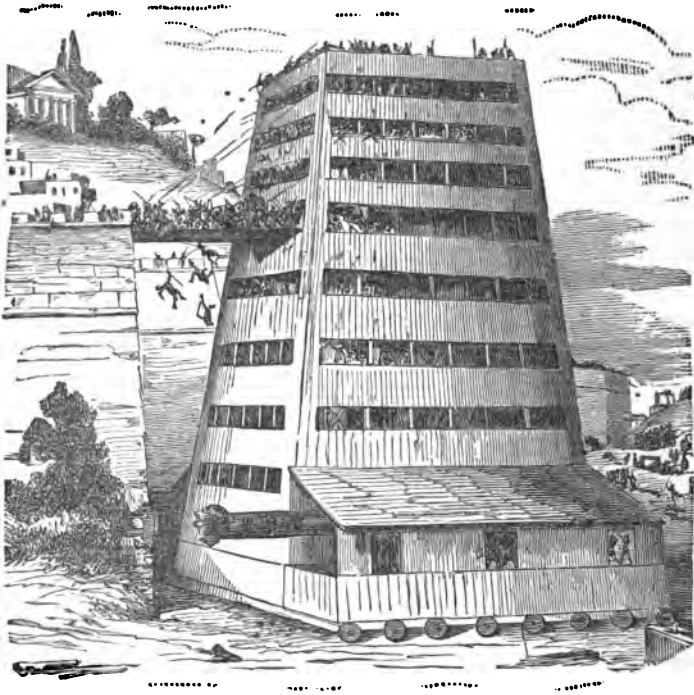
It is time our readers had another taste of Cæsar's own quality in narration. We give his account of his transactions, in arms and in diplomacy, with the Aduatuci, a tribe of Nervian allies. This tribe had been coming up to assist the Nervii. On their way, they heard of the battle just described, and turned back. They threw themselves into a town of theirs which Cæsar proceeded to attack.

Cæsar says :

When we had now finished our approaches, cast up a mount, and were preparing a tower of assault behind the works, they began at first to deride us from the battlements, and in reproachful language ask the meaning of that prodigious engine raised at such a distance ! With what hands or strength, men of our size and make, (for the Gauls, who are for the most part very tall, despise the small stature of the Romans.)

could hope to bring forward so unwieldy a machine against their walls?

But when they saw it removed and approaching near the town, astonished at the new and unusual appearance, they sent ambassadors to Cæsar to sue for peace. These being accordingly introduced, told him: "That they doubted not but the Romans were aided in their wars by the gods



BESIEGING TOWER.

themselves, it seeming to them a more than human task to transport with such facility an engine of that amazing height, by which they were brought upon a level with their enemies, and enabled to engage them in close fight. That they therefore put themselves and their fortunes into his hands, requesting only, that if his clemency and goodness, of which they had heard so much from others, had determined him to spare

the Atuatici [Aduatuci] he would not deprive them of their arms." . . . To this Cæsar replied: "That no surrender would be accepted unless they agreed to deliver up their arms." . . . They accepted in appearance the conditions offered them by Cæsar, and threw so vast a quantity of arms into the ditch before the town, that the heap almost reached to the top of the wall. Nevertheless, as was afterward known, they retained about a third part, and concealed them privately within the town. The gates being thrown open, they enjoyed peace for the remaining part of that day.

In the evening, Cæsar ordered the gates to be shut, and the soldiers to quit the town, that no injury might be offered to the inhabitants during the night. Whereupon, the Atuatici, in consequence of a design they had before concerted, imagining that the Romans, after a surrender of the place, would either set no guard at all, or at least keep watch with less precaution; partly arming themselves with such weapons as they had privately retained, partly with targets made of bark or wicker, and covered over hastily with hides, made a furious sally about midnight with all their forces, and charged our works on that side where they seemed to be of easiest access.

The alarm being immediately given by lighting fires, as Cæsar before commanded, the soldiers ran to the attack from the neighboring forts. A very sharp conflict ensued, for the enemy, now driven to despair, and having no hope but in their valor, fought with all possible bravery, though the Romans had the advantage of the ground, and poured their javelins upon them both from the towers and the top of the rampart. About four thousand were slain upon the spot, and the rest obliged to retire into the town. Next day the gates were forced, no one offering to make the least resistance, and, the army having taken possession of the place, the inhabitants, to the number of fifty-three thousand, were sold for slaves.

What sum of money the sale of these people brought Cæsar, he does not descend enough into particulars to name. Numbers of speculators from Rome were no doubt in attendance on the progress of conquests so important as these of Cæsar in Gaul. The bidding, we may presume, was spirited, and the prices realized were probably satisfactory. How cold-blooded it all seems! What a different spirit Christianity has infused even into business so unchristian as war!

Once again, Cæsar has the opportunity to exercise the

been accomplished during that part of the winter which remained after Crassus sent his word to Cæsar and Cæsar sent his orders back in reply.

With the opening spring, Cæsar is on hand himself. It seems from what he says that the conscience of the Veneti was greatly quickened by his arrival. They began to reflect what a "crime" they had committed, in detaining those martial mendicants. Cæsar even pauses here to enlarge a little on the sacredness of the persons of "ambassadors." The moral sense of the ancient world might be relied upon to go with Cæsar, if he should chastise with exemplary severity a wrong done to ambassadors. But, besides this, Cæsar has statesmanship enough to know that "revolt" was likely to spread. With edifying general reflection on the constitution of the human mind, Cæsar here says, that "all men by nature love liberty and hate the condition of slavery." Cæsar, at least, knew what Roman conquest meant to the nations conquered. In view of every thing, this tireless man decided that he must both punish the Veneti, together with their allies, and likewise garrison all Gaul—quite, forsooth, as if it had not been in the two years preceding sufficiently "pacified." ("Pacified" is the harmless-looking quakerly word by which the clement soul of Cæsar loves best to speak of such wasting and depopulating wars as he waged in Gaul.) Labienus, Crassus, Titurius, are sent each to a different quarter of the pacified country, while young Decimus Brutus (kinsman of the future chief conspirator, himself also destined to be of the number of Cæsar's murderers) is placed over the fleet, and ordered to go, as soon as possible, to the Veneti. The land forces Cæsar in person leads thither.

It is constantly, in the preparation of these volumes, a great problem for us to decide in what way we may hope best to serve the interests of our readers. For instance, we cannot give Cæsar entire. But, indeed, we should not wish to do so, if we could. The full narrative would be tedious.

Our text would bristle with strange outlandish names, repellent to readers. On the other hand, condensation always threatens to squeeze out and lose what juice there is in a story by no means over-juicy at its best. To leave out details that needlessly would weary, to introduce precisely the details most necessary to instruct and entertain, to condense enough to bring within required limits, to be full enough to make a fairly adequate exhibition of our author in his matter and his manner—this, we must keep it ever in mind, is our aim.

Well, on the whole, now for a heavy turn in our press, the juice meantime to waste if it must. This naval warfare of the Romans—men never very natural sailors—with the Veneti—men born and bred to the sea—had, notwithstanding so much advantage against the invaders, the usual, the inevitable, issue. The Veneti were beaten on their own element. The Romans applied their energy, awkwardly indeed, but irresistibly, and won.

Before engaging in warfare on the water, Cæsar had, with infinite labor to his men, uselessly captured town after town of the enemy, only to see the inhabitants escape with their possessions to a farther stronghold which had still to be taken with similarly laborious and similarly useless operations of siege. Exasperated, no doubt, with the troublesome opposition he had encountered in conquering, Cæsar was the more forward to think, as he says he thought, that the barbarians needed a wholesome lesson about the sacred rights of ambassadors. He calmly slaughtered all the national senators, and sold the rest of the Veneti for slaves.

While these things were going on between Cæsar and the Veneti, Ti-tu'ri-us Sa-bi'nus, one of the lieutenants sent to garrison pacified Gaul, had an opportunity to show the Gallic foe what Romans could do, no less in knavery than in bravery. (Wait till the fifth book, and see how Titurius himself will tragically experience, through knavery, a recompense of his knavery.) He bribed a renegade Gaul among his



auxiliaries to carry false news to the patriot insurgents. This pretended deserter gets his brethren to attack the Roman camp.

The attacking Gauls are spent with running up hill, they are burdened with sticks and brush brought by them to fill up the trenches around the Roman camp—and the Romans, fully prepared, fresh, expectant, confident, cut them in pieces almost to a man. Thus, as Cæsar, evidently complacent over a coincidence exhibiting his own good fortune, cheerfully remarks, Sabinus heard of Cæsar's victory, and Cæsar of Sabinus's, both at one and the same moment.

Meantime, young Crassus distinguishes himself. If there is any art in Cæsar's account of Crassus's achievements, it is exquisitely good art, for it almost completely conceals itself. By whatever motive on Cæsar's part influenced, the story is told by Cæsar in a way to give his rich colleague the utmost possible pleasure in the gallant and skillful conduct of his son. The youthful lieutenant had been put in charge of revolted Aquitania. With no less prudence than firmness, he marched into the territories of the most powerful of the Aquitanian tribes. The enemy mass their forces and attack the Romans in march. Cæsar, with consummate grace of compliment to the father through the son, says, that while, on their part, the enemy were animated by the thought of all Aquitania's depending for its freedom on their valor, the Romans, on their part, "desired that it might be seen what they could accomplish, without their general and without the other legions, under a very young commander." How sweet a proud Roman father must have found it, to chew the cud of such tribute, so deftly postponed and concealed, to the virtues and the popularity of his son! Under the circumstances described, the contest was a long and bloody one. But the inevitable happened once more. The Aquitanians gave way, and Crassus at once proceeded to besiege their chief town. He brought

his vi'ne-ae (movable shelters under which sappers and miners could work) and his turrets or towers—he brought these military engines to bear, and the town capitulated.

Enterprising young Crassus is fired with the zeal which springs from success. He takes up his line of hostile march into the territories of other tribes. The natural and usual course of events again. The threatened barbarians sent each other ambassadors and combined to repel the common enemy. Crassus thought that his true plan was to come at once to combat with the constantly increasing force of his foe. His officers agreed.

But the wary Aquitanians preferred the chances of delay. They did not accept battle from Crassus. Crassus accordingly, having waited till the army had become eager enough for fighting to fight furiously, let fly his men like dogs at their game. It is the old story. Of fifty thousand Aquitanians scarce a fourth part escape. The tired Romans got back late that night to their camp.

The greater part of Aquitania was, on receiving news of this battle, ready to regard itself as "pacified." Eleven peoples are named that sent in their hostages to Crassus. The young fellow had had a very fine hunting season, and bagged a large quantity of game.

The summer is now well-nigh spent—the summer, but not Cæsar. He hears of two Gallic tribes guilty of not sending in to him their ambassadors. He instantly marches into their territory. This thing, he thinks, is now so nearly done, it might better be finished up out of hand. He seemed constitutionally averse to having a trifle of the sort left over for a future campaign.

These contumacious Gallic tribes adopted a new strategy. They hid themselves and their effects among morasses and forests. Cæsar began to fortify a camp, when, out of the woods surrounding the place, forth rushed a multitude of barbarians and fell upon the Romans unprepared. Unpre-

pared, however, the Romans never were. They dropped their shovels, and snatched up their swords. They drove the barbarians to cover.

Nothing daunted these Romans. Cæsar set his men to clearing up the barbarians' country for them. For immense spaces the forests were leveled with the ground. But now the winter rains came on, and even Romans could not stand it longer in their tents. So Cæsar, having merely wasted the lands and burned the villages and houses of the inhabitants, withdrew into winter-quarters elsewhere.

And the third book and the third campaign are ended.

#### FOURTH BOOK.

Three things especially, in the fourth book of Cæsar's Commentaries, are of commanding interest. The first is the case of alleged perfidy, with enormous undoubted cruelty, practiced by Cæsar against his German enemies. The second is Cæsar's famous feat in throwing a bridge across the river Rhine. The third is his invasion of Great Britain.

Far northward toward the mouth of that river, two more tribes of Germans had just crossed the Rhine. They may have heard of Ariovistus's fate, and have dreaded the consequences of their own act in crossing; but what seemed worse urged them behind, and they crossed, men, women, and children, to the number of near half a million. This immense migration could not be permitted. Cæsar marched against the Germans.

But Cæsar lingers more than usual in describing his enemy. Naming the Su-e'vi in particular, but apparently meaning the Germans in general, he makes out his adversaries to be a very wild and savage people. They wear no clothes but skins, and these in such scant measure that the greater part of their bodies goes bare. They practice, even in their severely cold climate, bathing out of doors in the rivers. They make milk and flesh their main food. This

sort of life promotes among them great size of body. They grow up from their childhood without discipline or restraint, in the habit of freely following each one his own individual inclination. They do not stay more than a single year in the same place of residence. There is with them no separate ownership of land. Their practice in war is to send out, this year, a certain proportion of their men to fight, while the rest stay at home to maintain both themselves and the warriors, and next year to let these relays exchange places. They will not use saddles, and they despise those who do. They often in battle spring to the ground, and, fighting on foot, leave their horses, trained to this habit, standing exactly where the riders dismounted, to await their return. Wine they, like the Nervii, will none of, deeming that drink to be hurtful to their powers of endurance.

Cæsar takes, for him, unaccustomed pains to magnify thus the formidable character of foes, whom in the sequel he will, employing so detestable an expedient, so easily destroy. He says that the Suevi, who were, in power, the foremost of the Germans, had it for their boast that no nations dared live in their neighborhood. They kept the lands lying waste and wild for hundreds of miles on their frontier.

The two tribes (the U-sip'e-tes and the Tenc-te'ri—if you will have their names) first alluded to in the present book had, for a time, held their own against the encroachments of the Suevi. At length dispossessed, they wandered about hither and thither in Germany, seeking homes, until they found homes by dispossessing in turn the Me-na'pi-i, a tribe occupying places on both banks of the Rhine.

These restless movements of population on the confines of the Roman world, no doubt, as we have before said, indicates a steady pressure of advancing southward immigration, starting from sources somewhere in the remote interior of Asia, and felt for ages, both before and after Cæsar's time, along the whole extended northern frontier of the

empire. The pressure continued, and grew, until, in the invasion of the Goths and the Huns, it breached the outer walls of Roman civilization and overspread the empire in a tide of irruption that submerged the eternal city itself. What Cæsar did was to stay this importunate stress—for a time. But not even Cæsar can permanently keep out the sea. To the sea there is but One who can say, "Hitherto shalt thou come, but no farther: and here shall thy proud waves be stayed." And Asian population was a sea. He who "made of one blood all nations of men for to dwell on all the face of the earth"—He had "determined the times before appointed, and the bounds of their habitation." The pre-appointed times determined for the influx into southern Europe of emigrant Asia had not yet arrived. The bounds of the habitation of those peoples were still providentially fixed, for a space, beyond the Rhine. Cæsar in Gaul was working unconsciously under Divine providence. His success was far more certain than he knew.

Cæsar was disturbed with fear lest the incoming of the Germans should unsettle the allegiance of the Gauls to their Roman master. What Cæsar feared had in fact already begun to happen. Some of the Gallic tribes had sent ambassadors to the Germans, begging them to leave the banks of the Rhine and come on into the interior of Gaul. It was not Cæsar's way to wait for difficulties to grow and thicken around him. He liked to be beforehand with adverse circumstances. He forthwith set out with his army to find the Germans.

As he came near, ambassadors from the Germans met him, desiring terms of peace. But Cæsar would make no terms with the Germans, as long as they remained in Gaul. There was no land there to be given away. However, if they liked to do so, they might settle among the U'bi-i.

The German ambassadors were at a stand. They would carry back Cæsar's reply. But would Cæsar stay where he

then was, and give them a day or two in which to go and return? (The two armies were still some days' march apart.) Cæsar would not consent. He assumed that what the Germans wanted was to gain time for recalling their cavalry from a distant foraging expedition.

The Roman army, which the Germans could no more stop by entreating, than by entreating they could have stopped the circuit of the earth about the sun, had now come to within twelve miles of the enemy, when the German ambassadors returned to Cæsar. They begged Cæsar to halt. The earth kept moving and—so did Cæsar. 'Pray, then,' besought the ambassadors, 'pray at least send orders in advance to the Roman vanguard not to engage in battle; and permit us meantime to send ambassadors to the Ubii. If the Ubii will engage under oath with us, we will do any thing you say. But let us have a day or two in which to negotiate.'

Cæsar avers he was still suspicious of the Germans. However, he told them he should not advance more than four miles that day, this for the sake of finding water. Let the Germans come to him at that point in good numbers, (the proviso, in "good numbers" seems significant—was Cæsar's perfidious purpose already in his mind?) and he would talk with them. Meanwhile Cæsar sent orders to his vanguard not to fight-unless attacked.

Now follows an incident which it is very difficult to understand. Cæsar says that as soon as the enemy got sight of the Roman horse, five thousand strong, the German horse, only eight hundred strong, fell upon these and threw them into disorder. The Roman cavalry thereupon making a stand, the Germans leaped from their steeds, stabbed Cæsar's horses in the belly, and, overthrowing many of his soldiers, put the rest to flight. For the first time in his history, Cæsar tells the number of his fallen. There were seventy-five, among them an illustrious Aquitanian, sacred from having

had a grandfather who was once styled "friend" by the Roman senate.

What follows in Cæsar's narrative is so grave in its illustrative bearing upon Cæsar's character, that we are going to satisfy the just curiosity of our readers by letting them see exactly how the writer states the business for himself. Here, then, are Cæsar's own words, in sufficiently strict translation :

After this battle, Cæsar resolved neither to give audience to their ambassadors, nor admit them to terms of peace, seeing they had treacherously applied for a truce, and afterward of their own accord broken it. He likewise considered that it would be downright madness to delay coming to an action until their army should be augmented, and their cavalry join them ; and the more so, because he was perfectly well acquainted with the levity of the Gauls, among whom they had already acquired a considerable reputation by this successful attack, and to whom it therefore behooved him by no means to allow time to enter into measures against him. Upon all these accounts he determined to come to an engagement with the enemy as soon as possible, and communicated his design to his quæstor and lieutenants. A very lucky accident fell out to bring about Cæsar's purpose, for the day after, in the morning, the Germans persisting in their treachery and dissimulation, came in great numbers to the camp : all their nobility and princes making part of their embassy. Their design was, as they pretended, to vindicate themselves in regard to what had happened the day before ; because, contrary to engagements made and come under at their own request, they had fallen upon our men ; but their real motive was to obtain if possible another insidious truce. Cæsar, overjoyed to have them thus in his power, ordered them to be secured, and immediately drew his forces out of the camp. The cavalry, whom he supposed terrified with the late engagement, were commanded to follow in the rear.

Having drawn up his army in three lines, and made a very expeditious march of eight miles, he appeared before the enemy's camp before they had the least apprehension of his design. All things conspiring to throw them into a sudden consternation, which was not a little increased by our unexpected appearance, and the absence of their own officers ; and hardly any time left them either to take counsel or fly to arms, they were utterly at a loss what course to take, whether to draw out their forces and oppose the enemy, or content themselves with defending the

camp, or, in fine, to seek for safety in flight. As this fear was evident from the tumult and uproar we perceived among them, our soldiers, instigated by the remembrance of their treacherous behavior the day before, broke into the camp. Such as could first provide themselves with arms made a show of resistance and for some time maintained the fight amidst the baggage and carriages. But the women and children (for the Germans had brought all their families and effects with them over the Rhine) betook themselves to flight on all sides. Cæsar sent the cavalry in pursuit of them.

The Germans, hearing the noise behind them, and seeing their wives and children put to the sword, threw down their arms, abandoned their ensigns, and fled out of the camp. Being arrived at the confluence of the Rhine and the Meuse, and finding it impossible to continue their flight any farther; after a dreadful slaughter of those that pretended to make resistance, the rest threw themselves into the river; where, what with fear, weariness, and the force of the current, they almost all perished. Thus our army, without the loss of a man, and with very few wounded, returned to their camp, having put an end to this formidable war in which the number of the enemy amounted to four hundred and thirty thousand. Cæsar offered those whom he had detained in his camp liberty to depart; but they, dreading the resentment of the Gauls, whose lands they had laid waste, chose rather to remain with him, and obtained his consent for that purpose.

Readers will decide, each one for himself, what measure of reprobation to visit on the name and memory of Cæsar for this portentous wholesale murder of men, women, and children, (to a number equaling, conceive it, the entire population of a great city like Boston,) accomplished through such violation of honor on his part. It ought to be observed how Cæsar, with all his care, very nearly convicts himself of falsifying in his representation that he thought the German ambassadors were trying to deceive him. For, after destroying by hundreds of thousands, men, women, and children who certainly were innocent, then, the very ones, and the only ones, who were guilty, if any were guilty, namely, the ambassadors, he tells us himself he offered to let go! If one could but feel that this offer of Cæsar's was the prompting of remorse on his part! Alas, Cæsar, as we shall see by and



by, in connection with a later occasion of his conduct in Gaul—Cæsar was far too conscious of clemency in himself to be capable of a gracious remorse! Not even Mr. Froude clears Cæsar here; and Cæsar's fellow-senator, Cato, (according to Plutarch, who cites his authority for the statement,) openly proposed in the Roman senate that Cæsar should be given up to the enemy in punishment of his crime. This proposal of Cato's was somewhat like the mice's proposal to put a bell on the cat in order that thenceforward their exposed community might upon occasion be seasonably apprised of their enemy's approach. It was, perhaps, in either case, an excellent proposal; but there was no mouse found to put the bell on the cat, and there was nobody at Rome or elsewhere to deliver Cæsar to the Germans.

Perfidy, Cæsar's detention of the German envoys has generally been called. There is, perhaps, no better name for his crime. The engagement, however, which he broke, was simply the implied engagement always existing toward ambassadors. Such implied engagement, Cæsar, as we have seen, when it suited him, insisted upon with much solemnity. To us moderns, heirs of near twenty Christian centuries, the cold-bloodedness of Cæsar's behavior in setting his dastard cavalry to riding down women and children, and trampling them, by tens of thousands, into the bloody dust, seems simply incredible. But Cæsar did the thing, for he tells us of it himself. Having once done it, there was no alternative for Cæsar, he must then tell of it. Too many Roman eyes saw the deed, for the deed to remain secret from Rome. It behooved Cæsar to put the best face upon the matter that he could. And this, we need not doubt, he has done. It is a fearful judgment—in its nature quite irreversible, indeed beyond any appeal—that Cæsar has thus passed upon himself before the bar of posterity. But let us not forget—there was, in the mere cruelty of this deed of his, nothing to make Cæsar, in the presence of the public

sentiment of his time, feel in the least ashamed. It was only the bad faith, the treachery, of his deed, that was doubtful. Cato said Cæsar was false. Nobody, so far as we know, said Cæsar was cruel.

Mr. Long, we believe it is, in his "Decline of the Roman Republic," who points out that Christian civilization has no very clear case for vaunting itself, as ideally humane in war, above the example of the Romans and of Cæsar. He records, with disagreeable pertinency of recollection, instances of barbarous military practice, on the part of the English themselves of the nineteenth century; and then, as if to make us Americans, too, dumb with conscious shame, he brings forward our national crimes of atrocity toward the Indians, perpetrated in very recent times. Can we not all of us remember when our own gallant soldiers in the West murdered Indian men, women, and children, and called it war? The difference, indeed, is great; for the American nation at large burned with indignant remorse.

We have ourselves claimed that Cæsar was seldom, if ever, wantonly cruel. And that massacre of the Germans was not wanton cruelty on his part. He wished to have those people annihilated. The way that he took was the one sure way of annihilating them. To have fought them fairly, would have been to take upon himself the always doubtful risks of war. And in his heart, Cæsar, as the present writer judges from Cæsar himself, was afraid of the Germans. His crossing of the Rhine, now next to be described, was an act of bravado on his part—in its circumstances, exhibiting fear, the fear of a brave, wise man, rather than confidence.

Cæsar had effectually dispelled the present danger. While the terror and horror of such an atrocity was still benumbing men's minds, he could safely display his skill and his daring in a feat well calculated to impress barbarian sensibilities with a useful idea of Roman power. He would do what no Roman had ever yet done, he would bridge the

Rhine and cross it. It was to be barren demonstration, so far as any thing beyond impression on the imagination was concerned. For he would recross almost immediately. "Avidity of fame," Plutarch attributes as Cæsar's motive, in this action of his. He wished to be the first Roman to put his head in the lion's mouth by invading Germany. He crossed and he recrossed the Rhine, and he had his reward.

Cæsar's bridge was fourteen hundred feet long, furnishing a solid roadway thirty or forty feet wide, all finished promptly enough to have the whole army got in safety across—at least with no casualty reported—within ten days from the time when the first blow of a Roman axe startled those distant forests. Just where it was situated, is a matter of much dispute. When, in your next European tour, you visit Bonn, placed as that city is about where the Rhine first begins to be picturesque enough to satisfy the eye of the traveler for pleasure, take an observation of the locality and see if you do not think the conditions go together very well in favor of the neighborhood of Bonn as the probable site of Cæsar's rough-and-ready bridge. Cologne used to be the favorite locality with learned students of Cæsar; but the late Emperor Napoleon, who spent a good deal of time and money in illustrating Cæsar's Gallic campaigns, gave his vote for Bonn instead of Cologne.

Cæsar now turns his attention to another enterprise, that of invading Great Britain. He begins prudently. He dispatches one Caius Vol'u-se'nus with a single ship of war, to cross the channel, cruise about the British coast, and bring back such fruits of observation as he may be able to obtain without landing. While this is going on, the accustomed flow of ambassadors sets in toward Cæsar—this time from Britain. Certain "states" of the island offer hostages and submit to the Roman power. Cæsar hereupon assumes something of the air of a gracious sovereign about to visit his affectionate lieges.

There were many preparations very necessary for Cæsar to make, which are not at all necessary for us here to recount. Suffice it to say, that in due time the flotilla is ready, and a few hours' sail brings Cæsar to the British coast. The cliffs are alive with islanders, prepared to receive their visitor with warlike welcome.

The Britons are alert, and they dash along the coast, with horsemen and with chariots of war, to meet the invasion where it threatened. The Romans have a sad time of it getting ashore. Cæsar notes it that his soldiers seemed not to take their chance of floundering through the shoal water to land, with any thing like their wonted appetite for fighting on dry ground. He made a display of his vessels under motion, with their military engines in view, which demonstration he says produced some impression of awe on the barbarians. Here occurs a little incident which Cæsar, with a for him quite unusual condescension to dramatic representation, relates in what grammarians call (*oratio recta*) direct discourse. Our readers must have this rare specimen of Cæsar in the lively mood, without change—except the necessary change of literal translation from Latin into English :

While our men were hesitating chiefly on account of the depth of the sea, he who carried the eagle of the tenth legion, after supplicating the gods, that the matter might turn out favorably to the legion, exclaimed, "Leap, fellow-soldiers, unless you wish to betray your eagle to the enemy. I, for my part, will perform my duty to the commonwealth and my general." When he had said this with a loud voice, he leaped from the ship and proceeded to bear the eagle toward the enemy. Then our men, exhorting one another that so great a disgrace should not be incurred, all leaped from the ship. When those in the nearest vessels saw them, they speedily followed and approached the enemy.

(To say, 'cried out to his fellow-soldiers, bidding them leap,' etc., would have been (*oratio obliqua*) indirect discourse, Cæsar's wonted form of construction.)

We hardly need follow with further detail the incidents of

this British adventure of Cæsar. The historian tries to give the affair something like historic dignity. The truth, however, is that Cæsar's first visit to Great Britain was by no means a very glorious thing. He is compelled himself to admit that his usual good fortune failed him in one important particular—his cavalry had not arrived, and he could not pursue the enemy. The enemy had an extremely light way of dealing with the Romans. They made peace by surrender, and by promise of hostages, and then, watching their chance, they, with easy adjustment to circumstances, made war again when the Romans seemed to be in extremity. Altogether, Cæsar, as narrator, has his match to make out any thing beyond the story of a fairly successful escape, on his part, from the dangers of an ostentatious and barren excursion to Great Britain. What with the fickle, but always warlike, Britons careering around among the Roman ranks with their chariots of war, the unexpectedly high tides swamping the beached galleys of the invaders on the land, the furious storms crushing their floating vessels one against another on the water, the wretched trouble the honest legionaries had of it reaping for themselves in the British harvest-fields, under the weapons of the rightful owners of the harvests—Cæsar did well that he got off from Great Britain at all. He had a thanksgiving of twenty days decreed to him for the success of the campaign.

We will venture to guess that there were moments of emergency to Cæsar in Great Britain, when he would gladly have relinquished several days out of the glorious twenty, to be perfectly certain that he should himself at last get back to Rome with a whole skin.

What would Cæsar have said, had it been revealed to him that the time was coming when Britons could set out from London in a palace on wheels, and ride, reading, feasting, or sleeping at pleasure, like kings, the whole distance to Rome, accomplishing the journey with more comfort than Cæsar

himself perhaps enjoyed in his own princely dwelling at home, all within the space of fifty-three hours! Such is the miracle of locomotion achieved in our days.

#### FIFTH BOOK.

We have already in the preceding pages gone over, with a fair degree of fullness, that portion of Cæsar's Gallic Commentaries which, to the student aiming at preparation for entering college, is usually prescribed for his reading in the original Latin. Gallic Commentaries, observe, we say. For besides the Gallic Commentaries there are commentaries of Cæsar concerning the civil war waged between himself and Pompey. This last book contains very interesting and very important history. But Cæsar's commentaries on the civil war are seldom or never read in the so-styled Preparatory Course. That work, therefore, of Cæsar's we here dismiss with the mere mention of it thus already made.

We beg to call our reader's attention to a fact that will interest them. You are now engaged in studying history, almost, not quite, at first hand. You are not reading exactly Cæsar's own words, for you read in English, not in Latin; and besides, you take, in large part, the present writer's redaction or interpretation of Cæsar upon trust. Those, however, who read the Latin itself of Cæsar's Commentaries, enjoy, in doing so, what is a very rare privilege, the privilege of reading history written, in nearly every part of it, by an exceptionally well-situated eye-witness of the transactions described.

Very little of the history that we have in any language bears this character. Nearly all the history of the world is given to us by authors who, for their information, have been obliged to rely upon testimony. The testimony relied upon is in many cases somewhat remote, and not unfrequently it reaches the historian transmitted indirectly through several different hands. History accordingly is a sphere of study

in which there is room for the exercise of much critical discrimination, in the giving and refusing of credit. When we read Cæsar telling of things that he saw, and the chief part of which he himself was, we may rest assured that we have no occasion for being distrustful, at least on the score of defective opportunity enjoyed by the historian. What happened within the range of his narrative, Cæsar knew. More than this. Cæsar, as we suppose, wrote his Commentaries on the spot and at the time. He did not wait long enough before writing to remember wrong when he wrote. Thus all we have to guard against in reading Cæsar, is conscious and intentional misrepresentation on his part. But the tone of his writing is such that, in the main, our belief of what he says is irresistibly compelled. We may, at any rate, receive undoubtingly whatever he tells us that makes against himself.

Xenophon is another example of the historian writing at first hand. His narrative of the famous expedition of Cyrus against his brother—expedition made famous by the narrative it occasioned—and of the adventurous return of the gallant Ten Thousand to Greece—derives its charm and its value largely from the fact that the author himself saw and shared what he described. Long after Xenophon, came a different Greek author, who, imitating Xenophon as master, produced a history of Alexander's invasion and conquest of the East. This history he, after the title of Xenophon's work, called the "Anabasis of Alexander." Arrian is the name of the author referred to. Arrian was of an age four centuries later than Alexander. His narrative has historical value, for he drew from original sources; but it lacks both the peculiar authority and the peculiar interest that would have attached to the narrative of a man actually accompanying Alexander in camp and in march. Among Roman historians, Cæsar stands almost alone as writer of first-hand history. Sallust, as readers will recall, has the characteristic

marks of a narrator and describer not present in the scenes with which he deals. The same is true of Livy. Tacitus, too, treats of matters of which he had to learn by investigation through others. This derivative character does not necessarily discredit the historian to whom it belongs. The difference, however, between first-hand and second-hand history, it is well always to bear in mind. We shall judge the one somewhat differently from the way in which we judge the other.

One more caution is to be observed. In the case of an historian translated, we must take care not unjustly to charge errors committed by the translator to the account of his original. A relevant instance is supplied by collation of *Cæsar* with Plutarch—with Plutarch, not as Plutarch wrote, but as Plutarch was carelessly translated. Two brothers Langhorne produced a version of Plutarch, still current in an edition issued by the Harpers. This version represents Plutarch, (at a point occurring in connection with the account of that incident in *Cæsar*'s Gallic career, as to which he was accused by Cato in the senate of perfidy toward the Germans) as giving to *Cæsar* eight hundred horse not ready for battle, with which to beat the Germans' eight thousand. The numbers mentioned are exactly transposed from *Cæsar*'s report; but the error is the translators', not Plutarch's. Arthur Hugh Clough's edition of Plutarch translated is a more trustworthy book than the Langhorne's.

The fifth book of *Cæsar*'s Commentaries sees the tables sharply turned on the Romans. This whole book is mainly one unbroken record of disaster to *Cæsar*'s arms, disaster retrieved, but barely retrieved, from being irreparable disaster. It would, perhaps, be a certain hard relief to our readers' sympathies, so long almost exclusively engaged on the side of the barbarians as the weaker and the more suffering of the two parties at war—it might, we say, take a weight off the depressed feelings of our readers, if they



could dwell in some detail on the heavy compensating misfortunes experienced now in their turn by the Romans. But this the requirements of space forbid. We must be rapid and short. We can promise, however, to be fairly entertaining. That the matter itself will insure.

There is an episode to begin with—the episode of a second and last expedition, on Cæsar's part, to Great Britain. Without much more effort, that is permitted to appear in his story, than the mere word of command from his mouth, Cæsar gets together a fleet of some eight hundred sail all told—there are reckoned into this total a number of private bottoms, probably ventures in merchant speculation—and with this numerically formidable armada he reaches the coast of Great Britain. The commander goes attended with a numerous staff. For Cæsar compels (Mr. Froude says "requests") the chiefs of Gaul, with their retinue, to accompany him on his British expedition, as a kind of cavalry escort.

Our old friend Dumnorix, the Æduan patriot, does not like the idea of taking this trip with Cæsar. He objects in every way possible, and Cæsar in every way possible insists. Cæsar of course prevails. That is, he supposes he prevails. But in fact Dumnorix, without the knowledge of Cæsar, slips off for home with the Æduan horse. This never would do. Cæsar wanted all the Gallic chiefs with him, but especially Dumnorix. As companions of his on the voyage, they would be virtual hostages for their own good behavior, and for the good behavior of their nations, during the period of his absence from Gaul. Dumnorix—nobody could be hostage for him—nobody but Dumnorix himself. Dumnorix at least could in no wise be spared. On the very eve of embarkation, Cæsar gives over his voyage, till Dumnorix be taken. He is taken, but he is not taken alive. He falls, stoutly resisting, and calling on his countrymen to support him. Again and again, with vain protestation, he exclaimed,

"I am a free man, and I belong to a free state." (The Ædian territory had, in fact, not been reduced to a province of Rome.) Farewell to Dumnorix!

There is nothing now, this business being well dispatched, to detain Cæsar, and he sets sail as we have said. Having landed and encamped, he encounters once more a former enemy of his—a British storm. His ships are badly shattered. But what can withstand Cæsar? He speaks a word, and his ships are tugged and lugged with main strength on shore, and there fortified within the same lines as his camp. This operation took about ten days and nights, for the men worked continuously—in relays, let us trust—all the twenty-four hours through.

We pass over a bit of British geography by Cæsar, to tell briefly what happened in the way of warlike operations. The Romans have active work of it fighting with the poor islanders. *Cas'si-ve-lau'nus* is the name of the British leader. He adopts a kind of guerrilla plan of operations. When the Roman cavalry rode forth to "plunder and ravage"—honest industries, which Cæsar mentions with the most business-like, matter-of-course calmness—the British charioteers would rush out of the skirting woods, and sadly interfere with their foreign visitors' work. Nothing, by the way, is said by Cæsar of those British war-chariots' being armed at the wheels with scythes. The scythe-bearing chariots of the ancient Britons, of which we have all heard so much, are probably a myth. Cæsar would certainly have mentioned the scythes, if scythes there had been.

Of attack and repulse, of retreat and pursuit, of slaughter and capture, of embassy and reply, of surrender proposed and hostages demanded, of all the vicissitudes of this wanton and gratuitous war, the upshot is that Cæsar gets off at last in safety, and, as he represents it, even in a certain barren and ambiguous triumph. The account closes with a passage worth our quoting. Cæsar covers the emptiness of his mili-

tary performancé in Britain with a rhetorical flourish about his own good fortune. This is a topic on which he never tires of enlarging. It is not mere curiosity on his own part that prompts the treatment of this topic, nor is it a good-natured wish to gratify the curiosity of his readers. It is a motive of thrift. Prosperity prospers. Cæsar wants everybody to understand that Cæsar is prosperous. Here, then, is the passage, in which Cæsar thinks it comfortable with his dignity to dismiss the story of his adventures in Britain :

And it so happened, that out of so large a number of ships, in so many voyages, neither in this nor in the previous year was any ship missing which conveyed soldiers ; but very few out of those which were sent back to him from the continent empty, as the soldiers of the former convoy had been disembarked, and out of those (sixty in number) which Labienus had taken care to have built, reached their destination ; almost all the rest were driven back, and when Cæsar had waited for them for some time in vain, lest he should be deterred from a voyage by the season of the year, inasmuch as the equinox was at hand, he of necessity stowed his soldiers the more closely, and, a very great calm coming on, after he had weighed anchor at the beginning of the second watch, he reached land at break of day and brought in all the ships in safety.

Returned to Gaul, Cæsar found that the harvests there, on account of droughts, were poor. He felt compelled, accordingly, to depart from his prudent previous practice, and for that winter distribute his legions. This seemed to offer to the natives their chance. There was a general movement commenced to fall on all the Roman camps simultaneously, and overpower them one by one. Am-bi'o-rix, a crafty native chief, practices successfully on the simplicity of a lieutenant of Cæsar who had no right to be simple. It was none other than our old acquaintance, Titurius Sabinus, the author of that deception which, our readers will remember, in the third book, brought such calamity on the Gauls. Ambiorix induces Titurius to forsake his winter-quarters, for the purpose (proposed to him by his enemy) of seeking greater safety by joining the Roman legion nearest his present posi-

tion. On the way, an ambuscade surprises the Roman force ; and, notwithstanding the address and courage of Titurius's colleague, Cotta, who had throughout opposed the movement to retire, the Romans were all cut in pieces, save a remnant who fell back into the just-forsaken camp. The standard-bearer, overpowered—Cæsar gives his name—with last, desperate, unconquerable strength flings his eagle before him within the intrenchments, where, during the hopeless night that followed, the proud Romans all to a man put an end to their own lives. The destruction of the legion was substantially complete. Some stragglers only escaped to tell the tale to Labienus.

The great orator Cicero has a brother, Quintus Cicero, among Cæsar's lieutenants. This officer was next attacked by the Gauls. Cæsar represents his lieutenant Cicero's conduct as every thing that could have been desired by his illustrious brother in the capital.

The annihilated Nervii, of whom Cæsar told us in the second book of his Commentaries, re-appear unaccountably here, and, it would seem, for an annihilated nation, in very considerable force. Here is what Cæsar tells us of them and of their work. How much, think you, did eagerness for revenge stimulate these brave, fierce fellows in their incredible toils ?

The Nervians . . . surrounded the camp with a line, whose rampart was eleven feet high, and ditch fifteen feet deep. They had learned something of this in former wars with Cæsar, and the prisoners they had made gave them further instructions. But being unprovided with the tools necessary in this kind of service, they were obliged to cut the turf with their swords, dig up the earth with their hands, and carry it in their cloaks. And hence it will be easy to form some judgment of their number ; for in less than three hours they completed a line of fifteen miles in circuit. The following days were employed in raising towers, proportioned to the height of our rampart, and in preparing scythes, and wooden galleries, in which they were again assisted by the prisoners.

In near sequel to this comes an episode so very romantic, and so far outside of the limits within which Cæsar usually

forced marches of his which so often accomplished so much for his cause, he brings his legions into the country of the Senones. Acco, the head of the revolt, calls on the Senones to muster into their towns. But the sudden apparition of the Romans overawes them, and they send in their surrender. Cæsar accepts their submission—for the sake of his friends, the Æduans, to whom he hands over for safe keeping the hundred hostages exacted. It will turn out to have been a confidence ill placed. In the end, even the trusted Æduans will rise against Cæsar.

Cæsar never, perhaps, in any other instance, evinced so much personal feeling to ripple the habitual viscid flux of his glacial cold-bloodedness, as in the instance of Ambiorix, that subtle deceiver and destroyer of Titurius with his legion. With noticeable energy of expression, Cæsar remarks that, the Senones disposed of, he “applied himself entirely, both in mind and in soul, to the war with the Trev’i-ri and Ambiorix.” It might be said that to make an end of Ambiorix the campaign is chiefly directed. It seems not so much victory as revenge that Cæsar seeks. He fairly thirsts for Ambiorix’s blood. Cæsar will die thirsting, for Ambiorix’s blood he is destined never to taste. But it was a hot and eager hunt, with many a slip ’twixt cup and lip for the hunter, and many a hair-breadth escape for the hunted. Cæsar’s good fortune was at fault again.

Cæsar hunted with as much of patience and of prudence as of zeal. He first went at the Me-na’pi-i and the Treviri, and disposed of them.

But now Ambiorix might find refuge among the Germans. Cæsar must bridge the Rhine again, and provide against that. The Suevi have, he learns on getting over, retired to the farther boundary of their possessions, there to await the on-coming of the Romans. With this space between himself and his foe, Cæsar pauses to amuse his readers with a circumstantial account of the Germans and the Gauls, described in

mutual contrast with each other. Almost every body likes to read travelers' stories; and when the traveler is Caius Julius Cæsar, and the scene of the travels is ancient France and Germany, the story is likely to be worth reading. Still, the inexorable laws of space forbid our including it here.

From his geographical digression, Cæsar gets back to say that he resolved not to follow the Suevi into their forests. Not, however, entirely to free the Germans from uncertain apprehension as to what he may yet do, he leaves a large part of his bridge standing. He now himself in person sets forth in chase of Ambiorix. His march lay through the Gallic forest of Ar-du-en'na. (Our readers will recall Byron's stanza in memory by anticipation of those destined to fall on the field of Waterloo, beginning

And Ardennes waves above them her green leaves.

Byron was a poet, not a topographer. He was nearly enough right, but you must not rely too literally on the locality he thus seems to give to the forest. What he wanted was the romantic name, Ardennes, to grace the pathos of his verse.)

But Cæsar's phlegm was too much quickened. He could not wait. He sent on the cavalry in advance, "all the cavalry," to surprise Ambiorix, if possible. The cavalry are not to build camp-fires. The enemy would see them. They must take their rations cold, perhaps raw; bare grain, very likely, which they must champ like their steeds. The cavalry surpass themselves in speed. They surprise and capture "many in the field"—many, but not Ambiorix. Cæsar has to moralize about "fortune." The cavalry came fairly upon Ambiorix. They got every thing that belonged to him, his horses, his chariots, his weapons, but him not. A few followers of his made a momentary stand against the Roman onset. They meantime mounted Ambiorix, and he escaped.

But Ambiorix's people had a lamentable lot. They were dispersed in every direction, each man looking out for himself.

Ambiorix's colleague, King Cat-i-voľcus, infirm and old, called down every curse on Ambiorix and poisoned himself. Cæsar's purpose was fell. He wished to root out that "stock of wicked men." In order not to risk precious Roman soldiers in the forests, he called in the neighboring tribes to the hunt, making Ambiorix's nation, the Eburones, a free and common prey to all. It was better economy, Cæsar thought, to throw away Gallic lives than Roman, in so dangerous a chase. But at some rate, "the stock and name of the state" must "for such a crime be abolished." Again Cæsar feels called upon to speak of the powerful influence exercised in war by fortune. His promising plan for the extermination of the Eburones comes near costing him a lieutenant and a legion.

For, from even beyond the Rhine, who should hear of this fine free hunt in progress, and come forward for their share of the booty, but the Sicambri? (Sicambrians perhaps we should say, to be English. But Shakespeare says "Nervii," not Nervians. There seems to be no practicable way of being uniform in this matter, except to be uniformly Latin. Some of the proper names have acquired for themselves no established English equivalent—Remi, Bellovaci, for examples. We preferred, upon the whole, to do as we have done, that is, use our readers gradually to the Latin forms, by employing these in occasional free interchange with the English.) These freebooters, the Sicambri, however, have it whispered to them that there is a richer chance. What need prevent their surprising and taking Quintus Cicero with his command? The prize would be immense. Cicero, by order from Cæsar, is keeping his soldiers very close within the intrenchments. At length, however, a party of the recovered sick and wounded, with a large retinue of slaves and beasts of burden, make a sally for foraging. At this very moment, up come the Germans and throw the camp into panic confusion. This is the self-same spot on which Titu-

rius and his legion were destroyed. The soldiers think it a doomed place. It is now that our friend, Publius Sextius Baculus, springing up from a sick bed, faint with a five-days' fast, performs his prodigy of will and valor and saves the camp. The foraging party suffer loss, but some even of these get back safe to camp. Not till Cæsar arrives do the soldiers recover from their fright. It affected Cæsar sadly to reflect how what he had plotted well for the injury of Ambiorix had thus turned out actually to the advantage of that detestable man.

However, the hunt was resumed. Thorough work Cæsar made of it. His plan was nothing less than to remove every cover that could hide the fugitive. Far and wide the horsemen rode to burn every human dwelling in the land of the Eburones. The soldiers, many of them, kindled with the hope of acquiring the highest favor with Cæsar, almost killed themselves, he tells us, with their exertions to catch Ambiorix. They again and again just missed him, but he finally never was caught. Cæsar had to content himself, as best he could, without his Ambiorix.

He closes his sixth book with mention of several matters dispatched by him before his setting out for Italy. Among these was the execution of Acco, the head of the late confederate revolt. Our readers will perhaps be interested to know how this was accomplished. Well, to use Cæsar's own soft phrase, Acco was put to death "in accordance with the custom of the fathers." This meant, if we may trust the explanation supplied by Suetonius in his "Life of Nero," that, stripped naked, the victim was fastened by the neck in a forked stake, and then scourged till he died. With much justness of sentiment, Cæsar hints in passing that this sentence of his on Acco was "rather sharp." We can only guess what would have happened to Ambiorix had he been captured. Perhaps, indeed, Acco suffered a little vicariously, to satisfy the exasperated feelings of Cæsar disappointed of



his prey in the person of hateful Ambiorix, hunted by him so long in vain.

#### SEVENTH BOOK.

The seventh book is of tragic interest. One man looms large in it, as the doomed Hector of a contest in which no one can stand before the prowess of mighty Achilles. Vercin-get'o-rix is this hero's name. He becomes the head of a last, the greatest, confederate revolt of Gaul against Rome. He was a young Arvernian, (Auvergne,) son of a man as to whom Cæsar, in language curiously applicable to his own impending fate, says, "Having held the supremacy of entire Gaul, he had been put to death by his fellow-citizens for this reason, because he aimed at sovereign power."

This able and gallant chieftain thought that Cæsar's necessities in Rome—the city was at this moment the scene of civil broils—would keep him there, and that now was the one chance to strike for his own oppressed country. He organizes the most formidable combination hostile to Cæsar that has yet confronted that conqueror in Gaul.

Cæsar, as usual, gets the start. He begins his campaign in midwinter. Clearing his way through snow six feet deep, "with infinite labor to his soldiers," as, with a touch of almost sympathetic appreciation rare for him, he remarks, he reaches the country of the Arverni, the people of Vercingetorix himself. (Cæsar believes in taking the bull by the horn.) This proceeding has the desired effect. It brings Vercingetorix home.

Now, with Vercingetorix at home for a space, Cæsar can execute one of his rapid movements. With marches not intermitted day or night, he goes through the Æduan territory into the country of the Lingones, where two legions are wintering. If his trusty friends, the Æduans—Cæsar himself says this—should be devising any thing to his own disadvantage, it would be well to forestall their plans! He sends out a mustering summons to the rest of his legions. 7 ne Ar

verni meantime are fully occupied with attention to the Roman cavalry raids going on in their own country from the force left behind. Before the Arverni, thus occupied, hear a whisper of what he is doing, he has his whole army safely compacted. Vercingetorix, when he does learn of Cæsar's proceedings, prepares to attack a town of the Boii, lately made tributary by Cæsar to the Æduans. This greatly perplexes Cæsar. But he feels that at every risk he must take care of his friends, or he may come to have no friends to be taken care of—and in turn to take care of him. So he marches to the Boii.

On the way he takes two towns, sacking one of them and giving the booty to his soldiers. A third town surrenders itself to Cæsar. Vercingetorix now gets the confederates to adopt the policy of wasting their own country so as to starve the Romans out. One city, proud of itself, and strong by natural situation, is excepted—against the remonstrance of Vercingetorix, who, however, finally concedes the point. The hope of the confederates is that this city can make good its own defense against the Romans.

The Romans are reduced to extremity for want of provisions. The Boii are poor and the Æduans are lukewarm. For several days the soldiers are without grain; but they do not once murmur. So the siege of the one spared confederate town goes on. Vercingetorix, as he finds opportunity, creates diversions in relief of the besieged. But disaffection toward him is bred among the allied forces. Accused of treason, he makes a successful defense of himself. 'I want nothing,' said he, 'from Cæsar through treachery, I, who can gain from Cæsar all I desire by victory.' With fine dramatic effect, he produces a number of starved fellows—who, Cæsar says, were mere camp-followers of the Romans, captured when foraging—and makes these do for specimens of Cæsar's legionary soldiers. 'Such,' says Vercingetorix, 'is the condition to which the Romans are now reduced.

This is what traitor Vercingetorix has effected for you.' The whole tumultuary assembly clash their arms in applause, and cry, 'Long live Vercingetorix!' Do not our readers recognize here something characteristic of that modern French nation which, with much mixture of blood, has since inherited the ancient Gauls?

Cæsar praises, too, a remarkable ingenuity of defense exhibited by the enemy—which reminds one that modern French inventiveness can boast a long descent. But nothing availed against the resolute persistence of the Romans. Avaricum is doomed. Cæsar chooses the moment of a violent tempest to storm the walls. There followed a frightful massacre. His soldiers, Cæsar tells us, spared no class, not the old, not women, and not children. Of forty thousand, scarce eight hundred escaped to reach Vercingetorix in safety. These mournful refugees Vercingetorix arranged to receive in silence during the night, not in a body, lest the effect should be too much for the nerves of his army, but in separate groups severally consigned to different quarters of his camp.

The behavior of this general in adversity excites our admiration and our sympathy. He calls a council, before which he holds a high language of consolation, of courage, and of hope. His bearing sustains the spirit of his countrymen. They remember that Vercingetorix advised, from the first, against defending Avaricum. His influence is rather strengthened than weakened by the calamity.

Cæsar, meantime, feasted and refreshed his famished men on the plenty that he found in captured Avaricum. But here he had new trouble. The Æduans are at odds among themselves. Two contending factions bring the state to the very brink of civil war. One of these factions might turn to Vercingetorix for support. Cæsar must visit the Æduans. Visit them he does, and bids them be at peace among themselves, help him in the present war, and see what he will do for

them when all is over. This said, and one of the leaders of faction by him duly pronounced magistrate, Cæsar returned to the war. But all did not avail. Cæsar's preferred Æduan is himself disloyal to Cæsar, and the whole Æduan state goes over to the enemy. One wide conflagration of revolt now enwraps almost the entire region of Gaul.

Various vicissitudes of war follow, which our space forbids us to describe in detail. It must suffice to say that Cæsar's siege of one important town issues in defeat and disaster to his arms. Through the defection of the Æduans, he loses, too, a town of theirs, in which he had accumulated a vast reserve of resources for the war. In short, the situation becomes perilous for the Romans.

But, at this point in our narrative, we plan an agreeable change for our readers. We are going to let the German historian of Rome, Theodor Mommsen, tell you the story of the end. You will like to have a specimen of the large, luminous way in which this hero-worshipping, but enlightened, historian deals with his subject. Vercingetorix has thrown himself with his whole army into the town of A-le'si-a. He, however, establishes also a camp outside. Town and camp together, with works extending not less than ten miles, Cæsar resolves to invest. Now Mommsen:

"Vercingetorix had been prepared for a struggle under the walls, but not for being besieged in Alesia; in that point of view the accumulated stores, considerable as they were, were yet far from sufficient for his army—which was said to amount to 80,000 infantry and 15,000 cavalry—and for the numerous inhabitants of the town. . . . Vercingetorix dismissed his whole cavalry, and sent at the same time to the heads of the nation instructions to call forth all their forces and lead them to the relief of Alesia. . . . But Cæsar made up his mind at once to besiege and to be besieged. He prepared his line of circumvallation for defense also on its outer side, and furnished himself with

provisions for a longer period. The days passed; they had no longer a boll of grain in the fortress, and they were obliged to drive out the unhappy inhabitants of the town to perish miserably between the intrenchments of the Celts and of the Romans, pitilessly rejected by both.

“At the last hour there appeared behind Cæsar’s lines the interminable array of the Celto-Belgic relieving army, said to amount to 250,000 infantry and 8,000 cavalry. From the Channel to the Cevennes the insurgent cantons had strained every nerve to rescue the flower of their patriots and the general of their choice—the Bellovaci alone had answered that they were disposed to fight against the Romans, but not beyond their own bounds. The first assault, which the besieged of Alesia and the relieving troops without made on the Roman double line, was repulsed; but when, after a day’s rest, it was repeated, the Celts succeeded—at a spot where the line of circumvallation ran over the slope of a hill and could be assailed from the height above—in filling up the trenches and hurling the defenders down from the rampart. Then Labienus, sent thither by Cæsar, collected the nearest cohorts, and threw himself with four legions on the foe. Under the eyes of the general, who himself appeared at the most dangerous moment, the assailants were driven back in a desperate hand-to-hand conflict, and the squadrons of cavalry that came with Cæsar taking the fugitives in the rear completed the defeat.

“It was more than a great victory; the fate of Alesia, and indeed of the Celtic nation, was thereby irrevocably decided. The Celtic army, utterly disheartened, dispersed at once from the battle-field and went home. Vercingetorix might perhaps have even now taken to flight, or at least have saved himself by the last means open to a free man; he did not do so, but declared in a council of war that, since he had not succeeded in breaking off the alien yoke, he was ready to give himself up as a victim, and to avert, so far as possible,

destruction from the nation by bringing it on his own head. This was done. The Celtic officers delivered their general—the solemn choice of the whole nation—to the enemy of their country for such punishment as might be thought fit. Mounted on his steed, and in full armour, the king of the Arvernians appeared before the Roman proconsul and rode round his tribunal; then he surrendered his horse and arms, and sat down in silence on the steps at Cæsar's feet. Five years afterward he was led in triumph through the streets of the Italian capital, and, while his conqueror was offering solemn thanks to the gods on the summit of the Capitol, Vercingetorix was beheaded at its foot as guilty of high treason against the Roman nation. . . . It is impossible to part from the noble king of the Arverni without a feeling of historical and human sympathy; but it is characteristic of the Celtic nation that its greatest man was after all merely a knight."

The passage we have condensed from Dr. Mommsen's history deals with a subject perhaps the most striking in Cæsar's Commentaries; and in style it presents the historian at his best. We cannot in fairness suffer our readers to suppose that they would be equally entertained and instructed in all other parts of Mommsen's history of Rome.

Mommsen is a very able man, and he is a very learned specialist in Roman history. But he presents a curious combination in himself of sentimentalism with abstract hardness of heart. He is genuinely philosophical, but his philosophical generalizations are liable to be qualified by both these two apparently inconsistent traits in his character. We must not pause to write an essay on Mommsen, but we feel bound to advise our readers of the powerful bias under which he constructs his history of Rome. He is an idolater of Cæsar. Cæsar-worship dictates the point of view from which he sees nearly every thing that he describes. That our readers may judge for themselves how far we, in saying this, are from

exaggerating the fact, we show them Mommsen in the act of kneeling to burn his incense at Cæsar's shrine :

"Of such a personage [Cæsar] our conceptions may well vary in point of shallowness or depth, but they cannot be, strictly speaking, different; to every not utterly perverted inquirer the grand figure has exhibited the same essential features, and yet no one has succeeded in reproducing it to the life. The secret lies in its perfection."

The Cæsarizing spirit of Mommsen is, perhaps, to be seen in the attempt which apparently he makes to have it appear that the ultimate murder of Vercingetorix was somehow a deed done for good reason, and in accordance with just law. For "high treason against the Roman nation," is a form of statement that seems to give a certain color of justification to what was in fact a piece of the purest brutality on the part of Cæsar. Custom sanctioned, as the last and sharpest culmination of those bacchanalia of savagery and cruelty which go under the name of the Roman Triumph, the killing of captives in prison, to be accomplished at the moment when the conqueror reached the summit of the Capitol. This final taste of blood, the triumphing general might, if he chose, forego. Cæsar did, in fact, forego it in some other cases. But princely and gallant Vercingetorix, who, having been defeated in the self-sacrificing attempt to vindicate the freedom of his country, had, in his defeat, thrown himself upon the magnanimity of the victor, is by that victor abruptly cast into chains, in chains kept eating his high heart through more than five long dreary years, and then, after an interval during which any but a cold-blooded man's resentment might have found time to cool, is put to death in prison—as "guilty of high treason against the Roman nation," forsooth! But we check ourselves in our indignation; and, having thus simply put our readers on their guard against such idealizing historians as Dr. Mommsen, and such romancing apologists as Mr. Froude, pass on to finish our task with Cæsar's Commentaries.

Napoleon III. wrote a life of Cæsar with most elaborate imperial care, and published it at most lavish imperial expense. The hardly disguised object of that work was to set forth the parallel, real or imaginary, between Julius Cæsar and Bonaparte, as also between Julius Cæsar's grand-nephew, Augustus Cæsar, and the French biographer himself, Napoleon III., nephew of Bonaparte. "Cæsarism" is, of course, the key-note of this biography. But even Napoleon III. is not so lunatic an admirer of Cæsar as is Mommsen. Napoleon admits it to be, for the sake of Cæsar's glory, a matter of regret that his noble captive, Vercingetorix, was not spared. Or shall we suspect that it was Celtic sympathy in Napoleon, and German sympathy in Mommsen, that determined respectively their sentiments toward Celtic Vercingetorix?

It is related, by the way, that Cæsar's chariot was broken, on occasion of this triumph of his in which Vercingetorix was slain. After that, so the story goes, Cæsar never took his seat in a chariot without repeating three times a certain form of words to act as a charm against accident. He also performed, in deprecation of the misfortunes supposed to be visited in compensation upon the too prosperous man, a singular act of voluntary humility. He ascended the long flight of steps leading up to the temple of Capitoline Jupiter on his bended knees. What a parallel and contrast to Luther's famous ascent of the Santa Scala! And Cæsar was in religion a skeptic! Would our readers like to know how Dr. Mommsen, alluding to such superstitions on the part of Cæsar, guards himself against seeming at all to degrade the reputation of his hero for perfect sobriety of mind? Why, "There was in Cæsar's rationalism [practical good sense] a point at which it came in some measure into contact with mysticism"! And would they like to see how Cæsar's licentiousness, persisted in to the last, can be nearly hidden from sight under flowers of language, by an idolizing German



Cæsar's Commentaries. For this seventh book is in strictness the last book of Cæsar's Commentaries. Cæsar himself did not write the eighth book, although that also bears his name.

#### EIGHTH BOOK.

The eighth book was written by one of Cæsar's lieutenants, Aulus Hirtius, who begins with a rather fulsomely laudatory appreciation of his master's work, and an almost abject deprecation of the charge against himself of rashness in presuming to complete what one so unapproachably his superior in talent had commenced. The book relates in very good imitation of Cæsar's style—it is easy, you know, to make an egg stand on end after Columbus has shown you how—the incidents of that last Gallic campaign in which Cæsar cleared off all the little arrearages of his task—to leave pacified Gaul, as Mr. Froude would have us believe, passionately attached to the person and interests of her conqueror.

We dismiss this book with a single extract in literal translation, luridly illustrative of one style of address adopted by Cæsar in wooing and fixing the impulsive affections of the conquered. It is but just to say that Cæsar had also his really amiable ways of attaching his subjects to himself. He was by instinct, as well as by judgment, humane, when humanity would serve his purposes. Humanity in the present case he thought would not do.

The town of Ux-el-lo-du'num had been taken by siege, after obstinate resistance from the inhabitants. The capitulation was finally secured by a piece of almost fabulously vast and well-directed military engineering, on the part of the Romans, conducted under the personal supervision of the commander himself. The subterranean vein outside the walls, that supplied the town with water, was found and cut off. The towns-people declared it was the gods and not a man that had accomplished this. Hirtius thus relates what Cæsar did after the capitulation :

Cæsar, being convinced that his lenity was known to all men, and being under no fears of being thought to act severely from a natural cruelty, and perceiving that there would be no end to his troubles if several states should attempt to rebel in like manner and in different places, resolved to deter others by inflicting an exemplary punishment on these. Accordingly he cut off the hands of those who had borne arms against him. Their lives he spared, that the punishment of their rebellion might be the more conspicuous.

The trustworthiness of Mr. Froude as biographer of Cæsar will have been sufficiently illustrated, if to what has heretofore been said on the point we now add that, though he of course tells the story of this siege and capture, he does not even once mention that crowning act of "clemency" on his hero's part, which Hirtius relates with a preface, in its adulatory imputation of serene confidence to Cæsar, so full of melancholy historic instruction.

It is Cæsar's peculiar distinction that he not only made history, but wrote the history that he made. Perhaps if humane Pompey, if honorable Lucullus, had left behind them commentaries of their campaigns, Cæsar then, in the comparison, might have seemed to us the mild conqueror that he seemed to himself. Certainly as conqueror in the civil war, Cæsar shows to extraordinary advantage in contrast with the bloody Marius and the bloody Sylla. In just discrimination, however, this also needs to be said, that reasons for proscription and political murder existed to Sylla and to Marius, which to Julius Cæsar, and to Cæsar Augustus after him, were wanting. When these two Cæsars got the power, there were left comparatively few enemies or rivals that they needed to fear! The state had been chiefly stripped of its greatest men—except such of those greatest men as were committed to the winning side.

We bring to abrupt conclusion this exhaustless and fascinating subject, by gratifying the curiosity which we know our readers must have felt, to know something of the business relations that subsisted between Cæsar and his soldiers.

How were Cæsar's soldiers paid? Chiefly with great expectations—expectations, however, which in the end were not disappointed. It was by no means a case, between Cæsar and his men, of romantic purely disinterested mutual attachment of soldiers to their chief and of chief to his soldiers. General and men were all of them soldiers of fortune together. They had to prosper, if they prospered, each by means of the other. Cæsar depended on his legionaries, and his legionaries depended on Cæsar. Neither party could get on alone. Cæsar's wars were mostly personal wars. That is, they had no sanction of government. Cæsar raised legions, and he waged war, on his own responsibility. It was freebootery on a colossal scale—winked at by the Roman government, but winked at not without many a qualm, on its part, of helpless disgust and resentment. Cæsar's soldiers no doubt knew all this perfectly well. He early doubled the regular pay of his men. He gave them booty freely from time to time. Every legionary might count on having, for instance, a slave from among the prisoners of war, to be his own peculiar property, to serve his wants, to suffer his humors. Besides this, there was the glittering chance always before the soldier's eyes of some more or less indefinite reward to be enjoyed when Cæsar should come to his final goal. This unquestionably helps explain the celebrated incident of Cæsar's dealing with his mutinous legions, during the civil war. Even his favored and favorite tenth came once to play a game of bluff with their old commander—they demanded to be discharged, and sent home. 'Entirely reasonable request,' said Cæsar, easy master himself of the game which his tenth had blunderingly attempted to play—'you shall be gratified.' The legion were confounded. It was the very last thing they really desired. They thought he could not get along without them. Perhaps he could not. But certainly they could not get along without him. This Cæsar knew, and, with splendid mastery, he soon reduced the

mutineers to beg for reinstatement in his army, on his own terms. Those veterans could not endure that raw soldiers of Cæsar should march with their commander in future triumphs at Rome, while they themselves, who had bought dear that right in a hundred battles, should lose it, and lose besides whatever additional prizes they might hope to earn by additional victories achieved for Cæsar.

The soldiers of the early republic served without pay. They were sure, if they conquered, of a fair share in the spoil, and that would be worth to them far more than any reasonable wages. Cæsar's soldiers, even at their double pay, received, what seems to us but a paltry sum, about thirty-seven dollars a year, for their service. But when Cæsar came to triumph at Rome, then he opened his strong box, and sowed riches with both hands far and wide. Remember that these were the riches of plunder. To every common soldier of his, he gave what was equivalent to a moderate fortune for one in his condition of life, nearly a thousand dollars in money. The centurions each received twice that amount. The prize was doubled again for the military tribunes. When Cæsar dealt with his officers, mutinous from fear of Ariovistus and the Germans, he claimed, in addressing them, to have been a man above blame on the score of uprightness. What he specifically meant no doubt was that he had always treated his soldiers fairly in the matter of pay and of booty. There was, of course, no generosity in his lavishing money on his soldiers. The wealth of the world was his by plunder. He could not possibly use it all himself. The simple question was, how should he dispose of his surplus?

On the occasion of his successive triumphs, he showed something of the same genius in scattering his plunder that he had shown in amassing it. He spread twenty-two thousand tables, and feasted the universal public of Rome. He gave every poor citizen meat, grain, oil, money, and remission of

a year's rent. He made an artificial lake deep enough and wide enough to float a navy, and on its surface exhibited a sea-fight—not a sham-fight, but a real fight, in which thousands of Egyptians and thousands of Tyrians, respectively, killed each other for the delight of the populace. There were murmurs at this feature of Cæsar's displays—not, however, because it was cruel, but because it was wasteful! One almost incredible account says that the whole length of the street through which Cæsar's triumphal procession passed was covered from the sun with awnings of silk.

It is difficult not to feel with De Quincey that the Roman Empire founded by Cæsar was less a form of civilization, than a magnificently masked essential barbarism, proceeding by unperceived degrees to disintegration—moral, social, political—engendered from within.

Let us redress once more the balance of praise and blame for Cæsar, by quoting the highly rhetorical sentence of De Quincey on his relative rank in greatness among the ancients: "Unquestionably, for comprehensive talents, the Lucifer, the Protagonist of all antiquity."

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## VII.

### CICERO'S ORATIONS.

CICERO's writings form what has been finely called a library of reason and eloquence. We shall hereafter meet this always welcome literary figure again, in the course of that volume to follow the present, which treats the Latin read by the student in college. To that future occasion we postpone the biographical and critical notice which it seems fitting for us somewhere to make of this most modern of the ancients, this most cosmopolitan of Romans.

The amount of reading in Cicero's orations required for

entrance at college is somewhat indeterminate. That is to say, different colleges have different standards of requirement. Most of them, we believe, ask for the four orations against Catiline and, together with these, two or three other of Cicero's orations, variously chosen by various authorities. What we give our readers will approximately represent the average requirement.

It is to be regretted that many of our college graduates gain their sole impression of Cicero as orator from their reading of him in course of preparation for college. To the student in that preparatory stage of education, naturally even the most consummate pieces of eloquence can be but so many portions of dead literature, to be mastered for lame and impotent construing by him, simply as his open sesame at the entrance-gate of college. Our readers will, some of them at least, through experience of life producing maturity and wisdom of judgment, have become prepared to appreciate, better than boys and girls at school can do, the masterly art with which Cicero orders his narration, his argument, his representations, his appeals. Still, the conditions of eloquence change so much—with change of time, of place, of race, of position, of civilization, of occasion—that oratory belonging, like Cicero's, to an order of things remote in every way from that in which we live, requires a large amount of preparation on our part to judge it justly and to enjoy it to the full. Readers will be liable to disappointment in making first acquaintance here with oratory of so ancient, so constant, and so universal fame. But we had better, all of us, presume with much confidence that Cicero deserves his established and august reputation. If he fails to answer our ideal, perhaps our ideal, rather than Cicero, is at fault. Or perhaps we have failed to study Cicero, and Cicero's occasion, deeply enough. Imagine somebody, two thousand years hence, four thousand miles away, spelling out, in a language not only foreign but long dead, an American speech of to-day,

delivered on some occasion as obsolete as is now the conspiracy of Catiline. What speech of what orator would you select as likely to interest that supposed reader, more than Cicero's invectives against Catiline interest you—as likely to satisfy that reader's ideal of eloquence better than your ideal of eloquence is satisfied in Cicero?

Of Cicero as an orator it may summarily be said that he was, first of all, and always, as clear as a sunbeam—this, both as to his general order in the speech, and as to the structure of the particular sentence—full in matter, copious, while pure, in diction, harmonious in rhythm, in temper by preference urbane, though capable of the utmost truculence, unsurpassed in skill of self-adjustment to the demands of his occasion. When, in the next succeeding volume of the present series, we come to the eloquence of Demosthenes, we may seek to set the Roman's style in a still stronger light, by comparing and contrasting it with the style of the Greek. The English Burke, we believe, consciously modeled his own oratory on the oratory of Cicero.

Notwithstanding what we have said of the inevitable tendency to obsolescence in all oratory, it yet remains true—such is the perfection of Cicero's oratorical and literary art—that the reader will find singularly little narrative explanation necessary that is not furnished within the productions themselves which we are here about to present. This, however, is less the case with the last oration to follow, than with the others.

We first bring forward (in specimen only, for our bounds are inelastic) that celebrated oration of Cicero's, in which he lauds the character of Cæsar. There is here a generous effusion of eulogy, such as to one not familiar with the amenity, the affluence, the Italian enthusiasm, of the speaker's oratorical temperament, might well seem insincere and fulsome. But there are several considerations necessary to be kept in mind in order to the forming of a just judgment on

the real quality of this high-wrought panegyric of Cicero's on Cæsar.

You must remember that Cæsar was now undisputed sole master of the world. You must remember that he had, since his victory in the civil war, exhibited extraordinary moderation in the use of boundless power. You must remember, that, to the strained anxiety of the Roman public dreading to see renewed the frightful scenes of the times of Marius and of Sylla, this self-control and mildness on Cæsar's part had brought a sense of relief whose reaction made men almost mad with joy. You must remember that Cicero, besides consciously speaking in the presence of a diffused sentiment like this, himself shared the sentiment to a degree commensurate with the genial warmth of his own exceptionally vivid sympathies. You must remember that a capital instance of Cæsar's clemency had, under striking, almost theatrical, circumstances, just occurred in the senate. You must remember that Cicero's personal affections were in that instance ardently engaged. And finally, perhaps chiefly, you must remember that Cicero praised not simply the virtues which he saw in Cæsar, but the virtues which, for his own sake and for the sake of mankind, he wished to see, and which, therefore, he would help create or confirm in Cæsar, by thus magnanimously praising them. The extravagance of Cicero's rhetoric will surely seem somewhat modified in view of considerations such as these, however yet it may pass the bounds of decorum prescribed by our colder northern taste and judgment. Cicero is to be thought of as an Italian, rather than as a typical Roman. His style in general is Asiatic, by an exuberance that true Roman austerity would have chastised and corrected.

The oration for Marcus Marcellus had this occasion. Marcellus had fought for Pompey and against Cæsar in the civil war. After the decisive defeat of Pharsalia he withdrew to Myti-le'ne, and there devoted himself to rhetoric



and philosophy. Marcellus's cousin one day in full senate prostrated himself before Cæsar to implore the dictator's pardon for his kinsman. The whole body of the senators did likewise. Cæsar yielded and pardoned the exile. Pope had this occasion in mind when he wrote his couplet,

And more true joy Marcellus exiled feels,  
Than Cæsar with a senate at his heels.

Cicero, as a life-long friend of the pardoned man, instantly responded in a speech which, on being subsequently written out, took the form in which it here appears.

Literary and historical critics have found much, in literature, profane as well as sacred, to assail with their weapons of skepticism, and this oration has not escaped their serious challenge. Some very high authorities have doubted whether it ever was either spoken or written by Cicero. But the best way for our readers is to go with the majority—and believe that they are now enjoying a genuine, and a very fine, specimen of Cicero's rhetoric.

It should have been added that, besides being a Pompeian, Marcellus had further offended Cæsar by once proposing in the senate a decree to deprive him of his command. The clemency that Cicero celebrates is thus seen to be really remarkable. Toward his countrymen, Cæsar was certainly a very magnanimous conqueror. But here is Cicero's

#### ORATION FOR MARCUS MARCELLUS.

This day, O conscript fathers. [literally, "enrolled or elect fathers," the customary style of address to the Roman senate.] has brought with it an end to the long silence in which I have of late indulged; not out of any fear, but partly from sorrow, part'y from modesty; and at the same time it has revived in me my ancient habit of saying what my wishes and opinions are. For I cannot by any means pass over in silence such great humanity, such unprecedented and unheard-of clemency, such moderation in the exercise of supreme and universal power, such incredible and almost godlike wisdom. For now that Marcus Marcellus, O conscript fathers, has been restored to you and the repub-

lic, I think that not only his voice and authority are preserved and restored to you and to the republic, but my own also.

For I was concerned, O conscript fathers, and most exceedingly grieved, when I saw such a man as he is, who had espoused the same cause which I myself had, not enjoying the same good fortune as myself; nor was I able to persuade myself to think it right or fair that I should be going on in my usual routine, while that rival and imitator of my zeal and labors, who had been a companion and comrade of mine throughout, was separated from me. Therefore, you, O Caius Cæsar, have re-opened to me my former habits of life, which were closed up, and you have raised, as it were, a standard to all these men, as a sort of token to lead them to entertain hopes of the general welfare of the republic. For it was seen by me before in many instances, and especially in my own, and now it is clearly understood by every body, since you have granted Marcus Marcellus to the senate and people of Rome, in spite of your recollection of all the injuries you have received at his hands, that you prefer the authority of this order and the dignity of the republic to the indulgence of your own resentment or your own suspicions.

He, indeed, has this day reaped the greatest possible reward for the virtuous tenor of his previous life; in the great unanimity of the senate in his favor, and also in your own most dignified and important opinion of him. And from this you, in truth, must perceive what great credit there is in conferring a kindness, when there is such glory to be got even by receiving one. And he, too, is fortunate whose safety is now the cause of scarcely less joy to all other men than it will be to himself when he is informed of it. And this honor has deservedly and most rightfully fallen to his lot. For who is superior to him either in nobleness of birth, or in honesty, or in zeal for virtuous studies, or in purity of life, or in any description whatever of excellence?

No one is blessed with such a stream of genius, no one is endowed with such vigor and richness of eloquence, either as a speaker or as a writer, as to be able, I will not say to extol, but even, O Caius Cæsar, plainly to relate, all your achievements. Nevertheless, I assert, and with your leave I maintain, that in all of them you never gained greater and truer glory than you have acquired this day. I am accustomed often to keep this idea before my eyes, and often to affirm in frequent conversations, that all the exploits of our own generals, all those of foreign nations and of most powerful states, all the mighty deeds of the most illustrious monarchs, can be compared with yours neither in the magnitude of your wars, nor in the number of your battles, nor in the variety

of countries which you have conquered, nor in the rapidity of your conquests, nor in the great difference of character with which your wars have been marked ; and that those countries the most remote from each other could not be traveled over more rapidly by any one in a journey, than they have been visited by your, I will not say journeys but, victories.

And if I were not to admit that those actions are so great that scarcely any man's mind or comprehension is capable of doing justice to them, I should be very senseless. But there are other actions greater than those. For some people are in the habit of disparaging military glory, and of denying the whole of it to the generals, and of giving the multitude a share of it also, so that it may not be the peculiar property of the commanders. And, no doubt, in the affairs of war, the valor of the troops, the advantages of situation, the assistance of allies, fleets, and supplies, have great influence ; and a most important share in all such transactions, Fortune claims for herself, as of her right ; and whatever has been done successfully she considers almost entirely as her own work.

But in this glory, O Caius Cæsar, which you have just earned, you have no partner. The whole of this, however great this may be—and surely it is as great as possible,—the whole of it, I say, is your own. The centurion can claim for himself no share of that praise, neither can the prefect, nor the battalion, nor the squadron. Nay, even that very mistress of all human affairs, Fortune herself, cannot thrust herself into any participation in that glory ; she yields to you ; she confesses that it is all your own, your peculiar private desert. For rashness is never united with wisdom, nor is chance ever admitted to regulate affairs conducted with prudence.

You have subdued nations, savage in their barbarism, countless in their numbers, boundless, if we regard the extent of country peopled by them, and rich in every kind of resource ; but still you were only conquering things, the nature and condition of which was such that they could be overcome by force. For there is no strength so great that it cannot be weakened and broken by arms and violence. But to subdue one's inclinations, to master one's angry feelings, to be moderate in the hour of victory, to not merely raise from the ground a prostrate adversary, eminent for noble birth, for genius, and for virtue, but even to increase his previous dignity—they are actions of such a nature, that the man who does them, I do not compare to the most illustrious man, but I consider equal to God.

Therefore, O Caius Cæsar, those military glories of yours will be celebrated not only in our own literature and language, but in those of

almost all nations; nor is there any age which will ever be silent about your praises. But still, deeds of that sort, somehow or other, even when they are read, appear to be overwhelmed with the cries of the soldiers and the sound of the trumpets. But when we hear or read of any thing which has been done with clemency, with humanity, with justice, with moderation, and with wisdom, especially in a time of anger, which is very adverse to prudence, and in the hour of victory, which is naturally insolent and haughty, with what ardor are we then inflamed, (even if the actions are not such as have really been performed, but are only fabulous,) so as often to love those whom we have never seen! But as for you, whom we behold present among us, whose mind, and feelings, and countenance we at this moment see to be such, that you wish to preserve every thing which the fortune of war has left to the republic, O with what praises must we extol you? with what zeal must we follow you? with what affection must we devote ourselves to you? The very walls, I declare, the very walls of this senate-house appear to me eager to return you thanks; because, in a short time, you will have restored their ancient authority to this venerable abode of themselves and of their ancestors.

Now no one can read intelligently the foregoing representative extract, about one quarter of the whole, from this senatorial speech of Cicero, without perceiving that, both in the lines and between the lines of the speech, there unmistakably betrays itself the spirit of the patriot consenting to speak, nay, generously rejoicing to speak, in the words of the personal encomiast. The orator hoped well concerning the republic. Cicero's letters, written about the date of this speech, make it probable that the trust was not yet extinct in his breast that Cæsar was going to restore the ancient freedom and constitution. Cæsar should be helped on to any such goal of his thought by every incitement of appreciation shown him beforehand. The praise, then, was less mere adulation, than pregnant wisdom of oratory and statesmanship. Cicero was not playing a part, the part of a flatterer. He really hoped, in the magnanimous exaltation of the moment, that what he said in hyperbole was substantially true, or at least might be helped to become true if he should unseal

those eloquent lips of his to say it. The forms of senatorial comity permitted much apparent exaggeration of phrase. He did not stint language. He poured it out abundantly and made his speech—which, perhaps, after all, our readers, notwithstanding what their author here says in explanation, will feel to have been inexcusably laudatory. Holding the opinion that we do, we shall say no more to press the opinion on our readers. Let each think what he will—but think wisely, with exercise of that historic sense, of that diplomatic sense, which leads to just consideration of the bearing and relation of things.

One perceives a startling contrast in tone, a contrast startling, but appropriate, as one follows up this gracious, suave, complaisant utterance of Cicero's, with two of his speeches against Catiline. These speeches had a very different occasion, and were made under widely different circumstances from those of the foregoing. There was a wide-spread dangerous political movement on foot at Rome, desperate enough in its aim and in its measures, as also in the character of the men concerned in it, to be justly branded a conspiracy. This was before, but not many years before, Cæsar went to Gaul. Of this conspiracy, the leading spirit was Lucius Catilina, commonly now among us called Catiline. Catiline was a member of the senate, and many of his fellow-conspirators belonged to the same body. He was bankrupt in fortune and in name—by general agreement an abandoned man. But he was as able as he was unscrupulous.

Catiline's high birth entitled him to hopes of political preferment. He had been candidate against Cicero for the consulship. Defeated, he was not disheartened. Another year he tried his fortune again, playing his game with loaded dice; for he practiced bribery on a scale so vast that Cicero proposed a new law against the corruption. Catiline felt himself aimed at, and plotted against Cicero's life. Cicero in open senate charged on him this design, and the consuls

to meet the emergency were by decree invested with dictatorial powers. Catiline's hopes of election, and his plot to assassinate Cicero, were thwarted together.

Desperate now, he rushed into courses the most extreme. A general rising was to be instigated throughout Italy, Rome was to be fired in numerous places at once, the senate were all to be put to death, likewise the personal and political enemies of the conspirators. Pompey's sons, however,



POMPEY THE GREAT.

were to be kept alive, as hostages to secure the proper behavior of Pompey, who in command of an army in the East held the really effective power in the state.

Of all this stupendous iniquity, plotted in darkness, Cicero was fortunate enough and skillful enough to learn, from one of the conspirators gained over through the arts of that conspirator's mistress. Cicero managed the affair with perfect adroitness. Things proceeded until he summoned a meeting

of the senate in the temple of Jupiter at the foot of the Palatine hill, (some say on the Capitoline hill,) a place of assembling resorted to only under circumstances of the most threatening danger. Catiline was brazen enough to attend himself this session of the senate. His entrance created a sensation, and that sensation Cicero heightened by breaking into the following strain of personal invective, taken from what is known as the first oration against Catiline. There are four such orations in all. Of these the first and last were delivered in the senate; the second and third in the forum to the popular assembly of citizens. The style, or rather the course of treatment adopted, differs according to the character of the audience addressed, and according to the object sought to be accomplished, by the orator. Here, then, is a condensation of the

#### FIRST ORATION AGAINST CATILINE.

WHEN, O Catiline, do you mean to cease abusing our patience? How long is that madness of yours still to mock us? When is there to be an end of that unbridled audacity of yours, swaggering about as it does now? Do not the night guards placed on the Palatine Hill—do not the watches posted throughout the city—does not the alarm of the people, and the union of all good men—does not the precaution taken of assembling the senate in this most defensible place—do not the looks and countenances of this venerable body here present, have any effect upon you? Do you not feel that your plans are detected? Do you not see that your conspiracy is already arrested and rendered powerless by the knowledge which every one here possesses of it? What is there that you did last night, what the night before—where is it that you were—who was there that you summoned to meet you—what design was there which was adopted by you, with which you think that any one of us is unacquainted?

Shame on the age and on its principles! The senate is aware of these things; the consul sees them; and yet this man lives. Lives! ay, he comes even into the senate. He takes a part in the public deliberations; he is watching and marking down and checking off for slaughter every individual among us. And we, gallant men that we are, think that we are doing our duty to the republic if we keep out of the way of his frensied attacks.

You ought, O Catiline, long ago to have been led to execution by command of the consul. That destruction which you have been long plotting against us ought to have already fallen on your own head.

What? Did not that most illustrious man, Publius Scipio, the Pontifex Maximus, in his capacity of a private citizen, put to death Tiberius Gracchus, though but slightly undermining the constitution? And shall we, who are the consuls, tolerate Catiline, openly desirous to destroy the whole world with fire and slaughter? For I pass over older instances, such as how Caius Servilius A-ha'la with his own hand slew Spurius Mælius when plotting a revolution in the state. There was—there was once such virtue in this republic, that brave men would repress mischievous citizens with severer chastisement than the most bitter enemy. For we have a resolution of the senate, a formidable and authoritative decree against you, O Catiline; the wisdom of the republic is not at fault, nor the dignity of this senatorial body. We, we alone—I say it openly—we, the consuls, are wanting in our duty.

The senate once passed a decree that Lucius O-pim'i-us, the consul, should take care that the republic suffered no injury. Not one night elapsed. There was put to death, on some mere suspicion of disaffection, Caius Gracchus, a man whose family had borne the most unblemished reputation for many generations. There was slain Marcus Fulvius, a man of consular rank, and all his children. By a like decree of the senate the safety of the republic was intrusted to Caius Marius and Lucius Valerius, the consuls. Did not the vengeance of the republic, did not execution overtake Lucius Sat'ur-ni'nus, a tribune of the people, and Caius Servilius, the prætor, without the delay of one single day? But we, for these twenty days, have been allowing the edge of the senate's authority to grow blunt, as it were. For we are in possession of a similar decree of the senate, but we keep it locked up in its parchment—buried, I may say, in the sheath; and according to this decree you ought, O Catiline, to be put to death this instant. You live—and you live, not to lay aside, but to persist in your audacity.

I wish, O conscript fathers, to be merciful; I wish not to appear negligent amid such danger to the state; but I do now accuse myself of remissness and culpable inactivity. A camp is pitched in Italy, at the entrance of Etruria, in hostility to the republic; the number of the enemy increases every day; and yet the general of that camp, the leader of those enemies, we see within the walls—ay, and even in the senate—planning every day some internal injury to the republic. If, O Catiline, I should now order you to be arrested, to be put to death, I should, I suppose, have to fear lest all good men should say that I had



acted tardily, rather than that any one should affirm that I acted cruelly. But yet this, which ought to have been done long since, I have good reason for not doing as yet ; I will put you to death, then, when there shall be not one person possible to be found so wicked, so abandoned, so like yourself, as not to allow that it has been rightly done. As long as one person exists who can dare to defend you, you shall live ; but you shall live as you do now, surrounded by my many and trusty guards, so that you shall not be able to stir one finger against the republic : many eyes and ears shall still observe and watch you, as they have hitherto done, though you shall not perceive them.

O ye immortal gods, where on earth are we ? in what city are we living ? what constitution is ours ? There are here—here in our body, O conscript fathers, in this the most holy and dignified assembly of the whole world, men who meditate my death, and the death of all of us, and the destruction of this city, and of the whole world. I, the consul, see them ; I ask them their opinion about the republic, and I do not yet attack, even by words, those who ought to be put to death by the sword.

But now, what is that life of yours that you are leading ? For I will speak to you not so as to seem influenced by the hatred I ought to feel, but by pity, nothing of which is due to you. You came a little while ago into the senate : in so numerous an assembly, who of so many friends and connections of yours saluted you ? If this in the memory of man never happened to any one else, are you waiting for insults by word of mouth, when you are overwhelmed by the most irresistible condemnation of silence ? Is it nothing that at your arrival all those seats were vacated ? that all the men of consular rank, who had often been marked out by you for slaughter, the very moment you sat down, left that part of the benches bare and vacant ? With what feelings do you think you ought to bear this ? On my honor, if my slaves feared me as all your fellow-citizens fear you, I should think I must leave my house. Do not you think you should leave the city ? If I saw that I was even undeservedly so suspected and hated by my fellow-citizens, I would rather flee from their sight than be gazed at by the hostile eyes of every one. And do you who, from the consciousness of your wickedness, know that the hatred of all men is just and has been long due to you, hesitate to avoid the sight and presence of those men whose minds and senses you offend ? If your parents feared and hated you, and if you could by no means pacify them, you would, I think, depart somewhere out of their sight. Now, your country, which is the common parent of

all of us, hates and fears you, and has no other opinion of you, than that you are meditating parricide in her case ; and will you neither feel awe of her authority, nor deference for her judgment, nor fear of her power ?

And she, O Catiline, thus pleads with you, and after a manner silently speaks to you : There has now for many years been no crime committed but by you ; no atrocity has taken place without you ; you alone unpunished and unquestioned have murdered the citizens, have harassed and plundered the allies ; you alone have had power not only to neglect all laws and investigations, but to overthrow and break through them. Your former actions, though they ought not to have been borne, yet I did bear as well as I could ; but now that I should be wholly occupied with fear of you alone, that at every sound I should dread Catiline, that no design should seem possible to be entertained against me which does not proceed from your wickedness, this is no longer endurable. Depart, then, and deliver me from this fear ; that, if it be a just one, I may not be destroyed ; if an imaginary one, that at least I may at last cease to fear.

I will let you see what these men [Catiline's fellow-senators] think of you. Be gone from the city, O Catiline, deliver the republic from fear ; depart into banishment, if that is the word you are waiting for. What now, O Catiline ? Do you not perceive, do you not see the silence of these men ? they permit it, they say nothing ; why wait you for the authority of their words, when you see their wishes in their silence ?

But had I said the same to this excellent young man, Publius Sextius, or to that brave man, Marcus Marcellus, before this time the senate would deservedly have laid violent hands on me, consul though I be, in this very temple. But as to you, Catiline, while they are quiet they approve, while they permit me to speak they vote, while they are silent they are loud and eloquent.

O conscript fathers, let the worthless begone—let them separate themselves from the good—let them collect in one place—let them, as I have often said before, be separated from us by a wall ; let them cease to plot against the consul in his own house—to surround the tribunal of the city prætor—to besiege the senate-house with words—to prepare brands and torches to burn the city ; let it, in short, be written on the brow of every citizen, what are his sentiments about the republic. I promise you this, O conscript fathers, that there shall be so much diligence in us the consuls, so much authority in you, so much virtue in the Roman

knights, so much unanimity in all good men, that you shall see every thing made plain and manifest by the departure of Catiline—every thing checked and punished.

With these omens, O Catiline, begone to your impious and nefarious war, to the great safety of the republic, to your own misfortune and injury, and to the destruction of those who have joined themselves to you in every wickedness and atrocity. Then do you, O Jupiter, who were consecrated by Romulus with the same auspices as this city, whom we rightly call the stay of this city and empire, repel this man and his companions from your altars and from the other temples—from the houses and walls of the city—from the lives and fortunes of all the citizens; and overwhelm all the enemies of good men, the foes of the republic, the robbers of Italy, men bound together by a treaty and infamous alliance of crimes, dead and alive, with eternal punishments.

The peculiar effect of the noble Ciceronian rhetoric is necessarily to a great extent lost in any translation. We use the rendering supplied to us in Bohn's Classical Library. The sense is generally well transferred, but one regrets that a translator, otherwise so competent, should not have had a little more feeling of style. Take, for example, the sentence in the second page of our extract: "But we, for these twenty days, have been allowing the edge of the senate's authority to grow blunt, *as it were*." The "*as it were*" is an addition of the translator's. How it enfeebles the sentence! Placed as it is at the end, it has almost the effect of intentional humorous burlesque. What Cicero said was: "But we consuls now the twentieth day are suffering to grow blunt the edge of this body's authority." This example of the translator's execution is perhaps extreme, but it by no means stands alone. Our readers will have to imagine the nerve and force of expression to be at least doubled throughout in the original. "O tempora! O mores!" is rendered, indeed, in its purport, but not in its power by, "Shame on the age and on its principles!" "O, the times! O, the manners [morals]!" would be literal.

The effect of a speech so very unconventionally frank, on

the person against whom it was aimed, seems not to have been immediately and overwhelmingly discomposing. Catiline begged that the senate would not be hasty in giving credit to the wild accusations of Cicero. The senate responded with cries of "Traitor!" and "Parricide!" This enraged Catiline, and he declared that the flame which his enemies were kindling around him he would quench in the general ruin. He flung himself out of the temple.

Our readers are all familiar with extracts at least from the tragedy of "Catiline" by George Croly. That is a work of some real power, a little overstrained perhaps in intensity of expression, but well worth studying in connection with these orations of Cicero. Ben Jonson has a drama on the same subject.

"I go, but I return!" Croly makes Catiline, leaving the senate, exclaim. He did go to the camp of the army collected by the conspirators, designing to come back at the head of a column of troops. He took with him, among other things, a silver eagle once used by Marius in fighting the Cimbri. This standard he made much of as invested with some supernatural charm. Cicero had now a task of justifying himself before the people of Rome. Catiline's friends got it reported that Catiline had gone into voluntary exile to Marseilles, driven forth by the violence of the consul. To meet the popular odium sought thus to be excited against himself, and in general to satisfy public opinion in Rome that what had been done had been wisely done, Cicero harangued the people in the forum. We give some extracts from this address, usually called the

#### SECOND ORATION AGAINST CATILINE.

At length, O Romans, we have dismissed from the city, or driven out, or, when he was departing of his own accord, we have pursued with words, Lucius Catiline, mad with audacity, breathing wickedness, impiously planning mischief to his country, threatening fire and sword to you and to this city. He is gone, he has departed, he has disappeared,

he has rushed out. No injury will now be prepared against these walls within the walls themselves by that monster and prodigy of wickedness. . . . Now he lies prostrate, O Romans, and feels himself stricken down and abject, and often casts back his eyes toward this city, which he mourns over as snatched from his jaws, but which seems to me to rejoice at having vomited forth such a pest, and cast it out of doors.

But if there be any one of that disposition which all men should have, who yet blames me greatly for the very thing in which my speech exults and triumphs—namely, that I did not arrest so capital mortal an enemy rather than let him go—that is not my fault, O citizens, but the fault of the times. Lucius Catiline ought to have been visited with the severest punishment, and to have been put to death long since; and both the customs of our ancestors, and the rigor of my office, and the republic, demanded this of me; but how many, think you, were there who did not believe what I reported? how many who out of stupidity did not think so? how many who even defended him? how many who, out of their own depravity, favored him? If, in truth, I had thought that, if he were removed, all danger would be removed from you, I would long since have cut off Lucius Catiline, had it been at the risk, not only of my popularity, but even of my life.

There is no nation for us to fear—no king who can make war on the Roman people. All foreign affairs are tranquilized, both by land and sea, by the valor of one man, [Pompey.] Domestic war alone remains. The only plots against us are within our own walls—the danger is within—the enemy is within. We must war with luxury, with madness, with wickedness. For this war, O citizens, I offer myself as the general. I take on myself the enmity of profligate men. What can be cured, I will cure, by whatever means it may be possible. What must be cut away, I will not suffer to spread, to the ruin of the republic. Let them depart, or let them stay quiet; or if they remain in the city and in the same disposition as at present, let them expect what they deserve.

I will tell you, O Romans, of what classes of men those forces are made up, and then, if I can, I will apply to each the medicine of my advice and persuasion.

There is one class of them, who, with enormous debts, have still greater possessions, and who can by no means be detached from their affection to them. . . . But I think these men are the least of all to be dreaded, because they can either be persuaded to abandon their opinions, or if they cling to them, they seem to me more likely to form wishes against the republic than to bear arms against it.

There is another class of them, who, although they are harassed by debt, yet are expecting supreme power; they wish to become masters. . . . If these had already got that which they with the greatest madness wish for, do they think that in the ashes of the city and blood of the citizens, which in their wicked and infamous hearts they desire, they will become consuls and dictators, and even kings? Do they not see that they are wishing for that which, if they were to obtain it, must be given up to some fugitive slave, or to some gladiator?

There is a third class, already touched by age, but still vigorous from constant exercise. . . . These are colonists, who, from becoming possessed of unexpected and sudden wealth, boast themselves extravagantly and insolently; these men, while they build like rich men, while they delight in farms, in litters, in vast families of slaves, in luxurious banquets, have incurred such great debts, that, if they would be saved, they must raise Sylla from the dead. . . . Let them cease to be mad, and to think of proscriptions and dictatorships; for such a horror of these times is ingrained into the city, that not even men, but it seems to me that even the very cattle, would refuse to bear them again.

There is a fourth class, various, promiscuous, and turbulent; . . . not so much active soldiers as lazy insolvents. . . . As to these, I do not understand why, if they cannot live with honor, they should wish to die shamefully; or why they think they shall perish with less pain in a crowd, than if they perish by themselves.

There is a fifth class, of parricides, assassins; in short, of all infamous characters, whom I do not wish to recall from Catiline, and indeed they cannot be separated from him. Let them perish in their wicked war, since they are so numerous that a prison cannot contain them.

There is a last class, last not only in number but in the sort of men and in their way of life; the especial body-guard of Catiline, of his levying; ay, the friends of his embraces and of his bosom; whom you see with carefully-combed hair, glossy, beardless, or with well-trimmed beards; with tunics with sleeves, or reaching to the ankles; clothed with veils, not with robes, all the industry of whose life, all the labor of whose watchfulness, is expended in suppers lasting till day-break.

On the one side are fighting modesty, on the other, wantonness; on the one, chastity, on the other, uncleanness; on the one, honesty, on the other, fraud; on the one, piety, on the other, wickedness; on the one, consistency, on the other, insanity; on the one, honor, on the other, baseness; on the one, continence, on the other, lust; in short, equity, temperance, fortitude, prudence, all the virtues, contend against iniquity with luxury,

against indolence, against rashness, against all the vices; lastly, abundance contends against destitution, good plans against baffled designs, wisdom against madness, well-founded hope against universal despair. In a contest and war of this sort, even if the zeal of men were to fail, will not the immortal gods compel such numerous and excessive vices to be defeated by these most eminent virtues?

Now once more I wish those who have remained in the city, and who, contrary to the safety of the city and of all of you, have been left in the city by Catiline, although they are enemies, yet because they were born citizens, to be warned again and again by me. . . . If any one stirs in the city, and if I detect not only any action, but any attempt or design against the country, he shall feel that there are in this city vigilant consuls, eminent magistrates, a brave senate, arms, and prisons, which our ancestors appointed as the avengers of nefarious and convicted crimes.

. . . An internal civil war the most cruel and terrible in the memory of man, shall be put an end to by me alone in the robe of peace acting as general and commander-in-chief. . . . And this I promise you, O Romans, relying neither on my own prudence, nor on human counsels, but on many and manifest intimations of the will of the immortal gods; under whose guidance I first entertained this hope and this opinion; who are now defending their temples and the houses of the city, not afar off, as they were used to, from a foreign and distant enemy, but here on the spot, by their own divinity and present help. And you, O Romans, ought to pray to and implore them to defend from the nefarious wickedness of abandoned citizens, now that all the forces of all enemies are defeated by land and sea, this city which they have ordained to be the most beautiful and flourishing of all cities.

Look back and observe the sagacity with which the orator, instead of assuming the attitude of self-defense, begins by boldly making a merit of his conduct.

The third oration is interesting. It has even something of the interest of plot described, as well as of eloquence. It is addressed to the people, and it details, in masterly narration, the incidents of the discovery of full documentary evidence against the conspirators. The Allobroges had at the moment an embassy in Rome, with whom the conspirators had tampered. But Cicero received from these Gallic

envoys a hint of the approaches made to them. He bade them go on and obtain full knowledge of the plans of the conspirators. This they did. At Cicero's suggestion they demanded credentials in black and white which they might carry home to their nation. Such were supplied, and then, as they were withdrawing homeward, they were arrested and brought back with their papers in possession. The evidence was so unquestionable that the conspirators could not gainsay it, and one of them made a clean breast of the whole crime. Such in brief is what Cicero in this admirable popular speech recites to his hearers.

The subject of the fourth speech delivered in the senate is the disposal to be made of the conspirators now in custody. To put to death a Roman citizen, especially one of high extraction, was opposed to the traditional popular prejudice at Rome. However, the consul elect (not Cicero, but Silanus, Cicero's destined successor) did not scruple to declare in favor of the penalty of death. All speakers following concurred in his opinion, until Julius Cæsar rose and in a specious speech argued for imprisonment instead, together with confiscation of estate. Cato stood up strongly against Cæsar. Some, however, of Cicero's friends inclined toward the more lenient view, deeming that less likely to prove injurious to Cicero himself. On this, Cicero spoke in favor of the capital sentence. His weight and eloquence prevailed. The conspirators were strangled by torchlight in their underground dungeon. The suppression of this conspiracy was an occasion of triumph to Cicero. No civilian's glory had ever been so great at Rome. He was saluted *Pater Patriæ*, "Father of his Fatherland."

We have space for but little of this fourth speech. Our readers will, however, for several reasons demand to see how Cicero touches upon the opinions and arguments of his fellow-senator, Cæsar. We extract briefly to show, from Cicero's statement of them, the tenor of Cæsar's remarks.



The advice of Silanus, consul elect, to put the conspirators to death, is contrasted with that of Julius Cæsar, thus :

The other [Cæsar] feels that death was not appointed by the immortal gods for the sake of punishment, but that it is either a necessity of nature, or a rest from toils and miseries ; therefore wise men have never met it unwillingly, brave men have often encountered it even voluntarily. But imprisonment, and that too perpetual, was certainly invented for the extraordinary punishment of nefarious wickedness : therefore he proposes that they should be distributed among the municipal towns. This proposition seems to have in it injustice if you command it, difficulty if you request it ; however, let it be so decreed if you like.

For I will undertake, and, as I hope, I shall find one who will not think it suitable to his dignity to refuse what you decide on for the sake of the universal safety. He imposes, besides, a severe punishment on the burgesses of the municipal town if any of the prisoners escape ; he surrounds them with the most terrible guard, and with every thing worthy of the wickedness of abandoned men. And he proposes to establish a decree that no one shall be able to alleviate the punishment of those whom he is condemning, by a vote of either the senate or the people. He takes away even hope, which alone can comfort men in their miseries ; besides this, he votes that their goods should be confiscated ; he leaves life alone to these infamous men, and if he had taken that away, he would have relieved them by one pang of many tortures of mind and body and of all the punishment of their crimes. Therefore, that there might be some dread in life to the wicked, men of old have believed that there were some punishments of that sort appointed for the wicked in the shades below ; because in truth they perceived that if this were taken away death itself would not be terrible.

Now, O conscript fathers, I see what is my interest. If you follow the opinion of Caius Cæsar, (since he has adopted this path in the republic, which is accounted the popular one,) perhaps as he is the author and promoter of this opinion, the popular violence will be less to be dreaded by me. If you adopt the other opinion, I know not but I am likely to have more trouble. Still, let the advantage of the republic outweigh the consideration of my danger. For we have from Caius Cæsar, as his own dignity and as the illustrious character of his ancestors demanded, a vote as a hostage of his lasting good-will to the republic. It has been clearly seen how great is the difference between the lenity of demagogues, and a disposition really attached to the interests of the people.

. . . . .

This most gentle and merciful man does not hesitate to commit Publius Lentulus to eternal darkness and imprisonment, and he establishes a law to all posterity that no one shall be able to boast of alleviating his punishment, or hereafter to appear a friend of the people to the destruction of the Roman people. He adds, also, the confiscation of their goods, so that want also and beggary may be added to all the torments of mind and body. Wherefore, if you decide on this, you give me a companion in my address dear and acceptable to the Roman people.

The comity proper between senators is carefully observed in Cicero's answer to Cæsar. Nay, you feel that Cicero is conscious of dealing now with a man whose popular influence is at least to be respected, perhaps to be feared. How much self-control, combined with how much fine courage, was displayed by Cicero, if, within himself, he indeed knew, what Mommsen supposes to be certainly true, that Cæsar was all the time, by secret encouragement, in complicity with the conspirators! In that case, however, you cannot acquit Cicero of being crafty at some expense of candor. We can seldom be quite sure, in a great game of statesmanship or diplomacy, what motives behind the mask of decent appearance really work in the breasts of those engaged in it.

We shall probably, after what we say here, make little return, beyond casual allusion, to the subject of Cicero as an orator. We wish we had room to render our presentation less inadequate than, as the case stands, we shall feel under the necessity of leaving it. The range of Cicero's eloquence is so wide, that adequately to represent it would require a whole volume as large as this. There is, however, one other cycle of Cicero's speeches too important in themselves, and too important for illustration of the orator's genius and character, not to be spoken of here, and exemplified in at least a few extracts.

We refer to the fourteen orations that go by the name of the *Philippics*—a style of designation imitated and appropriated from the famous harangues of Demosthenes against

Philip of Macedon. Cicero's Philippics were directed against Mark Antony. They were delivered, part of them to the senate, and part of them before the people, within the period following Julius Cæsar's death during which it remained doubtful what course of public policy would be pursued by young Octavian, (Cæsar Augustus,) named in Cæsar's will as his political heir. Cicero still hoped that the destined future emperor might be induced to restore the republic.

Antony meantime, who, as having been Cæsar's colleague in nominal consulship, had succeeded to the place of chief actual power in the state, was manifestly taking measures to confirm himself in a kind of imperial usurpation. He had been in negotiation and collusion with the assassins—Liberators, it was the fashion to call them—but he was evidently beginning to revive Cæsarism by such contrivances of administration as, for that purpose, he dared adventure upon. He convened the senate to confer some additional divine honors on the dead dictator. That day's session, Cicero, though specially requested by Antony to do so, did not attend. He was against the measure proposed. Antony, provoked, talked threateningly in the senate about pulling down the recusant ex-consul's house about his ears.

The next day, Cicero went to the senate, and, Antony in his turn being absent, delivered a speech in dignified, moderate, but quite firm, opposition to Antony. Provoked again, Antony replied in a violent personal invective. To this, Cicero prudently abstained from replying in the senate; but he wrote out a speech in response, which, having previously sent it in private to some of his friends, he finally published as the second philippic. This second philippic, conceived and composed as if addressed in immediate reply to Antony before the senate, constitutes what is generally esteemed the masterpiece of Cicero's eloquence.

The contrast in tone, in style, in matter, which this philip-

pic, in common with the rest of the series, presents to the other orations of Cicero, not excepting even the vehement onslaughts upon Catiline, is more than merely strong, it is violent. You could hardly believe it possible for the author of the courtly orations for the poet Archias, for the Manilian Law, for Marcus Marcellus, to produce discourse so indignant, so impetuous, so direct, so hard-hitting, nay, so savage, as the orations against Antony. The flowing robes are flung off, and the orator speaks like an athlete, rather like a warrior, stripped to hew his antagonist to the ground.

The simplest way, and the most obvious, would, of course, be to insert this second philippic entire. But, unfortunately for that purpose, the speech is very long, (about fifty of these pages); unfortunately again, and more unfortunately, it is so replete with local, temporary, personal allusion, that, without a commentary as long as itself, it would be unintelligible to the general reader. It must also be added that there is in the speech a good deal which would shock, rather than please, the refined modern taste. Cicero is perfectly conscious of the change from his customary style presented in this speech. He makes the change deliberately. He is resolved to deal with a truculent man in a sufficiently truculent manner to be effective. He succeeded. He succeeded too well. The result was finally fatal to himself. Antony felt the sting of Cicero's dreadful sarcasm so keenly that when, afterward, in disappointment of Cicero's patriotic hopes, Antony and Octavian came to an understanding, and each, in the bloody proscription that followed, agreed to sacrifice his own personal friends to the demands of the other's revenge—Cicero's head and hands cut off were brought, ghastly reeking gifts to Antony, and by him nailed up in the forum that had been wont to ring with the resonant voice, and to flash with the passionate gesture, of the orator.

Antony was, undoubtedly, one of the most shamelessly profligate of men. Otherwise such accusations as Cicero

brought must, with his audience, have reacted against the bringer.

We must content ourselves with brief citations. Here is the opening of the speech, [we condense by omissions:]

To what destiny of mine, O conscript fathers, shall I say that it is owing, that none for the last twenty years has been an enemy to the republic without at the same time declaring war against me? Nor is there any necessity for naming any particular person; you yourselves recollect instances in proof of my statement. They have all hitherto suffered severer punishments than I could have wished for them; but I marvel that you, O Antonius, do not fear the end of those men whose conduct you are imitating. And in others I was less surprised at this. None of these men of former times was a voluntary enemy to me; all of them were attacked by me for the sake of the republic. But you, who have never been injured by me, not even by a word, in order to appear more audacious than Catiline, more frantic than Clodius, have of your own accord attacked me with abuse.

Did he think that it was easiest to disparage me in the senate? a body which has borne its testimony in favor of many most illustrious citizens that they governed the republic well, but in favor of me alone, of all men, that I preserved it. Or did he wish to contend with me in a rivalry of eloquence? This, indeed, is an act of generosity! for what could be a more fertile or richer subject for me than to have to speak in defense of myself, and against Antonius?

In that complaint, [Cicero's first philippic,] mournful indeed and miserable, but still unavoidable for a man of that rank in which the senate and people of Rome have placed me, what did I say that was insulting? that was otherwise than moderate? that was otherwise than friendly? and what instance was it not of moderation to complain of the conduct of Marcus Antonius, and yet to abstain from any abusive expressions? especially when you had scattered abroad all relics of the republic; when every thing was on sale at your house by the most infamous traffic; when you confessed that those laws which had never been promulgated had been passed with reference to you, and by you; when you, being augur, had abolished the auspices, being consul, had taken away the power of interposing the veto; when you were escorted in the most shameful manner by armed guards; when, worn out with drunkenness and debauchery, you were every day performing all sorts of obscenities in that

chaste house of yours. But I, as if I had to contend against Marcus Crassus, with whom I have had many severe struggles, and not with a most worthless gladiator, while complaining in dignified language of the state of the republic, did not say one word which could be called personal. Therefore, to-day I will make him understand with what great kindness he was then treated by me.

Since, O conscript fathers, I have many things which I may say both in my own defense and against Marcus Antonius, one thing I ask you, that you will listen to me with kindness while I am speaking for myself; the other I will insure myself, namely, that you shall listen to me with attention while speaking against him. At the same time also, I beg this of you: that if you have been acquainted with my moderation and modesty throughout my whole life, and especially as a speaker, you will not, when to-day I answer this man in the spirit in which he has attacked me, think that I have forgotten my usual character. I will not treat him as a consul, for he did not treat me as a man of consular rank; and although he in no respect deserves to be considered a consul, whether we regard his way of life, or his principle of governing the republic, or the manner in which he was elected, I am beyond all dispute a man of consular rank.

On one occasion, [addressed directly as to Antony,] you attempted even to be witty. O ye good gods, how little did that attempt suit you! And yet you are a little to be blamed for your failure in that instance, too. For you might have got some wit from your wife, who was an actress. "Arms to the gown must yield." [*Cedant arma togæ*—"let military yield to civil power." This is a bit of verse from Cicero himself; Antony had evidently been rallying his antagonist on it; Cicero meant it in praise of his own exploits.] Well, have they not yielded? But afterward the gown yielded to your arms. Let us inquire, then, whether it was better for the arms of wicked men to yield to the freedom of the Roman people, or that our liberty should yield to your arms. Nor will I make any further reply to you about the verses. I will only say briefly that you do not understand them, nor any other literature whatever.

The free and frequent change, on Cicero's part, from addressing the senate to addressing Antony, indicates the highly dramatic play of delivery in which the orator must have been accustomed to indulge. Antony, it seems, in-

culpated Cicero as in complicity with the assassins of Cæsar. Cicero points out the inconsistency of Antony's praising, as Antony did, the conspirators, and, at the same time, blaming Cicero. Cicero, however, shows, as to himself, that though he approved the deed when the deed had been done, he could have had no part in the doing of the deed, since, were it otherwise, his name must have been associated with it in the popular fame of so illustrious an exploit. Evidently, at that point of time, it was the prevailing opinion at Rome that Cæsar's murder was a praiseworthy act of liberation for the state. Cicero goes over Antony's life and finds abundant matter of invective :

Let us speak of his meaner descriptions of worthlessness. You, with those jaws of yours, and those sides of yours, and that strength of body suited to a gladiator, drank such quantities of wine at the marriage of Hippias, that you were forced to vomit the next day in the sight of the Roman people. O action disgraceful not merely to see, but even to hear of! If this had happened to you at supper amid those vast drinking-cups of yours who would not have thought it scandalous? But in an assembly of the Roman people, a man holding a public office, a master of the horse, to whom it would have been disgraceful even to belch, vomiting filled his own bosom and the whole tribunal with fragments of what he had been eating reeking with wine.

. . . . .

Cicero comes to an incident in Antony's career the mention of which, as the author's lively imagination prompts him, writing in his closet, to suppose, makes Antony start :

He does not dissemble, O conscript fathers ; it is plain that he is agitated ; he perspires ; he turns pale. Let him do what he pleases, provided he is not sick, and does not behave as he did in the Minucian colonnade. . . . Your colleague [Julius Cæsar] was sitting in the rostra, clothed in a purple robe, on a golden chair, wearing a crown. You mount the steps ; you approach his chair, (if you were a priest of Pan, you ought to have recollected that you were consul too ; ) you display a diadem. There is a groan over the whole forum. Where did the diadem come from ? For you had not picked it up when lying on the ground, but you had brought it from home with you, a premeditated

and deliberately planned wickedness. You placed the diadem on his head amid the groans of the people; he rejected it amid great applause. You then alone, O wicked man, were found, both to advise the assumption of kingly power, and to wish to have him for your master who was your colleague; and also to try what the Roman people might be able to bear and to endure. Moreover, you even sought to move his pity; you threw yourself at his feet as a suppliant; begging for what? to be a slave? You might beg it for yourself, when you had lived in such a way from the time that you were a boy that you could bear every thing, and would find no difficulty in being a slave; but certainly you had no commission from the Roman people to try for such a thing for them.

O how splendid was that eloquence of yours, when you harangued the people stark naked! What could be more foul than this? more shameful than this? more deserving of every sort of punishment? Are you waiting for me to prick you more? This that I am saying must tear you and bring blood enough, if you have any feeling at all. I am afraid that I may be detracting from the glory of some most eminent men. Still my indignation shall find a voice. What can be more scandalous than for that man to live who placed a diadem on a man's head, when every one confesses that that man was deservedly slain who rejected it? And, moreover, he caused it to be recorded in the annals, under the head of Lupericalia, "That Marcus Antonius, the consul, by command of the people, had offered the kingdom to Caius Cæsar, perpetual dictator; and that Cæsar had refused to accept it."

### Cicero again alludes to the killing of Cæsar :

The name of peace is sweet; the thing itself is most salutary. But between peace and slavery there is a wide difference. Peace is liberty in tranquillity; slavery is the worst of all evils—to be repelled, if need be, not only by war, but even by death. But if those deliverers of ours have taken themselves away out of our sight, still they have left behind the example of their conduct. They have done what no one else had done. Brutus pursued Tarquinius with war, who was a king when it was lawful for a king to exist in Rome. Spurius Cassius, Spurius Mælius, and Marcus Manlius were all slain because they were suspected of aiming at regal power. These are the first men who have ever ventured to attack, sword in hand, a man not aiming at regal power, but actually reigning. And their action is not only of itself a glorious and godlike exploit, but it is also one put forth for our imitation; especially since by it they have acquired such glory as appears hardly to be bounded by heaven itself. For although in the very consciousness of a



glorious action there is a certain reward, still I do not consider immortality of glory a thing to be despised by one who is himself mortal.

Contrasting Antony with Julius Cæsar, Cicero says :

In that man were combined genius, method, memory, literature, prudence, deliberation, and industry. He had performed exploits in war which, though calamitous for the republic, were nevertheless mighty deeds. Having for many years, aimed at being a king, he had with great labor, and much personal danger, accomplished what he intended. He had conciliated the ignorant multitude by presents, by monuments, by largesses of food, and by banquets; he had bound his own party to him by rewards, his adversaries by the appearances of clemency. Why need I say much on such a subject? He had already brought a free city, partly by fear, partly by patience, into a habit of slavery.

With him I can, indeed, compare you as to your desire to reign; but in all other respects you are in no degree to be compared to him. But from the many evils which by him have been burned into the republic there is still this good, that the Roman people has now learned how much to believe every one, to whom to trust itself, and against whom to guard. Do you never think on these things? And do you not understand that it is enough for brave men to have learned how noble a thing it is as to the act, how grateful it is as to the benefit done, how glorious as to the fame acquired, to slay a tyrant? When men could not bear him, do you think they will bear you? Believe me, the time will come when men will race with one another to do this deed, and when no one will wait for the tardy arrival of an opportunity.

Consider, I beg you, Marcus Antonius, do some time or other consider the republic: think of the family of which you are born, not of the men with whom you are living. Be reconciled to the republic. However, do you decide on your conduct. As to mine, I myself will declare what that shall be. I defended the republic as a young man; I will not abandon it now when I am old. I scorned the sword of Cati-line; I will not quail before yours. No, I will rather cheerfully expose my own person, if the liberty of the city can be restored by my death.

May the indignation of the Roman people at last bring forth what it has been so long laboring with. In truth, if twenty years ago in this very temple I asserted that death could not come prematurely upon a man of consular rank, with how much more truth must I now say the same of an old man? To me, indeed, O conscript fathers, death is now even desirable, after all the honors which I have gained, and the deeds which I have done. I only pray for these two things: One, that dying I may leave

the Roman people free. No greater boon than this can be granted me by the immortal gods. The other, that every one may meet with a fate suitable to his deserts and conduct toward the republic.

Thus the second philippic of Cicero ends. And with this selection of extracts ends our imperfect presentation to our readers of Cicero the orator.

By way of general retrospect and appreciation, see what our own great jurist and orator, Rufus Choate, says of Cicero and of Cicero's philippics. Mr. Choate is speaking on the general subject of "The Eloquence of Revolutionary Periods." The allusion to Cicero comes in as an important illustration of the orator's theme. Mr. Choate, in our citation, begins with presenting a useful foil of contrast to Cicero in the person and character of Julius Cæsar :

"Easy is it and tempting for the Merivales and Congreves (I am sorry to see De Quincey in such company) to say the senate and people of Rome were unfit to rule the world they had overrun; and, therefore, it was needful for an emperor and his guard and his legions to step in; easy and tempting is such a speculation, because nobody can disprove it, and it sounds of philosophy, seems to be new. . . .

"How soothing and elevating to turn from such philosophy, falsely so called, to the grand and stirring music of that eloquence—those last fourteen pleadings of Cicero, [the philippics,] which he who has not studied knows nothing of the orator, nothing of the patriot—in which the Roman liberty breathed its last. From that purer eloquence, from that nobler orator, the great trial of fire and blood through which the spirit of Rome was passing had burned and purged away all things light, all things gross; the purple robe, the superb attitude and action, the splendid commonplaces of a festal rhetoric, are all laid by; the ungraceful, occasional vanity of adulation, the elaborate speech of the abundant, happy mind, at its ease, all disappear; and, instead, what directness, what plainness, what rapidity, what fire,

what abnegation of himself, what disdain, what hate of the usurper and the usurpation, what grand, swelling sentiments, what fine raptures of liberty, roll and revel there! How there rise above and from out that impetuous torrent of speech, rushing fervidly, audibly, distinctly, between the peals of that thunder with which, like a guardian divinity, he seems to keep the senate-house, and the forum where the people assembled, unprofaned by the impending tyranny—how there rise, here and there, those tones, so sweet, so mournful, boding, and prophetic of the end! . . . The alternative of his own certain death, if the republic fell resisting—what pathos, what dignity, what sincerity, what merit intrinsic, it gives to his brave counsels of resistance!" [Mr. Choate at this point enters without notice upon a magnificent version, his own, no doubt, of a representative passage of Cicero's patriot oratory, as follows:]

Lay hold on this opportunity of our salvation, conscript fathers—by the immortal gods I conjure you!—and remember that you are the foremost men here, in the council-chamber of the whole earth. Give one sign to the Roman people that even as now they pledge their valor, so you pledge your wisdom to the crisis of the state. But what need that I exhort you? Is there one so insensate as not to understand that if we sleep over an occasion such as this, it is ours to bow our necks to a tyranny not proud and cruel only, but ignominious—but sinful? Do ye not know this Antony? Do ye not know his companions? Do ye not know his whole house—insolent,—impure,—gamesters,—drunkards? To be slaves to such as he, to such as these, were it not the fullest measure of misery, conjoined with the fullest measure of disgrace? If it be so—may the gods avert the omen—that the supreme hour of the republic has come, let us, the rulers of the world, rather fall with honor, than serve with infamy! Born to glory and to liberty, let us hold these bright distinctions fast, or let us greatly die! Be it, Romans, our first resolve to strike down the tyrant and the tyranny. Be it our second to endure all things for the honor and liberty of our country. To submit to infamy for the love of life can never come within the contemplation of a Roman soul! For you, the people of Rome—you, whom the gods have appointed to rule the world—for you to own a master is impious.

You are in the last crisis of nations. To be free or to be slaves—that is the question of the hour. By every obligation of man or states it behooves you in this extremity to conquer—as your devotion to the gods and your concord among yourselves encourage you to hope—or to bear all things but slavery. Other nations may bend to servitude; the birth-right and the distinction of the people of Rome is liberty.

The rendering which Choate thus gives of a passage of Cicero may serve to show what a different power there is in Cicero's eloquence according as he is translated or not by a man with the sense in him, and the capacity, of style.

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VIII.

VIRGIL.

NEXT to the Iliad of Homer, and hardly second to that, the Æneid of Virgil is the most famous of poems. The two poems, like the two poets, are joined forever in an inseparable comparison, contrast, and fellowship of fame. It would, however, be right that Homer's Odyssey, not less than his Iliad, should be associated in thought with the Æneid of Virgil. For the Æneid partakes quite as much of the character of the Odyssey, as it does of the character of the Iliad. It is, in fact, a composite reproduction of both those poems, Virgil's poetic invention consisting rather in a cunning of composition and harmony to blend the Iliad and the Odyssey into one new whole, an authentic creation of the Roman poet's proper genius—Virgil's invention, we say, consisting rather in this, than in power to produce really original material of his own.

But though thus there is little in the Æneid that was not first in either the Odyssey or the Iliad, still, Virgil is no plagiarist, and he is no mere copyist. He is a great individual poet, to whom Homer was as the rest of the universe, namely, a

vast free treasure-house of material and resource for his work. He went to the Iliad and the Odyssey for what he wanted ; but he, in doing so, no more conceived of himself as purloining from Homer, or even as dependently and slavishly copying Homer, than he would have conceived of himself as unworthily subservient, in a similar relation, to Nature her-



**VIRGIL.**

self, or to the history of mankind, if he had from these sources alone drawn all his matter and all his inspiration. Homer was already to Virgil a far-off, half-impersonal poet, hardly more than a name, to whom there could be no relation of debt worth considering, and whose works were so much a universal volume of poetry that to take from him

what you needed for your verse was a quite unquestionable matter of course. The present writer remembers once seeing Mr. Charles Sumner taken seriously to task for plagiarizing from Demosthenes; because, forsooth, in that fondness for classic tincture to his style which was an infirmity with this New England rhetorician, he introduced, in a senatorial speech of his, an elaborate adaptation of one of the most famous passages of the Greek's great Oration for the Crown. The fact is, Mr. Sumner was in this so far from being conscious to himself of any dishonorable conveyance of the Demosthenean eloquence, that it would have disappointed him rather not to have his literary art, in the use he thus made of his Greek, recognized by his hearers or his readers. Just so an Homeric story in Virgil was a thing for the Roman poet not to be ashamed of, but to be proud of. The portrait-painter Stuart would as soon have been mortified to be told concerning a picture of his, "Why, that is Washington," as would have been Virgil, to be told, "Why, you got that from Homer." In either case the artist would have smiled, and said, "I am glad you think it is like."

The literary history of the *Æneid* is remarkable. There has happened no parenthesis of neglect in the long sentence of study and approval which posterity has pronounced upon his genius and his fame. There was a time when Homer was forgotten, to be afterward revived in recollection, with the revival of Greek letters. But Virgil, if, during the ages which we call dark, he was not a poet to men, was in compensation a magician. A kind of unconscious blind poetry it was in itself, this mediæval metamorphosis of Virgil into a magician from a poet. For is not the poet—any poet, we mean—poetically conceived, a true magician? The most marvelous feats of magic were attributed to the power of Virgil. He was said to have built at Rome for Augustus, his imperial patron, a tower furnished with figures emblematic of the imperial provinces, each figure holding in its

hand a bell that would strike a spontaneous alarm whenever a revolt occurred in the province to which that particular figure appertained. This magical tower contained, besides, a mirror that would do for the eye what the bells did for the ear—it would show an image of the enemies of Rome, just as they appeared at any time in hostile array against the empire. Another mirror was more magical still. This mirror would reveal in reflection the secret guilt of any citizen of Rome. There are many other curious mediæval legends of Virgilius the magician. Perhaps Virgil himself is responsible for the transformation which popular superstition thus caused him to undergo. There is in one of his minor poems a mention made of magical arts—sufficient, perhaps, to become the fruitful germ of suggestion. The poem referred to is the eighth pastoral, and the magical arts consist of the repeated spells furnished by an enchantress to win the heart of a reluctant lover.

The history of Virgil's poetry is in great part the history of a singularly potent literary influence. Almost all readers know something of the relation between Virgil and Dante. The Florentine poet makes Virgil serve him as guide and master through all that strange imaginative experience of his in visiting hell and purgatory which he describes in his *Inferno* and *Purgatorio*—the first two parts of the "*Divina Commedia*." Dante stood in time close upon the hither confines of the Dark Ages. It is, perhaps, not absurd to imagine, that it was scarcely less Virgil's capacity of magician, than his capacity of poet, that first suggested to Dante his selection of Virgil as of all men the man to conduct and instruct amid the mysteries of the unseen world. The honor is well-nigh, if not quite, unique, that Virgil enjoys in being looked up to as superior by a genius that certainly was superior to him. For Dante's order of mind was loftier than was that of Virgil. It is Virgil's good fortune, not less than it is his merit, that he is so safely and so universally famous. Or

possibly his fame belongs in part to the man as distinct from the poet. For Virgil had what has been called the genius to be loved.

This simple fact about his character, that he was lovable, together with the complementary fact about his life, that he was loved, is the most important thing that we know of Virgil the man. He was born (70 B.C.) a country boy in the hamlet of Andes, (Northern Italy,) near Mantua, whence "the Mantuan" has become a designation for him. (Mr. Collins, editor of the Ancient Classics for English Readers, a series of books often praised in these pages, has himself prepared the volume on Virgil. It is curious, unaccountable indeed, that this careful writer should have suffered himself to say concerning Virgil, that "the emperor under whom he was born was that Octavianus Cæsar, nephew of the great Julius, whose title of 'Augustus,' " etc.—the fact being that Virgil was born seven years before even the birth of Augustus Cæsar. It probably was not a slip on Mr. Collins's own part, but it is an expression likely to cause a slip on the part of the reader—his allusion, made in the same connection, to certain "legionaries who had fought for Antony and young Octavianus *against Pompey*." There was of course no fighting done "for Antony and young Octavianus," until after Julius Cæsar fell; and before Julius Cæsar fell, "Pompey," that is, Pompey the Great, was murdered. The fighting referred to by Mr. Collins was against Sextus Pompey, son to Pompey the Great.) Virgil grew to early manhood in the rustic region of his birth. His little farm was not little enough to escape confiscation when the discharged legionaries of Octavius (Augustus) were to be furnished with settlements of land to keep them quiet and contented. Virgil had already won some friend at court who now proved influential enough to get back again for him, from the grace of Augustus, his confiscated patrimony. No wonder the grateful poet felt like praising his imperial patron in verse; and the interceding friend, Pollio, if Pollio



was he, is made securely immortal in recompense of his service. For, as Milton sings it of himself—with noble egotism justified by both the genius and the character of the singer—so Virgil, too, might have sung:

He can requite thee, for he knows the charms  
That call fame on such gentle acts as these,  
And he can spread thy name o'er lands and seas,  
Whatever clime the sun's bright circle warms.

The most celebrated of all Virgil's minor poems is known by the name of *Pollio*, supposed to have been the poet's friend in need.

It shows the terms on which victorious Roman emperors held their empire, that Virgil, bringing back from Rome an imperial edict that authorized him to recover his farm, was resisted by the soldier occupant, and obliged to swim the *Mincius* to save his life. A second visit of Virgil to Rome in prosecution of his right resulted in his becoming a resident of that city. Not improbably Augustus found it more convenient to give his grace to Virgil some other form of bounty, than the restoration of that farm enforced against the turbulent protest of his disappointed legionary.

There is a pretty story told of Virgil's composing a couplet of verses in praise of the emperor, and posting them secretly and anonymously on the palace gate. Augustus, having had the good taste to be pleased with the lines, made an effort to discover the author. Virgil's modesty kept him in the background, until some unscrupulous fellow thought it safe to claim the verses for his own. The impostor was handsomely rewarded. Virgil at this was so much vexed that he took measures to redress himself. With all his modesty and all his genius, Virgil seems not to have wanted a certain thrifty knack for making his way in the world. His present contrivance, however, was the contrivance of a poet, as well as

of a man of sense. Under the original distich he wrote an additional verse, running

I made these lines, another took the praise,

together with the first words of a verse to follow—which same first words were written four times, in form and order as if beginning four successive verses purposely left unfinished. Here was a puzzle and a mystery. Augustus condescended to require that the lines should be completed. Several attempts to complete them ignominiously failed. Virgil at last revealed himself as the author, and finished the lines. They read as follows :

Thus you not for yourselves build nests, O birds ;  
Thus you not for yourselves bear fleeces, flocks ;  
Thus you not for yourselves make honey, bees ;  
Thus you not for yourselves draw plows, O oxen.

The neat symmetrical look of the verses is necessarily lost in an English rendering. It is needless to say that the fortune of the poet was made.

Virgil is said to have been shy, awkward, retiring in society. He and the poet Horace were excellent friends, but that did not prevent so accomplished a man of the world as Horace from appreciating the country effect of Virgil in a drawing-room. It is guessed that Horace alludes loyally to this in one of his satires, where, without naming any one, he praises a friend of his for the worth disguised by him under an uncouth exterior.

Virgil was, it is believed, a man of exceptionally pure life, for a Roman of his time. His poetry agrees with this estimate of his morals. Toward the close of his life, he lived chiefly at Naples, Par-then'-o-pe, as it used to be called. (Wordsworth, in his magnificent sonnet of farewell and god-speed to Sir Walter Scott starting on his last melancholy voyage to Italy for his health, finely used the name Parthenope to close the closing line of the poem.) He ended his

peaceful and prosperous life in his fifty-first year, a very well-to-do man. He was buried, according to Roman custom, by the wayside. They still point out the spot to the tourist. It lies on the road leading to Pu-te'o-li, out from Naples.

Virgil's works consist of three classes of poems. The order of production must be exactly inverted to give the order of comparative importance. That is, Virgil's poetic achievement formed a regular climax to its close. He was still, after finishing the *Æneid*, younger than Milton was when he began his *Paradise Lost*. Finishing, we say; but, according to the poet's own standard, the *Æneid* never was finished. It is even reported that one of his parting directions was to have his manuscript of the poem burned. Augustus intervened to prevent the act of destruction. The text exhibits here and there an unfinished line. In short, the artist's last touches the poem never received; but the most of the poem is in a state requiring from the artist no last touches to improve it.

We had better let our own order of treatment follow Virgil's order of production. Take notice, however, kind reader, that the average course of preparation for college includes from Virgil only about six books of the *Æneid*. What, therefore, we give of the other poetry of Virgil will be so much over and above. First, then, of Virgil's pastoral poems.

These are called sometimes bucolics, (Greek for "pastorals," which latter term is Latin,) and sometimes eclogues, (Greek for "select pieces.") There are in all ten eclogues of Virgil now extant. They vary somewhat in length, averaging about eighty lines each. They are written in the same meter as that of the *Æneid*, dactylic hexameter. The idea of such poems is derived from a Greek original. Theocritus in particular was Virgil's master in this species of composition. The pupil, however, puts into some of his eclogues what he found no hint of anywhere in his master.

This is pre-eminently the case with the "Pollio," so called, which we shall by and by present in full.

In general, the eclogues presuppose a Utopian pastoral life; that is, a life such as never really existed anywhere, certainly not in Italy. The scenery and the circumstance are made up partly from the Greek Arcadia, partly from rural Italy, but chiefly from the poet's imagination. Shepherds, cultivated in music and poetry, tend their flocks and spend their time alternately in love-making and in matches of verse or of song. Grant the poet his world, which never was, which, indeed, never could be, and his poetry is fine. Virgil contrives to weave into his verse some compliments, sincere, no doubt, but thrifty all the same, to his friends, especially to his imperial friend, Augustus. We will be frank with our readers, and fairly tell them that they would not be greatly interested in Virgil's eclogues spread out before them at any considerable length. They are highly artificial literary forms, dependent for currency upon temporary and local vogue. And the vogue, at least among us, has passed, for such poems as these. Tennyson's pastorals, the "Gardener's Daughter," for instance, are intrinsically far more interesting, and far more valuable, as far more genuine, than Virgil's eclogues. Still, interested or not in these productions for their own sake, you will certainly be interested in them as celebrated pieces of literature.

The most celebrated among them all is, as we have said, the "Pollio," but that happens to be also the piece least truly pastoral in its quality. However—nay, for that very reason—it is at the same time the most highly characteristic, not, to be sure, of the eclogues as bucolics, but of the eclogues as purely conventional productions of an artificial age, and of a true poet rendered artificial by the influences surrounding him.

Our readers would find pleasure in comparing with Virgil's eclogues some imitative pastorals written by Pope at

sixteen years of age. These are marvels of precocious facility in verse.

The fourth pastoral, or the "Pollio," has for ostensible subject the birth of a marvelous boy, variously supposed to be son of Antony, son of Pollio, son of Augustus—even, by retrospective license on the poet's part, to be Augustus himself. The terms of allusion to this offspring, and of description of a blessed state of things to accompany and follow his birth, are, at points, singularly coincident with prophecies of Holy Writ concerning Jesus. The date of the poem is startlingly near that of the nativity of our Saviour. One can easily conceive in reading it that we have here an articulate utterance of the unconscious desire of all nations for a Redeemer. In it, the Sibyl is spoken of by Virgil as having foretold this happy age. Fragments still exist alleged to be authentic parts of the Sibylline oracles. But we cannot be sure. Those oracles, whatever they originally were, have been tampered with, for reasons of state and of church, until nothing of them remains that is unquestionably genuine. That old Latin hymn, so familiar to us all, the *Dies Iræ*, has a line,

Teste David cum Sibylla,

—David, along with the Sibyl, bearing witness—which keeps the idea of a Sibylline prophecy concerning Jesus fresh in modern recollection. Cuma was the Sibyl's dwelling-place.

Here, then, is Virgil's "Pollio." We use the prose translation of Professor Conington, of whose fruitful labors on Virgil we shall hereafter speak. The Muses of Sicily, you will observe, are invoked. Virgil thus acknowledges, or rather proclaims, that he derives his pastoral verse from Theocritus, a Sicilian Greek, of Syracuse:

#### POLLIO.

Muses of Sicily, let us strike a somewhat louder chord. It is not for all that plantations have charms, or groundling tamarisks. If we are to sing of the woodland, let the woodland rise to a consul's dignity.

The last era of the song of Cuma has come at length: the grand file of the ages is being born anew; at length the virgin is returning to the reign of Saturn; at length a new generation is descending from heaven on high. Do but thou smile thy pure smile on the birth of the boy who shall at last bring the race of iron to an end, and bid the golden race spring up all the world over—thou Lucina—thine own Apollo is at length on his throne. In thy consulship it is—in thine, Pollio—that this glorious time shall come on, and the mighty months begin their march. Under thy conduct, any remaining trace of our national guilt shall become void, and release the world from the thralldom of perpetual fear. He shall have the life of the gods conferred on him, and shall see gods and heroes mixing together, and shall himself be seen of them, and with his father's virtues shall govern a world at peace.

For thee, sweet boy, the earth, of her own unforced will, shall pour forth a child's first presents—gadding ivy and foxglove everywhere, and Egyptian bean blending with the bright smiling acanthus. Of themselves, the goats shall carry home udders distended with milk; nor shall the herds fear huge lions in the way. Of itself, thy grassy cradle shall pour out flowers to caress thee. Death to the serpent, and to the treacherous plant of poisoned juice. Assyrian spices shall spring up by the wayside.

But soon as thou shalt be of an age to read at length of the glories of heroes and thy father's deeds, and to acquaint thyself with the nature of manly work, the yellow of the waving corn shall steal gradually over the plain, and from briers, that know naught of culture, grapes shall hang in purple clusters, and the stubborn heart of oak shall exude dews of honey. Still, under all this show, some few traces shall remain of the sin and guile of old—such as may prompt men to defy the ocean goddess with their ships, to build towns with walls around them, to cleave furrows in the soil of earth. A second Tiphys shall there be in those days—a second Argo to convey the flower of chivalry; a second war of heroes, too, shall there be, and a second time shall Achilles be sent in his greatness to Troy.

Afterward, when ripe years have at length made thee man, even the peaceful sailor shall leave the sea, nor shall the good ship of pine exchange merchandise—all lands shall produce all things, the ground shall not feel the harrow, nor the vineyard the pruning-hook; the sturdy plowman, too, shall at length set his bullocks free from the yoke; nor shall wool be taught to counterfeit varied hues, but of himself, as he feeds in the meadows, the ram shall transform his fleece, now into a lovely purple dye, now into saffron-yellow—of its own will, scarlet shall

clothe the lambs as they graze. Ages like these, flow on!—so cried to their spindles the Fates, uttering in concert the fixed will of destiny.

Assume thine august dignities—the time is at length at hand—thou best-loved offspring of the gods, august scion of Jove! Look upon the world as it totters beneath the mass of its overhanging dome—earth and the expanse of sea and the deep of heaven—look how all are rejoicing in the age that is to be! O may my life's last days last long enough, and breath be granted me enough to tell of thy deeds! I will be o'er-matched in song by none—not by Orpheus of Thrace, nor by Linus though that were backed by his mother, and this by his father—Orpheus by Cal-li'o-pe, Linus by Apollo in his beauty. Were Pan himself, with Arcady looking on, to enter the lists with me, Pan himself, with Arcady looking on, should own himself vanquished.

Begin, sweet child, with a smile, to take notice of thy mother. . . .

There is a famous parallel, or paraphrase, or imitation, of the "Pollio," written in English heroics by Pope. This intentional and avowed imitation has the express purpose to point out the resemblances, so interesting to the modern and Christian reader, between the profane poet Virgil, and the sacred prophet Isaiah. Pope accompanies his poem (originally published in Addison's "Spectator") with entertaining and instructive commentary, which readers having access to it would do well to examine. Pope's title is, "Messiah, a Sacred Eclogue. In imitation of Virgil's Pollio."

In the Georgics, we have a poem on farming. The title itself, Georgics, means farming, from *ge* (Greek for 'earth,' appearing in geography, geology, geometry) and *ergo*, (an old Greek root, meaning 'work.') The object of the poem was to encourage agricultural pursuits. Augustus desired that the empire should be peace, and he wanted to see every sword turned into a sickle—that is, every sword but his own. It is doubtful if Virgil's Georgics ever made many men farmers, or made many farmers better farmers than they were before. The theory and practice of farming exhibited are hardly up to the mark of the present scientific times. Quite probably,

too, the farmers of Virgil's own day might have criticised the poet's suggestions at points. However, there is much good sense in the poem, mingled with much superstition. The tenor of didactics is pleasantly interrupted by occasional episode.

The *Georgics* are divided into four books. (The verse is dactylic hexameter.) The first book treats of raising what English people call corn, and we Americans call grain, or, in commercial dialect, cereal crops. The second book has the culture of fruits, especially of the grape, for its subject. The third book deals with the breeding and treatment of farm animals. The fourth book is given up to the topic of the management of bees. An aggressive religious earnestness appears throughout, animating the author, as it were out of time.

Virgil, in his *Georgics*, as in all his other poetry, follows Greek originals. Hesiod—in antiquity and in traditional character, to be associated with Homer—has a poem, not very poetical, entitled “*Works and Days*,” in which, after giving a legendary account of the history of the earth, he proceeds to furnish farmers with practical suggestions about their husbandry. Virgil draws from Hesiod. To other Greek authors Virgil owes an obligation, the extent of which it is no longer possible to estimate. When we come, in a succeeding volume, to speak of Lucretius, it may fall in our way to point out how Virgil, in the *Georgics*, found that philosophical Roman poet also an inspiration to his genius.

We give the opening lines, containing, first, what might be called the argument and dedication, and, secondly, the invocation. We use Dryden's version—iambic pentameters, or heroics, varied from uniformity by triplets, frequently replacing couplets, of lines, and by Alexandrines occurring at irregular intervals, whether sometimes through defect of ear in the rhymer, or always in the exercise of conscious art on his part, it might be a doubtful matter to determine. The



brevity and simplicity of the argument, as also of the dedication, are admirable in the original. The length and multiplicity, to say nothing of the adulatory blasphemy, of the invocation, are to be admired, if admired at all, rather for the ingenuity which they afford opportunity to display, than for any merit of a higher sort exhibited. The idea of the poet seems to have been to muster into his prayer as many of the national divinities as could in any way be associated with farming, and then to cap his climax with a sweetmeat of compliment to Augustus as large and as rich as the imperial stomach could be supposed equal to digesting. Whether the genius of the flatterer succeeded in satiating the appetite of the flattered, our readers shall be left to guess each one for himself. Here are the lines :

What makes a plenteous harvest, when to turn  
 The fruitful soil, and when to sow the corn ;  
 The care of sheep, of oxen, and of kine ;  
 And how to raise on elms the teeming vine ;  
 The birth and genius of the frugal bee,  
 I sing, Mæcenas, and I sing to thee.  
 Ye deities ! who fields and plains protect,  
 Who rule the seasons, and the year direct,  
 Bacchus and fostering Ceres, powers divine,  
 Who gave us corn, for mast, for water, wine—  
 Ye Fauns, propitious to the rural swains,  
 Ye Nymphs that haunt the mountains and the plains,  
 Join in my work, and to my numbers bring  
 Your needful succor ; for your gifts I sing.  
 And thou, whose trident struck the teeming earth,  
 And made a passage for the courser's birth ;  
 And thou, for whom the Cean shore sustains  
 The milky herds, that graze the flowery plains ;  
 And thou the shepherds' tutelary god,  
 Leave, for a while, O Pan, thy loved abode ;  
 And, if Arcadian fleeces be thy care,  
 From fields and mountains to my song repair.  
 Inventor, Pallas, of the fattening oil,  
 Thou founder of the plow and plowman's toil ;  
 And thou, whose hands the shroud-like cypress rear,  
 Come, all ye gods and goddesses, that wear  
 The rural honors, and increase the year ;  
 You who supply the ground with seeds of grain ;  
 And you, who swell those seeds with kindly rain ;

And chiefly thou, whose undetermined state  
 Is yet the business of the gods' debate,  
 Whether in after times, to be declared,  
 The patron of the world, and Rome's peculiar guard,  
 Or o'er the fruits and seasons to preside,  
 And the round circuit of the year to guide—  
 Powerful of blessings, which thou strew'st around,  
 And with thy goddess mother's myrtle crowned,  
 Or wilt thou, Cæsar, choose the watery reign  
 To smooth the surges, and correct the main?  
 Then mariners, in storms, to thee shall pray;  
 E'en utmost Thule shall thy power obey;  
 And Neptune shall resign the fasces of the sea.  
 The watery virgins for thy bed shall strive,  
 And Tethys all her waves in dowry give.  
 Or wilt thou bless our summers with thy rays,  
 And, seated near the Balance, poise the days,  
 Where in the void of heaven a space is free,  
 Betwixt the Scorpion and the Maid, for thee?  
 The Scorpion, ready to receive thy laws,  
 Yields half his region, and contracts his claws.  
 Whatever part of heaven thou shalt obtain,  
 (For let not hell presume of such a reign;  
 Nor let so dire a thirst of empire move  
 Thy mind, to leave thy kindred gods above;  
 Though Greece admires Elysium's blest retreat,  
 Though Proserpine affects her silent seat,  
 And, importuned by Ceres to remove,  
 Prefers the fields below to those above.)  
 Be thou propitious, Cæsar! guide my course,  
 And to my bold endeavors add thy force;  
 Pity the poet's and the plowman's cares;  
 Interest thy greatness in our mean affairs,  
 And use thyself betimes to hear and grant our prayers.

**We go on a few verses :**

While yet the spring is young, while earth unbinds  
 Her frozen bosom to the western winds;  
 While mountain snows dissolve against the sun,  
 And streams, yet new, from precipices run;  
 E'en in this early dawning of the year,  
 Produce the plow, and yoke the sturdy steer,  
 And goad him till he groans beneath his toil,  
 Till the bright share is buried in the soil.

These last lines, with others to follow, Daniel Webster, in  
 the spring preceding the autumn in which he died, copied  
 from memory, scarcely missing a word, in a letter written

from Washington, to his farmer in New Hampshire. No doubt the great statesman had carried up the passage in his mind, from boyhood to this his seventy-first year. The characteristic comments with which he introduced and followed his quotation are interesting:

“JOHN TAYLOR: I am glad to hear from you again, and to learn that you are all well, and that your teams and tools are ready for spring’s work, whenever the weather will allow you to begin. I sometimes read books on farming, and I remember that a very old author advises farmers ‘to plow naked, and to sow naked.’ By this he means that there is no use in beginning spring’s work till the weather is warm, that a farmer may throw aside his winter clothes, and roll up his sleeves. Yet he says we ought to begin as early in the year as possible. He wrote some very pretty verses on the subject, which, as far as I remember, run thus,”—

Webster, having given the lines, proceeds idiosyncratically:

“John Taylor, when you read these lines do you not see the snow melting, and the little streams beginning to run down the southern slopes of your Punch Brook pasture, and the new grass starting and growing in the trickling water, all green and bright and beautiful? And do you not see your Durham oxen smoking from heat and perspiration, as they draw along your great breaking-up plow, cutting and turning over the tough sward in your meadow, in the great fields?”

We may as well let Webster proceed a little farther, with Virgil’s *Georgics* according to Dryden:

“The name [so Webster tells his farmer] of this sensible author is Virgil, and he gives farmers much other advice, some of which you have been following all this winter, without ever knowing that he had given it:

But when cold weather, heavy snows and rain  
The laboring farmer in his house restrain,  
Let him forecast his work with timely care,  
Which else is huddled when the skies are fair;  
Then let him mark the sheep, and whet the shining share,

Or hollow trees for boats, or number o'er  
 His sacks, or measure his increasing store ;  
 Or sharpen stakes, and mend each rack and fork ;  
 So to be ready, in good time to work,  
 Visit his crowded barns, at early morn,  
 Look to his granary and shell his corn ;  
 Give a good breakfast to his numerous kine,  
 His shivering poultry and his fattening swine."

The foregoing lines are in Webster's quotation modified to suit them better to the state of things in New England. Still greater freedom he uses in the following passage, of which he writes :

"And Mr. Virgil says some other things, which you understand up at Franklin as well as ever he did :

In chilling winter, swains enjoy their store,  
 Forget their hardships, and recruit for more ;  
 The farmer to full feasts invites his friends,  
 And what he got with pains, with pleasure spends ;  
 Draws chairs around the fire, and tells once more  
 Stories which often have been told before ;  
 Spreads a clean table with things good to eat,  
 And adds some moistening to his fruit and meat ;  
 They praise his hospitality, and feel  
 They shall sleep better after such a meal.

"John Taylor, by the time you have got through this, you will have read enough.

"The sum of all is, be ready for your spring's work, as soon as the weather is warm enough.

"And then, put in the plow, and turn not back.

"DANIEL WEBSTER."

"Feasts" for "bowls," in the third line of the last citation, is a substitution of Webster's. The last six lines are Webster's own, improvised in playful imitation of Virgil translated by Dryden.

We make now a bold bound forward and light upon the end of Virgil's *Georgics*. The last book, our readers will remember, is devoted to the subject of bees. A climax is sought and found by the poet in a queer bit of thaumaturgy. He tells how bees, having once been quite lost to the

world, were renewed in their stock by a process which he describes at great length in one of the most elaborate episodes of the poem. Proteus figures in the episode—Proteus, a humorous old sea-god who has it for his specialty to be a cheat of the first water. He can slip from form to form in the very hands of those who hold him. But bind him, caught asleep, and you have him at advantage. Unless he manages still to deceive you as to his own true identity and so to make his escape from your hand, you can compel him to tell you any thing whatever, past, present, or future, you may desire to know. (Those of our readers who supply themselves with full translations of both Virgil and Ovid may compare these two poets in their several treatments of the Proteus legend.) The upshot is that the bee-seeker is directed to slay four fine bulls and four fair heifers and have their carcasses exposed. The wonderful sequel is thus told by the poet, (Professor Conington's prose translation once more:)

After, when the ninth morn-goddess had ushered in the dawn, he sends to Orpheus a funeral sacrifice, and visits the grove again. And now a portent, sudden and marvelous to tell, meets their view: through the whole length of the kine's dissolving flesh bees are seen, buzzing in the belly and boiling out through the bursten ribs, and huge clouds lengthen and sway, till at last they pour altogether to the tree's top, and let down a cluster from the bending boughs.

The conclusion of the poem follows immediately:

Such was the song I was making; a song of the husbandry of fields and cattle, and of trees; while Cæsar, the great, is flashing war's thunderbolt over the depths of Euphrates, and dispensing among willing nations a conqueror's law, and setting his foot on the road to the sky. In those days I was being nursed in Parthenope's delicious lap, embowered in the pursuits of inglorious peace—I, Virgil, who once dallied with the shepherd's muse, and with a young man's boldness, sang of thee, Tityrus, under the spreading beechen shade.

The poetry of the *Georgics* is of a texture more finished than is that of the poetry of the *Æneid*. You have, however,

to pick your steps in this poem with some care, if you are reading it aloud to a mixed company. Still, the standard and purpose of Virgil are, according to the age and the nation for which he wrote, good and pure, even nobly good and pure. It will be interesting and suggestive to compare an English poet's *Georgics* with the great Roman's. Read Thomson's *Seasons* as in some respects a parallel for Virgil's *Georgics*.

We come to the *Æneid*. This great epic has attracted many translators. We here shall have no doubt, no hesitation, in choosing from among the number. Mr. Conington, the late Professor John Conington, of Oxford, England, is unquestionably our man. Other translators than he have their merits; but for exhaustive learned preparation, scholarlike accuracy, divining insight, conscientious fidelity, sure good sense, resourceful command of language, unflagging spirit, Mr. Conington is easily the best of all Virgil's English metrical translators.

A serious abatement has to be made. Mr. Conington has chosen for his verse a measure, not only such that the proper stately Virgilian movement is lost in the English form which the poem assumes, but such that this movement suffers change to a gait entirely different, indeed violently contrasted. Virgil's line is like the Juno he describes in one of his own memorably fine, almost untranslatable, expressions; it moves with measured tread as queen. Mr. Conington's translation gives us a line that always hastens, and that sometimes runs with breathless speed. The high, queenly, sweeping, dactylic gait that Virgil taught his verse is transformed by Mr. Conington into a quick, springing, eager, forward, iambic bound. Perhaps, too, in a poem so long, the versification is felt at last to be a little monotonous. Mr. Conington adopts the octosyllabic wayward irregular meter, made so popular in the handling of Sir Walter Scott. You read the *Æneid* as if you were reading another *Lady of the*



Lake. The flowing robes of the dactylic hexameter are cinctured and retrenched into the neat, trim, smart frock of a Scottish lassie.

But our readers are not to be discomposed. The total effect is remarkably good. We have told you the whole truth. You get Virgil in almost every thing, but the movement of his verse. It needs to be added that Mr. Conington, brilliant as he is, brilliantly poetical almost, still remains rather a versifier than essentially a poet. He gives you not poetry so much as rhetoric in rhyme. But it is good rhyme, and it is good rhetoric. Now Virgil is a true poet; but his poetry is, far more than is Homer's, rhetorical. Conington, thus for his task

with Virgil, did not quite so absolutely need, as did Worsley for his task with Homer, to be a true poet.

There was, by the way, a relation between Worsley, the translator of Homer, and Conington, the translator of Virgil, of which our readers will like to hear. The two were mutual friends. They knew how to appreciate each other, and how to encourage each other by reciprocal appreciation. Mr. Worsley began to translate the Iliad, as he had before translated the Odyssey, in the Spenserian stanza of his choice. Now, Mr. Conington did not wholly approve of his friend's stanza, for the purpose; but when, about midway in the Iliad, the pen dropped from Worsley's failing hand, and his noble translation of the Homeric poems seemed likely to remain a torso, Mr. Conington, in his friend's behoof, took up the unfinished task, and brought it to a prosperous completion. The external character of the workmanship is indistinguishably the same as you pass the joint made in crossing from Worsley to Conington. Only the reader who possesses, or who imagines himself to possess, a subtle sense of poetry as differenced from verse and rhetoric, will perceive any change of literary standard in the work.

We give Virgil's *Æneid* chiefly in Conington's version. But there are other renderings of which our readers will enjoy seeing specimens. Foremost, of somewhat ancient fame, stands John Dryden's. You already know, from what you have seen of his handling of the *Georgics*, the character which Dryden's *Æneid* will inevitably bear. There will be vigor, there will be wit—if any chance offers, sometimes perhaps without much offering chance—there will be occasional breaches of taste, there will be plentiful noble negligence of fidelity to the original, and there will be sonorous rhythm and rhyme. We shall not need to furnish, in great quantity, additional samples of Dryden—who, by the way, says "*Æneis*" instead of "*Æneid*." In fact our spelling reformers are an age, nay, several ages, too late. They ought to have come with Dryden, or before. There was, in the history of our tongue, a time when the forms of words were very



conveniently unfixd and plastic. *Æneid*, *Æneis*, *Eneidos*, *Eneados*, are some of the various spellings for the title to Virgil's great epic, with which the curious explorer of books pertaining to their author will meet.

Mr. William Morris, too, of our own time, has his fancy for naming the epic of Virgil. His translation he entitles, "The *Æneids* of Virgil Done into English Verse." Each book, that is, of the poem, he will have to be an *Æneid*, as a *Georgic*, one might call each book of the *Georgics*. Mr. Morris, a Victorian poet, adopts for his verse the fourteen-syllabled couplet, in which George Chapman, of the age of Elizabeth, translated the *Iliad*. Mr. Morris was anticipated in his choice of this meter for the work. More than three hundred years ago, Thomas Phaer, a physician, translated the first nine books of the *Æneid* in the same form of English verse. Phaer (or Phaier, or Phaire, or Phayer, or Phayre—even English proper names were then such good subjects for spelling reform) was thirty years or so before George Chapman.

Some of our readers may prefer Mr. Morris's style to Mr. Conington's. Enough will be shown of Mr. Morris's rendering to enable each to choose for himself independently of the choice of his author. Our own countryman, Mr. C. P. Cranch—like Mr. Morris, poet and artist both in one—has translated the *Iliad* into blank verse. We shall exhibit a sample also of his work. And Mr. John D. Long, late governor of Massachusetts, now one of that commonwealth's representatives in Congress, a man of singularly clear fame, still young enough to let the hope of unaccomplished years be large and lucid round his brow—Mr. Long, we say, has executed in blank verse a translation of the *Æneid*, some specimen lines of which we shall take pleasure in presenting to our readers. As already remarked, however, we shall unhesitatingly choose Conington to furnish us the main current of our citation from Virgil.

The setting forth of the subject of the poem is excellent literary art, in Virgil's text. We cannot do better than to exhibit to our readers a collation of the forms in which this appears, as rendered by different translators. Let Mr. Conington lead :

Arms and the man I sing, who first,  
By Fate of Ilian realm amerced,  
To fair Italia onward bore,  
And landed on Lavinium's shore :—  
Long tossing earth and ocean o'er,  
By violence of heaven, to sate  
Fell Juno's unforgetting hate :  
Much labored too in battle-field,  
Striving his city's walls to build,  
And give his gods a home :  
Thence come the hardy Latin brood,  
The ancient sires of Alba's blood,  
And lofty-rampired Rome.

Dryden :

Arms, and the man I sing, who, forced by Fate,  
And haughty Juno's unrelenting hate,  
Expelled and exiled, left the Trojan shore.  
Long labors, both by sea and land, he bore,  
And in the doubtful war, before he won  
The Latian realm, and built the destined town ;  
His banished gods restored to rites divine,  
And settled sure succession in his line,  
From whence the race of Alban fathers come  
And the long glories of majestic Rome.

Morris :

I sing of arms, I sing of him, who from the Trojan land  
Thrust forth by Fate, to Italy and that Lavinian strand  
First came : all tost about was he on earth and on the deep  
By heavenly might for Juno's wrath, that had no mind to sleep :  
And plenteous war he underwent ere he his town might frame  
And set his gods in Latian earth, whence is the Latin name,  
And father-folk of Alba-town, and walls of mighty Rome.

Cranch :

I sing of arms, and of the man who first  
Came from the coasts of Troy to Italy  
And the Lavinian shores, exiled by fate.  
Much was he tossed about upon the lands  
And in the ocean by supernal powers,  
Because of cruel Juno's sleepless wrath.

Many things also suffered he in war  
 Until he built a city, and his gods  
 Brought into Latium; whence the Latin race,  
 The Alban sires, and walls of lofty Rome.

Long:

I sing of war. I sing the man who erst,  
 From off the shore of Troy fate-hunted, came  
 To the Lavinian coast in Italy,  
 Hard pressed on land and sea, the gods malign,  
 Fierce Juno's hate unslaked. Much too in war  
 He bore while he a city built, and set  
 His gods in Latium. Thence the Latin race,  
 Our Alban sires, the walls of haughty Rome!

It is no part of our purpose to discuss at any length the particular merits of the various versions that we name. Here, in at least one short sample, they all are; judge their merits for yourselves. Something, however, we may perhaps wisely say about varying degrees of fidelity to the original observable in these versions.

In preparation for such a comparison, while it may mystify, it may also entertain, possibly stimulate, the reader familiar only with English, if, of this one short passage we present a word-for-word translation, with the verbal order preserved of the original Latin. Latin prose has an order of construction which one might follow pretty closely, translating into English, and produce results that would be intelligible, (sometimes, indeed, barely so,) though marked with violent unidiomatic inversions, dislocations, and involutions. But Latin poetry has apparently well-nigh unlimited license in the relative order of its words. From such a translation as we are now about to give, of the opening lines of the *Æneid*, the English reader might almost seem justified in judging the verbal order of the passage in the original Latin to be as lawless, as if it had been reached by simply shuffling the proper words together in an arrangement purely fortuitous. Such, however, is by no means the case. Even in poetical construction, the law of Latin syntax still prevails, though prevailing after a manner which it would be uninteresting to

explain to one not versed at all in the language. What permits such seemingly strange collocation of words in a Latin sentence is principally the inflection to which Latin nouns and adjectives are subject. In most instances, you know absolutely whether a given noun is subject or object, in a Latin sentence, by the form in which it stands. What noun a given adjective affects, you know by the agreement in gender, number, and case, that subsists between the two. This peculiarity of the Latin language, (it belongs to the Greek no less,) as compared with the English, renders it possible for a Latin writer, without injury to clearness of style, to use, in disjoining and separating related words, a degree of freedom that in English would be hopelessly confusing—which let our readers see for themselves in the following literal, over-literal, translation of the lines from Virgil that they have now just read in a number of metrical versions :

Arms, man-and I sing, of Troy who first from shores | To Italy by  
fate to Lavinian-and came | Coasts much he both on lands tossed about,  
and on deep | By violence of superior beings, fierce mindful Juno's on  
account of wrath | Many things besides also in war suffering while he  
should build city | Bring-and gods to Latium: race whence Latin Alban-  
and fathers, and of lofty walls Rome.

Such an assemblage of words as the foregoing would certainly answer very well for a puzzle to amuse the leisurely and curious mind of childhood—the problem being to arrange the jumbled words in the order necessary to give sense, and the true sense. Take, for example, the clause, “fierce mindful Juno's on account of wrath.” The words of this clause would present a quite hopeless riddle. You could not tell with which noun to join the different adjectives. The order might be, “on account of fierce mindful Juno's wrath.” The idea in fact is, “on account of fierce Juno's mindful wrath,” and there is in the Latin no chance of other rendering. If readers would feel it a relief to have their brains settled, after whirling in the vortices, or wandering in the mazes, of

our too-literal translation, let them now peruse Professor Conington's clear and beautiful prose rendering of the same passage :

Arms and the man I sing, who at the first from Troy's shores the exile of destiny, won his way to Italy and her Latian coast—a man much buffeted on land and on the deep by violence from above, to sate the unforgetting wrath of Juno the cruel—much scourged too in war, as he struggled to build him a city, and find his gods a home in Latium—himself the father of the Latian people, and the chiefs of Alba's houses, and the walls of high towering Rome.

Professor Conington translates, you see, even in prose, with noble liberality. The Latin has no article. Whether the conception of the original writer may be better expressed by "the," or by "a," or by neither, is always a point to be decided for each particular case on its own grounds. In our own servile translation, we preferred to give the nouns uniformly quite bare of articles.

Professor Conington, we may in passing mention, besides his translation in verse of the *Æneid*, and in prose of the books of Virgil entire, has also a scholarly edition with notes of the original Latin text of his author. (And, by the way, since our "Preparatory Greek Course in English," there has appeared a choice prose translation of the *Odyssey* by Messrs. Butcher & Lang, obtainable at a fair price, in two different editions, that of Macmillan & Co., and that of D. Lothrop & Co. Both are well printed, but the latter is in larger type. A prose version of the *Iliad*, executed on the same plan, has also lately appeared.) Mr. W. T. Sellar has a thorough and satisfactory book on Virgil under the general title, "Roman Poets of the Augustan Age." To Professor Frieze, of the University of Michigan, must be attributed the merit of giving the lead to American scholars in producing school editions of the *Æneid*, luminous not only with learning, but with choice graphic illustrations of the text. We here are indebted to the liberality of Professor Frieze's

publishers, Messrs. D. Appleton & Co., for many of the cuts distributed through our own pages.

The *Æneid* is of set deliberate purpose a national epic in the strictest sense. Such, the *Iliad*, Hellenic as that poem is throughout, is not. It happens that the *Iliad* is Greek. Virgil expressly designed to produce a poem that should be Roman and national. The *Æneid* is accordingly, in its plan, a larger poem than the *Iliad*. The wrath of Achilles suffices to Homer for theme. Virgil's theme must be nothing less than the founding of Rome. The *Iliad*, personal by intention, is only by accident national. The *Æneid*, national by intention, is only by accident personal. Virgil is second and secondary to Homer. But nobody can deny that the conception of Virgil's poem, as a whole, though it may lack the attribute of spontaneity, may be cold-bloodedly intentional and conventional, is at least nobler in breadth and magnitude, perhaps also in height and aspiration, than is the conception of the *Iliad*. The *Iliad* grew to be what it was. The *Æneid* was made such as we have it by a first great act of invention on the part of the poet. Virgil's poem was, from the first, what, with few intervals, it has always remained, a school-book. Its national character eminently fitted it to be, as it was, a school-book to Roman boys.

A short summary of the action of the *Æneid* may help the reader follow intelligently the sequence of events. Virgil really does, what Homer is often said to do, but does not, plunge into the midst of things with his story.

In the first book, *Æneas*, the seventh summer after the fall of Troy, lands with his companions on the Carthaginian coast. Here, Ulysses-like, he relates to Carthaginian Queen Dido the story of his previous adventures and wanderings. This narration occupies two more books of the poem. The fourth book contains the episode of the mutual passion between Dido and *Æneas*, ending tragically for Dido in his faithless desertion of her and in her death by cruel suicide. The fifth

book describes the games celebrated by the Trojans on the hospitable shores of Sicily in honor of Æneas's dead father, Anchises (An-ki'ses.) In the sixth book, Æneas, arrived in Italy, makes his descent into the lower world. The rest of the poem relates the fortunes of Æneas in obtaining a settlement for the Trojans in Italy. There is war. Against the invaders, a great Italian champion appears, who serves the same purpose of foil to Æneas as long before did Hector to Achilles. The end, of course, is victory for Æneas.

We now return to let Virgil himself, speaking by the voice of English interpreter Conington, take us forward the first stage of his poem. There is, in the whole Æneid, no more finished versification, no more skillful narrative, no greater wealth of quotable and quoted phrases, than you will find in the first book of the poem. We should much like to give the book entire. We, however, promise ourselves the prospect of affording our readers even more pleasure by showing them the full text, or as nearly as possible the full text, of the sixth book. This, indeed, we feel under some obligation to do. In the volume preceding this, we omitted the Homeric story of a visit on the part of Ulysses to Hades—making peace with our readers then by a hint that we should by and by have the Virgilian version of the same incident to offer in compensation. We, therefore, condense Virgil's first book—by retrenchments which, not less on account of the beauty of the translation, than on account of the beauty of the original, it irks us sore to make. We begin with a citation long enough to include a fine example of Virgil's sublimity, appearing in the description of a storm and shipwreck. But first let us do as boys do when they are about to make a fine jump—let us go back a little and get a start before beginning. The few lines of transition intervening between the introduction and the story proper of Virgil are too good and too famous to be wholly left out. These, in particular—an invocation :

Say, muse, for godhead how disdained,  
 Or wherefore wroth, Heaven's queen constrained  
 That soul of piety so long  
 To turn the wheel, to cope with wrong.  
*Can heavenly natures nourish hate*  
*So fierce, so blindly passionate?*

The last couplet is the rendering, unfortunately somewhat dilute by amplification, of celebrated words :

Tantæne animis cœlestibus iræ?

Literally: Angers so great in minds celestial?

What immediately follows this challenge to the muse contains the supposedly muse-inspired account of the matter inquired about. Juno was jealous—partly on behalf of threatened Carthage, beloved by her, and partly on account of a slight done to her own claims of personal beauty, by Trojan Paris's judgment that Venus was lovelier than she. The passage contains memorable phrases, for example: *Samo posthabita*, meaning "[even] Samos being held in less esteem [than Carthage]"—an expression not unfrequently quoted, in various adaptation, by modern writers; *alta mente repositum*, literally, "stored up in her [Juno's] deep mind," said of the invidious judgment of Paris; *reliquias Danaum atque immitis Achilli*, literally, "remnants left by the Danaans and by pitiless Achilles," applying to the escaped Trojans; now a whole Virgilian line,

Tantæ molis erat Romanam condere gentem,

which let Conington modulate for us from the lofty single Virgilian hexameter to the ringing octosyllabic couplet :

So vast the labor to create,  
 The fabric of the Roman state.

Two lines for one, with however but two syllables added to the number of syllables.

We need not tell our readers that the machinery with which, in the comparatively long citation to follow, the raising and calming of the tempest are brought about, was already



in Virgil's time nearly as much an exploded superstition at Rome as is the case in our own day. There is in the introduction, on Virgil's part, of this absurd supernaturalism a certain lack of genuineness apparent, which in Homer we nowhere discover. The tempest-raising part of Æolus in this action is a transfer from Homer. Æolus has just responded favorably to an appeal from Juno for his intervention. His intervention is prompt. It was, literally, a word and a blow :

He said, and with his spear struck wide  
 The portals in the mountain side :  
 At once, like soldiers in a band,  
 Forth rush the winds, and scour the land :  
 Then lighting heavily on the main,  
 East, South, and West with storms in train,  
 Heave from its depth the watery floor,  
 And roll great billows to the shore.  
 Then come the clamor and the shriek,  
 The sailors shout, the main-ropes creak :  
 All in a moment sun and skies  
 Are blotted from the Trojan's eyes :  
 Black night is brooding o'er the deep,  
 Sharp thunder peals, live lightnings leap :  
 The stoutest warrior holds his breath,  
 And looks as on the face of death.  
 At once Æneas thrilled with dread ;  
 Forth from his breast, with hands outspread,  
 These groaning words he drew :  
 " O happy, thrice and yet again,  
 Who died at Troy like valiant men,  
 E'en in their parents' view !  
 O Diomed, first of Greeks in fray,  
 Why pressed I not the plain that day,  
 Yielding my life to you,  
 Where stretched beneath a Phrygian sky  
 Fierce Hector, tall Sarpedon lie :  
 Where Simois tumbles 'neath his wave  
 Shields, helms, and bodies of the brave ? "

Now, howling from the north, the gale,  
 While thus he moans him, strikes his sail :  
 The swelling surges climb the sky ;  
 The shattered oars in splinters fly ;  
 The prow turns round, and to the tide  
 Lays broad and bare the vessel's side ;  
 On comes a billow mountain-steep,  
 Bears down, and tumbles in a heap.

These stagger on the billow's crest,  
 Those to the yawning depth deprest  
 See land appearing 'mid the waves,  
 While surf with sand in turmoil raves.  
 Three ships the South has caught and thrown  
 On scarce hid rocks, as altars known,  
 Ridging the main, a reef of stone.  
 Three more fierce Eurus from the deep,  
 A sight to make the gazer weep,  
 Drives on the shoals, and banks them round  
 With sand, as with a rampire-mound.  
 One, which erewhile from Lycia's shore  
 Orontes and his people bore,  
 E'en in Æneas's anguished sight  
 A sea down crashing from the height  
 Strikes full astern : the pilot, torn  
 From off the helm, is headlong borne :  
 Three turns the foundered vessel gave,  
 Then sank beneath the engulfing wave.  
*There in the vast abyss are seen  
 The swimmers, few and far between,*  
 And warrior's arms and shattered wood,  
 And Trojan treasures strew the flood.  
 And now Ilioneus, and now  
 Aletes old and gray,  
 Abas and brave Achates bow,  
 Beneath the tempest's sway ;  
 Fast drinking in through timbers loose  
 At every pore the fatal ooze,  
 Their sturdy barks give way.

Neptune at this point

His calm broad brow o'er ocean rears.



NEPTUNE CALMING THE SEA.

He speaks with highly pacific effect thus described :

As when sedition oft has stirred  
 In some great town the vulgar herd,  
 And brands and stones already fly—  
 For Rage has weapons always nigh—  
 Then should some man of worth appear  
 Whose stainless virtue all revere,  
 They hush, they list : his clear voice rules  
 Their rebel wills, their anger cools :  
 So ocean ceased at once to rave,  
 When, calmly looking o'er the wave,  
 Girt with a range of azure sky,  
 The father bids his chariot fly.

The foregoing simile is a celebrated one. The allusion in it is, with great probability, held to be to an incident in Cicero's oratorical career. Roscius Otho had been greeted in a theater with a tumultuary storm of hisses. The disturbance grew to a riot. Cicero was summoned. He got the people into a temple near by, and there, with infinite skill, rebuked and rallied them out of their ill-temper. It was a striking triumph of oratory seconded by character.

The couplet italicized a little-way back, translates

*Apparent rari nantes in gurgite vasto,*

a highly picturesque phrase of description, which you will occasionally meet as classical garnish to a passage of writing in English.

Our readers, we are sure, must feel with us that such verse as they have now been reading is full of spirit. They may equally feel that it represents, and well represents, an original worthy of being thus admirably translated.

The "tempest-tossed Æneadæ" (Trojans) struggle ashore, and there make themselves as comfortable as they can. Æneas gets a shot (with bow and arrow) at some deer that come within sight and range. He kills just a deer apiece for his seven ships, and, with this good fortune to support him, he harangues his comrades :

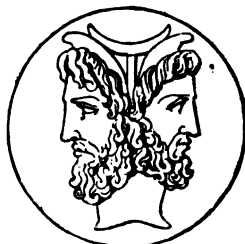
Comrades and friends! for ours is strength  
 Has brooked the test of woes;  
 O worse-scarred hearts! these wounds at length  
 The gods will heal, like those.  
 You that have seen grim Scylla rave,  
 And heard her monsters yell,  
 You that have looked upon the cave  
 Where savage Cyclops dwell,  
 Come, cheer your souls, your fears forget;  
*This suffering will yield us yet  
 A pleasant tale to tell.*  
 Through chance, through peril lies our way  
 To Latium, where the fates display  
 A mansion of abiding stay:  
 There Troy her fallen realm shall raise:  
 Bear up, and live for happier days.

### The couplet italicized translates

Et hæc olim meminisse juvabit,

(literally: Even these things hereafter to remember will afford delight,) a sentiment often quoted by modern authors in Virgil's own happy expression.

Venus intervenes. She begs her father Jove to let her do something handsome for her beloved Trojans. She took Jove at the right moment and went at him in the right way. He is completely overcome. He most paternally reassures his irresistible daughter with a prophetic sketch of the future awaiting her chosen nation. What noble flattery Virgil manages thus to offer to his countrymen, and to his illustrious patron, the emperor—we must leave it to the imagination of our readers to conjecture. An era of tranquillity, of course the Augustan age, is foreshadowed, in which



JANUS.

Grim iron bolt and massive bar  
 Shall close the dreadful gates of war.

In the closing line of the prophetic passage, by us omitted, Rage, personified, is represented as in the prosperous peace foretold roaring vainly

From lips incarnadined with gore.

Here "incarnadined" (dyed red) is a word that Conington, and with fine felicity, takes, no doubt, at the suggestion of Shakespeare's

The multitudinous seas incarnadine.

The word has a certain Virgilian quality which warrants Mr. Conington in using it, as he does, more than once in the course of his translation.

The next day Æneas had an adventure that was worth while. He met his goddess-mother, Venus, not confessed in her true divine identity, but wearing a disguise of virgin loveliness, which Virgil beautifully describes as follows:

In mien and gear a Spartan maid,  
Or like Harpalyce arrayed,  
Who tires fleet coursers in the chase,  
And heads the swiftest streams of Thrace.  
Slung from her shoulders hangs a bow ;  
Loose to the wind her tresses flow ;  
Bare was her knee ; her mantle's fold  
The gathering of a knot controlled.

The colloquy which ensued we have no room to give at large. The goddess informs Æneas where he is, and how, under present circumstances, he ought to manage matters. The bewitching creature uses 'one simile, to convey her encouragement to her son, that is divine enough to be reported to our readers :

Mark those twelve swans, that hold their way  
In seemly jubilant array,  
Whom late, down swooping from on high,  
Jove's eagle scattered through the sky ;  
Now see them o'er the land extend  
Or hover, ready to descend :  
They, rallying, sport on noisy wing,  
And circle round the heaven, and sing :

E'en so your ships, your martial train,  
Have gained the port, or stand to gain.  
Then pause not further, but proceed  
Still following where the road shall lead.

The immediate sequel was tantalizing in the extreme.  
Venus revealed herself as Venus and—instantly vanished :

She turned, and flashed upon their view  
Her stately neck's purpureal hue ;  
Ambrosial tresses round her head  
A more than earthly fragrance shed :  
Her falling robe her footprints swept,  
*And showed the goddess as she slept.*

She through the sky to Paphos moves,  
And seeks the temple of her loves.

The line in Italics translates

Et vera incessu patuit dea,

an expression familiar in quotation.

The two Trojans, Æneas and his faithful companion, Achaetes, shrouded by Venus in a cloud, invisibly visit the scene of the labors in progress for the founding of Carthage. The description is very fine in Virgil, and it loses nothing of spirit in the finished version of Mr. Conington. A simile occurs in it, one of Virgil's best, which our readers must not lose. The various busy labor of the Carthaginian builders is the subject :

So bees, when spring-time is begun  
Ply their warm labor in the sun,  
What time along the flowery mead  
Their nation's infant hope they lead ;  
Or with clear honey charge each cell,  
And make the hive with sweetness swell,  
The workers of their loads relieve,  
Or chase the drones, that gorge and thieve :  
*With toil the busy scene ferments,*  
And fragrance breathes from thymy scents.

The italicized line translates two words in the original, *Fervet opus*, "glows the work," literally rendered—a phrase of great descriptive power, which Mr. Conington injures by his compulsory dilution of it.

Æneas—Achates is now neglected by the poet—looks about him at his leisure. He examines a temple to Juno, and in it sees what affects him to tears—tears such as Ulysses also wept in the Phæacian land. The Trojan war is depicted in the decorations. One of his exclamations at the sight—an exclamation we are to suppose to have been inaudible, as the utterer of it was invisible—is famous in frequent citation. There is a charm-like effect to the words, which makes them seem somehow to convey a meaning deeper than they really do :

E'en here the tear of pity springs,  
And hearts are touched by human things,

an inadequate rendering of language which perhaps no art could successfully transmute into another and equivalent form of expression. These are Virgil's magical words :

Sunt lacrymæ rerum et mentem mortalia tangunt.

A previous word, "here," meaning 'even at Carthage,' affects the line and makes it say, literally, "Here too there are tears for things [that need them] and mortal experiences touch the mind."

The whole passage, descriptive of the scenes that were portrayed in that temple, is exceedingly fine. Æneas made a rapt study of what he saw, until he was interrupted by the approach of Queen Dido, whom the poet ushers in to us with a stately simile.

Dido seats herself and gives out laws—when, behold, some of those Trojans who were shipwrecked make their appearance. Invisible Æneas and Achates are overjoyed, but they wait and listen while one of their Trojan friends delivers himself of an extremely well-conceived appeal, for favorable consideration, to the queen and her subjects. The speaker makes flowing promises of the most honorable conduct on the part of his companions, and on that of the Trojans in general, by way of return for the hospitality they crave.

The Carthaginian queen responds with the utmost grace of majesty. She says she will send to seek their great Æneas. Æneas himself, with his friend Achates, amid the clouds can scarcely keep from crying out. The cloud seems to feel by sympathy the effects of his impulse to speak. It parts

And purges brightening into day.

And now an Homeric miracle. The goddess-mother of Æneas does for her son what readers of the *Odyssey* will remember Pallas Athene more than once did for her favorite warrior and sage, Ulysses—she glorifies Æneas into godlike grace and beauty. The transfiguration is beautifully portrayed by Virgil, and Mr. Conington as translator is not wanting to the occasion :

Æneas stood, to sight confest,  
A very god in face and chest :  
For Venus round her darling's head  
A length of clustering locks had spread,  
Crowned him with youth's purpleal light,  
And made his eyes gleam glad and bright :  
Such loveliness the hands of art  
To ivory's native hues impart :  
So 'mid the gold around it placed  
Shines silver pale or marble chaste.

Radiant Æneas makes to Dido a very gallant speech, full of chivalrous engagement. You would have taken him for the soul of honor. But honor, as we Christians understand the idea, was by no means Æneas's forte. Æneas's specialty was "piety"—piety in the sense of reverence for the gods and for parents, and of regard for duties owed to country. Virgil's attribution of piety to Æneas did not in the least imply that he, pious soul, might not all the same be a very poor reliance in relations other than the ones above specified. This, Dido, to her undoing, was presently to learn. Unconsciously, or indeed perhaps consciously, Virgil incorporated the very spirit of the ideal Roman character in his hero



Æneas. To this "pious" man nothing could be wrong that would tend to further his fortunes. But we anticipate.

Dido, in all good sincerity, makes fit queenly return of Æneas's high-flown assurances:

Myself not ignorant of woe  
Compassion I have learned to show,

is one of her pathetic expressions. These words translate the line,

Non ignara mali miseris succerrere disco,

which is one of the most frequently quoted of all Virgil's numerous contributions to the stock of current poetical commonplace. Dido thus refers to a sad experience of her own, in the loss of her husband Sy-chæ'us by foul unnatural murder. Poor soul, she was destined soon to be still more learned in the lore of woe, and that through the perfidy of this her pious guest. For the present, however, Dido lavishes refreshment on the Trojan crews, and sets her palace in order for the entertainment of their goddess-born and godlike leader, Æneas. He meantime, "loth to lose the father in the king," sends to have brought to him his son, the lovely lad variously named I-u'lus, I-lus, As-ca'ni-us.

This quest of the father's gives Venus a chance, not to be lost. She plans a deceit. Her boy Cupid shall go personate Ascanius and, nestling, at the feast to be, in the bosom of Dido, shall infix ineradicably there a sweet sting of love for Æneas. The true Ascanius, her grandson, the goddess transports elsewhere and

soft amaracus receives  
And gently curtains him with leaves.

The plot prospers. Cupid enters sympathetically into the humor of his part. As Mr. Conington featly and daintily translates,

Young Love obeyed, his plumage stripped,  
And, laughing, like Iulus tripped.

Unconscious Dido at the feast caresses her doom. The  
roguish Cupid having first

satisfied the fond desire  
Of that his counterfeited sire,  
Turns him to Dido. Heart and eye  
She clings, she cleaves, she makes him lie  
Lapped in her breast, nor knows, lost fair,  
How dire a god sits heavy there.  
But he, too studious to fulfill  
His Acidalian mother's will,  
Begins to cancel trace by trace  
The imprint of Sychæus' face,  
And bids a living passion steal  
On senses long unused to feel.

Dido is lost. She commits herself in boundless pledge to the  
Trojans. In a pause made, she solemnly appeals to Olympus.



JUPITER AND THE OLYMPIAN GODS.

Jove as the monarch, Juno as patroness of Carthage, and Bacchus as lord of feasts are the divinities invoked. Dido cries :

O make this day a day of joy  
Alike to Tyre and wandering Troy,  
And may our children's children feel  
The blessing of the bond we seal !

Readers must understand that Dido was a colonist at Carthage, lately come from Tyre. With her invocation of the Olympians, a full pledge in golden wine was poured out. Then the part performed by Demodocus at Homer's Phæacian banquet to Ulysses is repeated at this Didonian feast given in honor of Æneas. I-o'pas is the name of Virgil's bard. This name has never become so famous in subsequent song and story as has the name Demodocus. Nevertheless, the performance did not lack matter, as will show the following brilliant programme, itself poetry and song of potent spell to the imagination. How charmingly Mr. Conington has rendered it ! Virgil had a marked tendency toward philosophical poetry. Lucretius drew him strongly. Observe how he here makes Iopas go, as it were philosophically, not less than poetically, into the secret of things :

He sings the wanderings of the moon,  
The sun eclipsed in deadly swoon,  
Whence human kind and cattle came,  
And whence the rain-spout and the flame,  
Arcturus and the two bright Bears,  
And Hyads weeping showery tears,  
Why winter suns so swiftly go,  
And why the weary nights move slow.

Discourse succeeds to feast and song. Dido asks Æneas to tell the company all about his own various fortune—with which request ends book first of the Æneid.

The second book, with the third, is made up of Æneas's autobiographical story. The beginning of the tale has some phrases that have passed into the commonplace of quotation and allusion.

Too cruel, lady, is the pain  
You bid me thus revive again,

is Mr. Conington's turning into English of

*Infandum, regina, jubes renovare dolorem.*

Again the couplet,

The woes I saw with these sad eyne,  
The deeds whereof large part was mine,

renders

*quaeque ipse miserrima vidi  
Et quorum pars magna fui.*

The last clause in particular is almost a proverb for universal familiarity. Literally rendered, the whole quotation would read, "Both the things, most full of wretchedness, which I myself saw, and the things of which I a large part was." Nothing could possibly reproduce the neat denseness of the original Latin. Would readers like to see how Mr. Morris manages this place in his fourteen-syllabled line? Well, he, through the whole poem, makes his translation keep step verse by verse with the original—a thing which is in itself a merit. But the consequence is that here we have to give two partial lines answering to two such in Virgil:

*which thing myself unhappy did behold,  
Yea, and was no small part thereof.*

The adjective "unhappy" he seems to make qualify "myself," which in the original it does not do, it there qualifying the "thing," instead.

*All that I saw and part of which I was,*

is what the easy-going literary conscience of Dryden permits him to make of the same passage—he, to boot, rhyming execrably the word "place" with the word "was."

Æneas, as after-dinner story-teller, sets out with the incident of the celebrated Wooden Horse. Of this incident, only alluded to in our treatment of Homer, we proceed to

give Virgil's account in full, or nearly enough in full for the full satisfaction of our readers :

The Danaan chiefs, with cunning given  
By Pallas, mountain-high to heaven  
    A giant horse uprear,  
And with compacted beams of pine  
The texture of its ribs entwine :  
A vow for their return they feign,  
So runs the tale, and spreads amain.  
There in the monster's cavernous side  
Huge frames of chosen chiefs they hide,  
And steel-clad soldiery finds room  
Within that death-producing womb.

This huge image of a horse the Greeks leave on shore, and withdraw in their ships from the Trojans' sight. The delighted Trojans swarm out of the gates to survey the deserted camp of the Greeks. One of them proposes that they draw the colossal horse within the walls of the city. As to the expediency of this there are conflicting views, and La-oc'o-on—note the name, there is a sequel awaiting associated with this priest of Neptune—runs down to discountenance the project. His speech is full of prophet's wisdom and fire. One sententious phrase of it has become a proverb :

*Timeo Danaos et dona ferentes.*

Mr. Conington translates :

Whate'er it be, a Greek I fear  
Though presents in his hand he bear.

Literally translated: "I fear the Greeks, even bringing gifts." Mr. Morris says laboriously:

Whatso it is, the Danaan folk, yea gift-bearing, I fear.

The archaic quaintness everywhere infused by Mr. Morris into his version, is not justified by any corresponding quality in Virgil. The enforced accent on -ing in "gift-bearing" is a thing to be endured rather than to be enjoyed. From Dryden, you would not suspect that there was any thing

worthy of note in the original. Nothing could be more unconscious and commonplace :

Trust not their presents nor admit the horse.

The disposition to be made of the horse hangs in doubt, when a Greek captive is brought in who plays a very deep part. Si'non is the man's name. On the desperate chance of getting himself believed in a most improbable tale, this man has risked his life by thus throwing himself into the power of the Trojans. He pretends to have escaped from dreadful death at the hands of his own countrymen, having been, as he says, destined by them to perish, a human sacrifice, for their safe return from Troy. Sinon treats the Trojans to a rich abuse of Ulysses, which naturally, however illogically, wins their trust for the slanderer. Interrupting himself with exquisite art, he cries :

But why a tedious tale repeat,  
To stay you from your morsel sweet ?  
If all are equal, Greek and Greek,  
Enough—your tardy vengeance wreak ;  
My death will Ithacus delight,  
And Atreus' sons the boon requite.

The whole incident of Sinon's treachery is consummately well managed by Virgil, and Mr. Conington's translation is so admirable, that we have to put force upon ourselves to abridge it as we must. The upshot is that Sinon gets himself believed. His fetters are stricken off and, at Priam's kindly challenge, he has his desired chance to cheat the Trojans to the full, under sanction of protestations volunteered by him with gratuitous eloquence of perjury. Tell us honestly, Sinon, Priam says, What does the horse mean ?

Sinon's satisfaction to the old king's curiosity is ingeniously fabricated. He says that Pallas turned against the Greeks, aggrieved by profanation done to her image at the hands of ruthless Ulysses and Ty-di'des. These chieftains had plucked the sacred statue—Palladium, it was called—

from its seat in the temple in Troy, and stained it with blood. The Greek prophet Calchas, [Kal'kas,] so Sinon glibly relates, assures his countrymen that they must return home and there renew the omens, or they will never take Troy. Meantime they fashion the colossal horse in Pallas's honor,

An image for an image given  
To pacify offended Heaven.

Calchas, Sinon with skillful surplusage of lying, says, bade the Greeks rear the horse so high that the Trojans could not get it through their city gates, lest, taken within, it should make Troy impregnable, and endanger Greece.

To second and support the lithe lying of Sinon, a ghastly omen fell. Now comes in the story of Laocoon, which is too famous and too characteristic of Virgil not to be given to our readers without retrenchment, as Virgil tells it :

Laocoon, named as Neptune's priest,  
Was offering up the victim beast,  
When lo! from Tenedos—I quail,  
E'en now, at telling of the tale—  
Two monstrous serpents stem the tide,  
And shoreward through the stillness glide.  
Amid the waves they rear their breasts,  
And toss on high their sanguine crests ;  
The hind part coils along the deep,  
And undulates with sinuous sweep.  
The lashed spray echoes : now they reach  
The inland belted by the beach,  
And rolling bloodshot eyes of fire,  
Dart their forked tongue, and hiss for ire.  
We fly distraught ; unswerving they  
Toward Laocoon hold their way ;  
First round his two young sons they wreath,  
And grind their limbs with savage teeth :  
Then, as with arms he comes to aid,  
The wretched father they invade  
And twine in giant folds ; twice round  
His stalwart waist their spires are wound,  
Twice round his neck, while over all  
Their heads and crests tower high and tall.  
He strains his strength their knots to tear,  
While gore and slime his fillets smear,  
And to the unregardful skies  
Sends up his agonizing cries :

A wounded bull such moaning makes,  
When from his neck the axe he shakes,  
Ill-aimed, and from the altar breaks.  
The twin destroyers take their flight  
To Pallas' temple on the height ;  
There by the goddess' feet concealed  
They lie and nestle 'neath her shield.

**LAOCOON.**

No wonder that the Trojans now, seeing an apparent punishment so dire befall Laocöon, are shocked into unquali-



fied credit of Sinon's tale. With resistless enthusiasm, they rush to drag the fateful horse within the walls. Virgil's description of this madness and this action is instinct with fire. It is almost impossible to refrain from swelling our volume to admit it unabridged. But our readers will have, many of them, to get Mr. Conington's version, and read the whole *Æneid* for themselves. The book is accessible in comely republication, and is sold at a reasonable rate, by Messrs. A. C. Armstrong & Son—who ought, for so admirable a work, to feel, from the public, demand enough to justify them in making the plates of the book as nearly perfect as possible. (Let them, also, strengthen this volume of translation by twinning with it its fellow in felicity and in easy supremacy over every rival, Mr. Worsley's version of the *Odyssey*.)

The sequel of the contrivance of the Wooden Horse is thus told :

And now from Tenedos set free  
 The Greeks are sailing on the sea,  
 Bound for the shore where erst they lay,  
 Beneath the still moon's friendly ray :  
 When in a moment leaps to sight  
 On the king's ship the signal light,  
 And Sinon, screened by partial fate,  
 Unlocks the pine-wood prison's gate.  
 The horse its charge to aid restores  
 And forth the armed invasion pours,  
 Thessander, Sthenelus, the first,  
 Slide down the rope : Ulysses curst,  
 Thoas and Acamas are there,  
 And great Pelides' youthful heir,  
 Machaon, Menelaus, last  
 Epeus, who the plot forecast.  
 They seize the city, buried deep  
 In floods of revelry and sleep,  
 Cut down the warders of the gates,  
 And introduce their conscious mates.

That same night *Æneas*, in his sleep, is visited by a vision of Hector. Hector bids him flee from the doomed city and carry Troy to other shores. The frightful hurly-burly of that night's confused fight and massacre, mixed with conflagra-

tion, is powerfully described by Virgil, who, as usual, is powerfully translated by Mr. Conington. Æneas wakes, and climbs to the palace-roof. At first the flaming houses fill his sight. His ear next is assailed with sound :

Then come the clamor and the blare,  
And shouts and clarions rend the air.

Virgil's line enjoys great renown :

Exoritur clamorque virum clangorque tubarum.

Any one who will read it aloud, pronouncing the Latin after his own fashion, whatever that fashion be, will find his mouth filled with words, and his ear filled with sound. It is a fine example of consonance between sound and sense. Mr. Morris, in his line-for-line style, renders thus :

The shout of men ariseth now, and blaring of the horn.

Tennyson's rolling crescendo, in the Ode on Wellington,

Followed up in valley and glen  
With blare of bugle, clamor of men,  
Roll of cannon, clash of arms,  
And England pouring on her foes,

owes probably its second line to a recollection of Virgil here.

A priest of Apollo, escaped from the marauding Greeks, makes his way to the house, and Æneas asks him what of the night. The answer contains two memorable lines :

Venit summa dies et ineluctabile tempus  
Dardaniæ. Fulvus Troes, fuit Ilium et ingens  
Gloria Teucrorum.

Conington renders :

'Tis come, our fated day of death.  
We have been Trojans : Troy has been :  
She sat, but sits no more, a queen.

Mr. Morris :

Time was, the Trojans were ; time was, and Ilium stood ; time was,  
And glory of the Teucric folk !

No translation could well reproduce the solemn and lofty prophet-like effect of the original, with its melancholy pro-

longation of words, its dense brevity withal, its inimitable choice of order in syntax. Literally it reads: "Has come the final day, and the not-to-be-struggled-out-of occasion, to Dardania. We have been, we Trojans; it has been, the city of Ilium, and the boundless glory of the sons of Teucer."

The perfect tenses, "We have been," and "Troy has been," are examples, magnificent examples, of the pregnant idiom with which the Romans sometimes expressed great calamity by stopping short of statement, and trusting to irresistible inference. We English-speakers say, "He is no more; he is dead;" the Romans sometime said, "He has been; he has lived"—the *ap-o-si-o-pe'sis*, the refusal to speak, being more eloquent than declaration.



PRIAM.

Among the touching incidents of the last night of Troy, with which the teeming invention of Virgil crowds his swift-revolving kaleidoscopic narrative, there is, perhaps, none so pathetic as that of aged Priam's girding on the armor of his youth, to sally out and do battle with the foe. Hecuba, his wife, espies him in his panoply, and exclaims at the noble madness of the old man. One line of her exclamation is, almost literally, a jewel, such as Tennyson (in a phrase, itself also such a jewel) describes in *The Princess*,

jewels five-words-long  
That on the stretched forefinger of all Time  
Sparkle forever :

Non tali auxilio nec defensoribus istis.

The full Virgilian sentence adds the two words, *Tempus eget*; the sense being, "Not aid such as yours, nor defenders

like you, does the occasion demand." Some, however, of the best Latin scholars find here a meaning considerably different, namely, "Not aid of such a sort as arms afford, nor weapons like those you bring, will answer the present need," (we must pray rather than fight.) Mr. Conington, accordingly, with bold freedom, translates :

times so dire  
Bent knees, not lifted arms, require—

a rendering which, even be the general meaning granted, the ambiguity in the word "arms," and the doubtful symbolism of "lifted," qualifying "arms," combine to make not entirely happy. Difference of view on a sentence apparently so simple may surprise our readers. None the less, it is part of desirable knowledge to know that such difference of view exists. The applications are manifold, in which this famous line of Virgil's continues, and will always continue, to be quoted in all literatures that have any relation with the literature of Rome.

The end of Priam comes by the hand of Pyrrhus, son of Achilles. Priam had just seen his own son Polydorus slain at his very feet by Pyrrhus, and with aged ire had upbraided the slayer as degenerate offspring of an illustrious sire. He had even hurled against Pyrrhus an impotent weapon. Now a few lines of Virgil according to Conington :

Then Pyrrhus : " Take the news below,  
And to my sire Achilles go :  
Tell him of his degenerate seed,  
And that and this my bloody deed.  
Now die : " and to the altar-stone  
    Along the marble floor  
He dragged the father slithering on  
    E'en in his child's own gore :  
His left hand in his hair he wreathed,  
    While with the right he plied  
His flashing sword, and hilt-deep sheathed  
    Within the old man's side.  
So Priam's fortunes closed at last :  
So passed he, seeing as he passed

His Troy in flames, his royal tower  
 Laid low in dust by hostile power.  
 Who once o'er land and peoples proud  
 Sat, while before him Asia bowed :  
 Now on the shore behold him dead,  
 A nameless trunk, a trunkless head.

The last line of Conington affords an admirable instance of this accomplished translator's quality as rhetorician rather than poet. What consummate rhetoric is

A nameless trunk, a trunkless head !

The sense is exactly Virgil's, the rhetoric exactly Conington's. That repetition, in transposed order, of the word trunk—it is brilliant, but it is too brilliant. It is rhetoric rather than poetry.

No wonder pious Æneas was horrified. No wonder he thought of his own father Anchises. In his craze, he was tempted to lift his hand against Argive Helen, seen by him crouching in the temple of Vesta. But his mother Venus came between, confessing the goddess in her august Olympian grace, and Æneas was saved acknowledging to a woman the sorry prowess of a woman slain by his hand. Venus exhorted her son to look after his father, his wife, and his boy. She promised him safe conduct to his own dwelling. His eye-sight should be clarified to see with more than mortal vision :

That vision showed me Neptune's town  
 In blazing ruin sinking down :  
 As rustics strive with many a stroke  
 To fell some venerable oak ;  
 It still keeps nodding to its doom,  
 Still bows its head, and shakes its plume,  
 Till, by degrees o'ercome, one groan  
 It heaves, and on the hill lies prone.

Mr. Conington transforms the tree in this comparison from mountain-ash (Virgil's species) to oak.

Have we perhaps a reader here or there who will remember that in our preceding chapter, "The City and the

People," the author himself used this very image of Virgil's, the slow-descending oak, to set forth the decline and fall of the Roman Empire? It was either a coincidence of independent thought in two writers, or else it was a case of unremembered influence received by the later from the elder. However, the image as used by Virgil illustrates the fall of a city, by conflagration, accomplished in a night; the image as used by the present writer illustrated the decadence of an empire slowly proceeding through centuries of time. Appropriately, Virgil's tree, symbolizing Troy, falls under strokes of an axe; while our oak, symbolizing the Roman Empire, was conceived of as succumbing to secular influences of natural decay.

The saviour son Æneas has trouble with his spirited old father, who refuses to be saved. Whereupon Æneas is as spirited as he, and, unrestrained by his wife Cre-u'-sa's entreaty, is on the point of rushing forth again into the street brim with its battle and flame, when, behold a prodigy! A lovely lambent flame lights on the head of little Iulus, as his mother is eloquently presenting him in argument to his father. The parents try to quench it, but prophetic grandfather Anchises is enraptured at the sight. He prays for confirmation of the omen. A clap of thunder on the left, and a sliding meteor above the palace-roof! Anchises chants—but we should profane a holy phrase with such an application—we were about to say his "Nunc dimittis"—Anchises, in short, now consents to flee with Æneas. The pious son arranges a place of meeting for Creusa, outside the city, and starts, bearing his father on his shoulders and leading his boy by the hand—an immortal picture of filial fidelity.

Creusa got parted from her company and met a fate unknown. Æneas did what a faithful husband was bound to do; he returned to the city in search of his wife. Her specter met him and bade him fare well. She was not to be

his companion. He tried to embrace her, but he embraced emptiness. Æneas was wifeless.

The second book ends with Æneas's return to his father and son, where he had left them in order to seek his wife. He there found a number of Trojans ready to join their fate with his.

The third book is crowded with matter; but we must dispose of it very briefly. This we may the better do, since it is pretty close imitation of the *Odyssey*, and the *Odyssey* has in a former volume of this series been somewhat largely represented.

Æneas, in this third book, tells of seven years' wanderings



SCYLLA.

with his fleet—seven years, short by the one winter which the wanderers spend, to begin with, in building ships. The season following, the Trojans visit Thrace, and found a town. Hence they are driven forth by a dire prodigy. Æneas, sacrificing to Jupiter, plucks, to garland the altars, a sapling which from the wound trickles gore. A second

time, and a third, this happens, and the third time a "lamentable sound" issues from the earth. It cries to Æneas:

Trojan, not alien is the blood  
That oozes from the upturn wood.  
Fly this fell soil, these greedy shores:  
The voice you hear is Polydore's.

Polydore, (Polydorus,) it seems, was a Trojan who had been sent by Priam, bearing treasure to be stored in trust with the Thracian king—this, in preparation for the downfall feared of Troy. The Thracian king turned traitor, and, making an end of Polydorus, seized his trust of treasure. Now comes a phrase of Virgil's that men often quote, "*auri sacra fames*," "accursed hunger for gold"—so literally, but since thirst and hunger are twin appetites guardian of life, Conington is well enough justified in seeking his rhyme, by saying, as he does:

Fell lust of gold! abhorred, accurst!  
What will not men to slake such thirst?

(The last line has its equivalent in the Latin.) English readers looking at the Latin word "*sacra*" may naturally be surprised to see it translated (the opposite of what it should seem to mean) "accursed." "Sacred," rather, you would be inclined to guess. This is the explanation: The word first means, "dedicated, devoted to the gods." Then "devoted in order to be destroyed," whence, by easy transition, "accursed," "detestable."

From Thrace faring, Æneas next came to Delos, the fable of which is that it was a floating island until fixed and anchored by Phœbus Apollo to be the seat of his oracle.

In Delos, Æneas prays to Apollo. With memorable pathos he calls himself and his companions by the repeated phrase, our readers will remember it,

reliquias Danaum atque immitis Achilli.

Æneas gets an answer which Anchises interprets into sailing directions to the company for Crete, whither accordingly



the Trojans sail, only to suffer there from pestilence, until, about to send back again for instruction explanatory of instruction, they receive distinct warning from their own household gods, brought with them in Anchises' hands from Ilium, that Italy was their true destination. Another chance is thus offered for a strain of prediction about the future glories of Rome. The appetite for this sort of thing that Virgil could calculate on with Romans in general, and with the emperor in particular, must have been immense. Probably it grew by what Virgil fed it on. Praise well served is an extremely dainty dish. Such Frederick the Great found it, when Voltaire was the cook, accomplished as that Frenchman was, to more than the national degree of skill in this culinary art.

So to sea once more. Out of sight of land they find themselves, those Trojans; and Virgil, through Æneas, makes a point of it. His expression,

coelum undique et undique pontus,

—sky everywhere and everywhere sea, is famous. The chiasm in it, that is, the transposed construction—the word for “everywhere,” as you will observe, occupying exchanged positions in the two clauses—is a fine stroke of literary art.

Of the Ulyssean adventures that befell Æneas on his voyage, we skip, among others, the incident of the harpies, and come to the story of the Cyclops. But we ought to tell our readers that meantime it has chanced to Æneas to meet an old Trojan friend in Hel'e-nus, who, singularly enough, has mated with An-drom'a-che, Hector's wife, and, by a variety of circumstances has, with her, succeeded, he a Trojan, to a Grecian crown. From Helenus, acting in his quality of priest to Apollo, Æneas gets yet again a prophecy of what awaits him. This time, however, the prediction concerns itself chiefly with the immediate future, the period, namely, of Æneas's wanderings still to be accomplished.

Virgil, with obvious ingenuity of joinery, pieces his own account of the Cyclops upon that of his master. He makes Æneas encounter a forlorn Greek—it is a wonder that, with the Trojans, the thought of Sinon did not inopportunately occur, to be the instant death of the man—who says that his fellows in misery inadvertently left him behind, flying wildly from the dreadful neighborhood. The Greek—he had a long name, Ach'e-men'i-des [Ak]—describes the monster Cyclops and his den.



SIRENS.

Let us have a change. We go for this once from Mr. Conington to Mr. Morris. The change will perhaps be grateful to some readers.

A house of blood and bloody meat, most huge from end to end,  
 Mirky within : high up aloft star-smiting to behold  
 Is he himself ;—such bane, O God, keep thou from field and fold !  
 Scarce may a man look on his face ; no word to him is good ;  
 On wretches' entrails doth he feed and black abundant blood.  
 Myself I saw him of our folk two hapless bodies take  
 In his huge hand, whom straight he fell athwart a stone to break  
 As there he lay upon his back ; I saw the threshold swim  
 With spouted blood, I saw him grind each bloody dripping limb,

I saw the joints amidst his teeth all warm and quivering still.  
 —He payed therefor, for never might Ulysses bear such ill,  
 Nor was he worse than himself in such a pinch bestead :  
 For when with victual satiate, deep sunk in wine, his head  
 Fell on his breast, and there he lay enormous through the den,  
 Snorting out gore amidst his sleep, with gobbets of the men  
 And mingled blood and wine ; then we sought the great gods with prayer,  
 And drew the lots, and one and all crowded about him there,  
 And bored out with a sharpened pike the eye that used to lurk  
 Enormous lonely 'neath his brow o'erhanging grim and mirk.

While the wretched Greek was yet speaking, Pol'y-phe'mus,  
 the blinded Cyclops, appears. Conington :

A pine-tree, plucked from earth, makes strong  
 His tread, and guides his steps along.

Readers of Milton will recall (" Paradise Lost," i, 292)

His spear, to equal which the tallest pine,  
 Hewn on Norwegian hills to be the mast  
 Of some great ammiral, were but a wand,  
 He walked with to support uneasy steps  
 Over the burning marle,

which presents the same picture—in Milton heightened to correspond justly with the larger and sublimer scale of the general representation.

The last thing told by Æneas before the incident of his landing on the Carthaginian coast is the death of his father Anchises, which, like the dutiful son that Æneas was, and affectionate, he bewails in sweet and pathetic verse.

The feast was ended, and the long recital of Æneas.

The fourth book is devoted to the sad tale of Dido and her fatal passion for her guest. The episode is interesting, but it has not the interest of a story of love, such as Christianity, with its gospel of woman's equality with man, has taught us moderns to understand love between the sexes. Of that love, pagan antiquity knew nothing. The relation between Dido and Æneas was not one of true love, but one of passion, in which the passion was chiefly on the hapless woman's side. We moderns cannot enter into the sympathy of it. Dido

you pity indeed, but hardly respect. You feel more satisfaction in heartily execrating Æneas with his everlastingly applauded piety. You wish he were a little less pious and a little more honorable.

There are celebrated passages of fine poetry in this book which we must lay before our readers ; but poor Dido's moon-struck maanderings to her confidant sister Anna, together with her love-sick wheedling of Æneas kind, and her crazy objurgation of Æneas treacherous—this detail may well be spared. Virgil does it all with great skill, displaying in it great knowledge of the human heart. But the story rather revolts the modern taste. Let us pass it. The short of it is that Dido helplessly burns for Æneas, that Æneas ruins Dido and deserts her, and that then Dido takes refuge in suicide, having first provided to perish in a funeral pyre that shall flame high enough to be a baleful sign to Æneas off at sea. Thus is a quasi-historic reason found or feigned by Virgil for the immortal enmity that subsisted between Carthaginian and Roman blood. It should be said that the rascal Olympian divinities come in to be, as usual, mutually antagonist artificers of fraud.

After Dido's fall, she seeks at once to cover her disgrace :

She calls it marriage now ; such name  
She chooses to conceal her shame.

What follows is perhaps as famous a passage as any in ancient poetry. It is a magnificent description of fame, report, or rumor personified—gossip, we might familiarly call the creature :

Now through the towns of Libya's sons  
Her progress Fame begins,  
Fame than who never plague that runs  
Its way more swiftly wins ;  
Her very motion lends her power ;  
She flies and waxes every hour.  
At first she shrinks, and cowers for dread :  
Ere long she soars on high :  
Upon the ground she plants her tread,  
Her forehead in the sky.

Wroth with Olympus, parent Earth  
 Brought forth the monster to the light,  
 Last daughter of the giant birth,  
 With feet and rapid wings for flight.  
 Huge, terrible, gigantic Fame!  
 For every plume that clothes her frame  
 An eye beneath the feather peeps,  
 A tongue rings loud, an ear upleaps.  
 Hurling 'twixt earth and heaven she flies  
 By night, nor bows to sleep her eyes;  
 Perched on a roof or tower by day  
 She fills great cities with dismay;  
 How oft soe'er the truth she tell,  
 She loves a falsehood all too well.

A nice critical assay would perhaps find in the foregoing brilliant lines from Virgil as much alloy of rhetoric as verse will bear and still keep to a high standard of poetical purity.



MERCURY CONVEYING THE MESSAGE  
 OF JUPITER.

Here is another fine passage. It is descriptive of night—the calm night on which, while wakeful Dido communed with herself about ways of yet regaining her lover, that lover, himself first roused by Mercury, messenger of Jove, roused in turn his men, and faithlessly, though piously, set sail for Italy. The contrast of the

universal quiet, in a few strokes so strongly depicted, with Dido's unrest, is very effective:

'Tis night: earth's tired ones taste the balm,  
 The precious balm of sleep,  
 And in the forest there is calm,  
 And on the savage deep;

The stars are in their middle flight :  
 The fields are hushed : each bird or beast  
 That dwells beside the silver lake  
 Or haunts the tangles of the brake  
 In placid slumber lies, released  
 From trouble by the touch of night ;  
 All but the hapless queen.

Queen Dido wakes and soliloquizes; Æneas sleeps and dreams. He dreaming, Mercury presents himself to him with a message.

Away to sea ! a woman's will  
 Is changeful and uncertain still,

is the gist and the close of Mercury's communication. The Latin almost translates itself, to the English reader :

Varium et mutabile semper  
 Femina—

"a thing moody and mutable ever—woman," we may render it literally. It was, of course, a slant at Dido through a generalization assailing her sex. A fit brave sentiment truly for such a man as Æneas to meditate ! Compare and contrast with that of Virgil this of Scott's :

O woman ! in our hours of ease,  
 Uncertain, coy, and hard to please,  
 And variable as the shade  
 By the light quivering aspen made ;  
 When pain and anguish wring the brow,  
 A ministering angel thou !

The difference of sentiment is, of course, partly a difference created by the difference of occasion ; but are we not all conscious that there is a feeling in Scott of which, less perhaps by his own individual character than by the fortune of his historic position, Virgil was incapable ? Human thought and feeling have been marvelously transposed by Christianity to a different key. Here, however, is a sentiment that would not read out of place in Scott, attributed to one of his proud fierce chieftain warriors :

Let the false Dardan feel the blaze  
That burns me pouring on his gaze,  
And bear along, to cheer his way,  
The funeral presage of to-day.

These are the suicide queen-lover's very last words. Æneas, on his part, pitied Dido, perhaps dropped some tears over



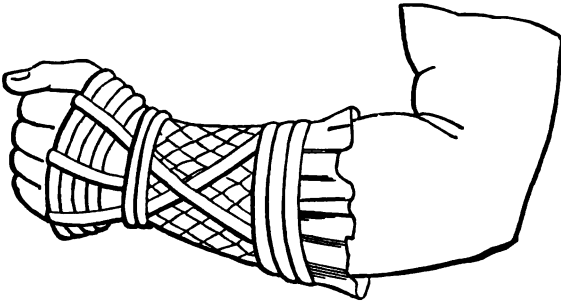
DIDO'S DEATH.

her fate—about as he might pour a libation to the gods and think of it no more—pious soul, intent he on his mission of founding an empire.

The fifth book is largely occupied with an elaborate account of games celebrated on a friendly shore by the Trojans under the imperio-paternal eye of Æneas, in honor of the anniversary of his father Anchises' death. They had a galley-race, a foot-race, a boxing-match, a trial of archery, and, to crown all, a gallant competition of horsemanship in mimic tournament, on the part of the boys. Virgil here accounts for the origin of the Ludus Trojanus, a public game so called prevalent in his own time at Rome—an adjustment of his poem to the popular pleasure quite characteristic of the genius and complaisance of this pre-eminently national poet.

We shall not follow the vicissitudes of the fortune of the

sports engaged in by the Trojans, which, however, we may say, in passing, are cunningly shaken up and fitted in the kaleidoscope of deft invention. There is mischance and laughter—Roman laughter, not Greek—mixed with the ambitions, the strivings, the victories, the defeats, that attend the games. “Good Æneas,” as Mr. Conington, partly in deference to modern taste perhaps, and partly in concession to the needs of his measure, translates Virgil’s reiterated “pious Æneas”—good, or pious, Æneas, (pious, we, for our part,



CESTUS.

should say, rather than good,) makes every body fairly happy at last by lavishly distributing gifts all around—to the victorious as prizes, to the defeated as solaces.

Now let us be free to go skimming over the surface of book fifth, and take off the *summa*, as perhaps the Latin-speakers might say, the cream, say we, of the rhetoric and poetry which it contains.

There are several consecutive lines standing near the outset of this book which Virgil very closely repeats from book third. Mr. Conington translates as if the repetition were more nearly exact than it really is. The fact would seem to be that Virgil, conscious of repeating himself, aimed at variation. For instance, Conington translates both times,

On every side the watery plain,  
On every side the expanse of sky,



whereas Virgil once says that, and the other time says,

On every side the expanse of sky,  
On every side the watery plain,

using, however, in the two cases different words for "watery plain," that is, the sea. One is a little surprised that Mr. Morris here did not obey the logic of his method in translation and vary his order of words to follow Virgil's varied order.

In the part about the galley-race (this is a rowing-match) occurs that memorable expression which some readers perhaps will recollect the present writer alluded to in application to Marius. It is very neatly rendered by Mr. Comington :

They can, because they think they can.

Confidence of success certainly is a great help to succeeding.

*Possunt, quia posse videntur*

is the Virgil of it—"they are able because they seem [to themselves] to be able."

At the end of the trial in archery—the first bowman has sent his arrow into the wood of the mast to which the dove was tied, the second has with his shaft cut the binding cord, a third has pierced the flying bird in air; happy climax of marksmanship, for the marksman happy, unhappy for the mark!—at the end of all this, we say, Acestes, the host of the Trojan wanderers, disappointed of his chance to shoot, discharges his arrow aimlessly into the sky. Hereupon a prodigy—for which we moderns care nothing, but the simile that describes it is worth quoting :

E'en in the mid expanse of skies  
The arrow kindles as it flies,  
Behind it draws a fiery glare,  
Then wasting, vanishes in air :  
So stars, dislodged, athwart the night  
Career and trail a length of light.

Virgil's similes are thick-sown, not however with unwise plenty, through his verse. They are almost always lucky likenesses, and luckily set off—luckily, with that careful good luck which is called *curiosa felicitas*, curious felicity.

The Trojans' stay with Acestes is marked by a sinister incident. The Trojan women being apart by themselves during the games are instigated by a disguised emissary from Juno to set fire to the fleet. A timely shower from Jupiter stays the conflagration, but not before four ships have been consumed. Æneas decides to build a town on the coast for those of his company who prefer not to go farther. With embraces and with tears they part, those who go, from those who stay. On the smooth sail to Cumæ, Pal'i-nu'rus, the pilot of Æneas's vessel, falls overboard asleep and is drowned. It was the trick of the god Sleep. So ends the fifth book.

The sixth book is a long and splendid tract of poetry. The matter of it is Æneas's descent into Hades. This descent is accomplished with much antecedent as well as accompanying circumstance and ceremony. Resort is had to the residence of the Sibyl at Cumæ (Cuma). This famous mythical personage is a well-known subject in the modern painter's art. She is thus introduced by Virgil :

Within the mountain's hollow side  
 A cavern stretches high and wide ;  
 A hundred entries thither lead ;  
 A hundred voices thence proceed,  
 Each uttering forth the Sibyl's rede.  
 The sacred threshold now they trod :  
 " Pray for an answer ! pray ! the god,"  
 She cries, " the god is nigh !"  
 And as before the doors in view  
 She stands, her visage pales its hue,  
 Her locks dishevelled fly,  
 Her breath comes thick, her wild heart glows,  
 Dilating as the madness grows,  
 Her form looks larger to the eye,  
 Unearthly peals her deep-toned cry,  
 As breathing nearer and more near  
 The god comes rushing on his seer.

"So slack" cries she "at work divine?  
Pray, Trojan, pray! not else the shrine  
Its spell-bound silence breaks."

Thus adjured, Æneas fell to praying with pious pagan zeal. The result was marked and immediate. The maiden seer is as drunk as a pantheist with god, that is, with Apollo:

The seer, impatient of control,  
Raves in the cavern vast,  
And madly struggles from her soul  
The incumbent power to cast:  
He, mighty Master, plies the more  
Her foaming mouth, all chafed and sore,  
Tames her wild heart with plastic hand,  
And makes her docile to command.  
Now, all untouched, the hundred gates  
Fly open, and proclaim the fates.

The fates are trouble, ending in conquest, for Æneas. The prophet-maid has a dreadful convulsion all the time, which Æneas waits to see a little composed before he boastfully prefers his request to be admitted to the lower world. The Sibyl told him, in words that have become as famous as any in poetry,

*facilis descensus Avernì,*

*Etc.,*

which Mr. Conington translates:

The journey down to the abyss  
Is prosperous and light:  
The palace-gates of gloomy Dis  
Stand open day and night:  
But upward to retrace the way  
And pass into the light of day  
There comes the stress of labor; this  
May task a hero's might.

She uses powerfully deterrent language, but bids Æneas, if he still will try the journey, go into the woods and look till he finds a certain mystic golden bough which may serve as passport to the regions of the dead. With much ado, this branch is found. Then sacrifice is offered and, with a warning cry, "Back, ye unhallowed," to all besides, she invites Æneas to follow her and plunges into the cave.

Here Virgil puts up a prayer in his own behalf for permission to go on and tell what he has resolved on telling :

Eternal Powers, whose sway controls  
The empire of departed souls,  
Ye too, throughout whose wide domain  
Black Night and grisly Silence reign,  
Hoar Chaos, awful Phlegethon,  
What ear has heard let tongue make known :  
Vouchsafe your sanction, nor forbid  
To utter things in darkness hid.

Permitted or not, Virgil proceeds with his disclosure. Of Æneas and his guide, he says :

Along the illimitable shade  
Darkling and lone their way they made,  
Through the vast kingdom of the dead,  
An empty void, though tenanted :  
So travelers in a forest move  
With but the uncertain moon above,  
    Beneath her niggard light,  
When Jupiter has hid from view  
The heaven, and Nature's every hue  
Is lost in blinding night.

The shapes that haunt, as porters and portresses, about the entrance of Hades are a grim group :

At Orcus' portals hold their fair  
Wild Sorrow and avenging Care ;  
And pale Diseases cluster there,  
    And pleasureless Decay,  
Foul Penury, and Fears that kill.  
And Hunger, counselor of ill,  
    A ghastly presence they :  
Suffering and Death the threshold keep  
And with them Death's blood-brother, Sleep :  
Ill Joys with their seducing spells  
    And deadly War are at the door ;  
The Furies couch in iron cells  
And Discord maddens and rebels ;  
    Her snake-locks hiss, her wreaths drip gore.

The description of the journey proceeds :

The threshold passed, the road leads on  
To Tartarus and to Acheron.  
At distance rolls the infernal flood,  
Seething and swollen with turbid mud,

And into dark Cocytus pours  
 The burden of its oozy stores.  
 Grim, squalid, foul, with aspect dire,  
 His eye-balls each a globe of fire.  
 The watery passage Charon keeps,  
 Sole warden of those murky deeps :  
 A sordid mantle round him thrown  
 Girds breast and shoulder like a zone.  
 He plies the pole with dexterous ease,  
 Or sets the sail to catch the breeze,  
 Ferrying the legions of the dead  
 In bark of dusky iron-red,  
 Now marked with age ; but heavenly powers  
 Have fresher, greener eld than ours.  
 Towards the ferry and the shore  
 The multitudinous phantoms pour ;  
 Matrons, and men, and heroes dead,  
 And boys and maidens, yet unwed,  
 And youths who funeral fires have fed  
     Before their parents' eye :  
 Dense as the leaves that from the tree  
 Float down when autumn first is keen,  
 Or as the birds that thickly massed  
 Fly landward from the ocean vast,  
 Driven over sea by wintry blast  
     To seek a sunnier sky.  
 Each in pathetic suppliance stands,  
 So may he first be ferried o'er,  
 And stretches out his helpless hands  
     In yearning for the farther shore :  
 The ferryman, austere and stern,  
 Takes these and those in varying turn,  
 While other some he scatters wide,  
 And chases from the river side.  
 Æneas, startled at the scene,  
 Cries, " Tell me, priestess, what may mean  
     This concourse to the shore ?  
 What cause can shade from shade divide  
 That these should leave the river side,  
     Those sweep the dull waves o'er ? "  
 The ancient seer made brief reply :  
 " Anchises' seed, of those on high  
     The undisputed heir,  
 Cocytus' pool, and Styx you see,  
 The stream by whose dread majesty  
     No god will falsely swear.  
 A helpless and unburied crew  
 Is this that swarms before your view :  
 The boatman, Charon : whom the wave  
 Is carrying, these have found their grave.

For never man may travel o'er  
 That dark and dreadful flood before  
     His bones are in the urn.  
 E'en till a hundred years are told  
 They wander shivering in the cold:  
 At length admitted they behold  
     The stream for which they yearn."

There is now an encounter, on Æneas's part, with pilot Palinurus, disconsolate because his corpse lies unburied. The Sibyl promises the shade that the coast where he perished shall bear a name associated with his own—whereat his grief is comforted! What an irony, such comfort—irony probably not intended by Virgil, who was no cynic—on posthumous fame!

The two adventurers, Æneas and the Sibyl, come in due



CHARON LANDING GHOSTS FROM HIS BOAT.

course to the banks of the Styx. Charon, the infernal ferryman, challenges Æneas, but the Sibyl speaks the hero's name and shows the golden branch. This satisfies Charon, and he lets Æneas step into his boat. The crazy bark sinks deep under living weight, but they all get safe across. It was to a gruesome place:

Lo! Cerberus with three-throated bark  
 Makes all the region ring,  
 Stretched out along the cavern dark  
     That fronts their entering.

The seer perceived his monstrous head  
 All bristling o'er with snakes uproused,  
 And toward him flings a sop of bread  
 With poppy-seed and honey drowsed.  
 He with his triple jaws dispread  
 Snaps up the morsel as it falls,  
 Relaxes his huge frame as dead,  
 And o'er the cave extended sprawls.  
 The sentry thus in slumber drowned,  
 Æneas takes the vacant ground,  
 And quickly passes from the side  
 Of the irremeable tide.

("Ir-re'me-a-ble" (not to be repassed) is Virgil's own stately Latin polysyllable, *irremeabilis*, transferred almost without change into English. In making this impressive transfer Conington follows Dryden.)

Hark! as they enter, shrieks arise,  
 And wailing great and sore,  
 The souls of infants uttering cries  
 At ingress of the door,  
 Whom, portionless of life's sweet bliss,  
 From mother's breast untimely torn,  
 The black day hurried to the abyss  
 And plunged in darkness soon as born.  
 Next those are placed whom Slander's breath  
 By false arraignment did to death.  
 Nor lacks e'en here the law's appeal,  
 Nor sits no judge the lots to deal.  
 Sage Minos shakes the impartial urn,  
 And calls a court of those below,  
 The life of each intent to learn  
 And what the cause that wrought them woe.  
 Next comes their portion in the gloom  
 Who guiltless sent themselves to doom,  
 And all for loathing of the day  
 In madness threw their lives away:  
 How gladly now in upper air  
 Contempt and beggary would they bear,  
 And labor's sorest pain!  
 Fate bars the way: around their keep  
 The slow unlovely waters creep  
 And bind with ninefold chain.

Another class were there whom love had slain. Virgil, of course, does not "slip the occasion"—indeed it was probably an occasion expressly created by the poet—to bring

about a dramatic encounter between Æneas and Dido. The total effect commends Virgil's art; for the reader is gratefully relieved in his feeling as to both the two personages concerned:

'Mid these among the branching trees  
 Sad Dido moved, the Tyrian queen,  
 Her death-wound ghastly yet and green.  
 Soon as Æneas caught the view  
 And through the mist her semblance knew,  
 Like one who spies or thinks he spies  
 Through flickering clouds the new moon rise,  
 The tear-drop from his eyelids broke,  
 And thus in tenderest tones he spoke:  
 "Ah Dido! rightly then I read  
 The news that told me you were dead,  
     Slain by your own rash hand!  
 Myself the cause of your despair!  
 Now by the blessed stars I swear,  
 By heaven, by all that dead men keep  
 In reverence here 'mid darkness deep,  
 Against my will, ill-fated fair,  
     I parted from your land.  
 The gods, at whose command to-day  
 Through these dim shades I take my way,  
 Thread the waste realm of sunless blight,  
 And penetrate abysmal night,  
 They drove me forth: nor could I know  
 My flight would work such cruel woe:  
 Stay, stay your step awhile, nor fly  
 So quickly from Æneas' eye.  
 Whom would you shun? this brief space o'er,  
 Fate suffers us to meet no more."  
 Thus while the briny tears run down,  
 The hero strives to calm her frown,  
     Still pleading 'gainst disdain:  
 She on the ground averted kept  
 Hard eyes that neither smiled nor wept,  
 Nor bated more of her stern mood  
 Than if a monument she stood  
     Of firm Marpesian grain.  
 At length she tears her from the place  
 And hies her, still with sullen face,  
     Into the embowering grove,  
 Where her first lord, Sychæus, shares  
 In tender interchange of cares  
     And gives her love for love;  
 Æneas tracks her as she flies,  
 With bleeding heart and tearful eyes.



As soon as Æneas could stanch his flowing heart and eyes,  
he with his guide advanced to the quarters of the warrior  
dead. Here Trojan ghosts recognized him :

They cluster round their ancient friend ;  
No single view contents their eye :  
They linger and his steps attend,  
And ask him how he came, and why.

Upon the Grecian slain a quite different effect is produced  
by the sight of Æneas :

Some huddle in promiscuous rout  
As erst at Troy they sought the fleet ;  
Some feebly raise the battle-shout ;  
Their straining throats the thin tones flout  
Unformed and incomplete.

The Sibyl checks a colloquy between Æneas and De-iph'o-  
bus with reminder that the time was passing. Deiphobus  
flees, and Æneas now beholds a gloomy prison-house of pain.  
Virgil describes and, through the Sibyl, relates :

Hark ! from within there issue groans  
The cracking of the thong,  
The clank of iron o'er the stones  
Dragged heavily along.  
Æneas halted, and drank in  
With startled ear the fiendish din :  
"What forms of crime are these?" he cries,  
"What shapes of penal woe?  
What piteous wails assault the skies?  
O maid ! I fain would know."  
"Brave chief of Troy," returned the seer,  
"No soul from guilt's pollution clear  
May yon foul threshold tread :  
But me when royal Hecate made  
Controller of the Avernian shade,  
The realms of torture she displayed,  
And through their horrors led,  
Stern monarch of these dark domains,  
The Gnosian Rhadamanthus reigns :  
He hears and judges each deceit,  
And makes the soul those crimes declare  
Which, glorying in the empty cheat,  
It veiled from sight in upper air.  
Swift on the guilty, scourge in hand,  
Leaps fell Tisiphone, and shakes  
Full in their face her loathly snakes,  
And calls her sister band.

Then, not till then, the hinges grate,  
 And slowly opes the infernal gate.  
 See you who sits that gate to guard?  
 What presence there keeps watch and ward?  
 Within, the Hydra's direr shape  
 Sits with her fifty throats agape.  
 Then Tartarus with sheer descent

Dips 'neath the ghost-world twice as deep  
 As towers above earth's continent

The height of heaven's Olympian steep.

'Tis there the eldest born of earth,  
 The children of Titanic birth,  
 Hurl'd headlong by the lightning's blast,  
 Deep in the lowest gulf are cast.  
 Alocus' sons there met my eyes,  
 Twin monsters of enormous size,  
 Who storm'd the gate of heaven, and strove  
 From his high seat to pull down Jove.

Salmoneus too I saw in chains,  
 The victim of relentless pains,  
 While Jove's own flame he tries to mock  
 And emulate the thunder-shock.

By four fleet coursers chariot-borne  
 And scattering brands in impious scorn

Through Elis' streets he rode,  
 All Greece assisting at the show,  
 And claimed of fellow-men below

The honors of a god :

Fond fool ! to think that thunderous crash  
 And heaven's inimitable flash

Man's puny craft could counterfeit  
 With rattling brass and horsehoof's beat.

Lo ! from the sky the Almighty Sire

The levin-bolt's authentic fire

'Mid thickest darkness sped

(No volley his of pine-wood smoke)

And with the inevitable stroke

Dispatched him to the dead.

There too is Tityos the accurst,  
 By earth's all-fostering bosom nurst :

O'er acres nine from end to end

His vast unmeasured limbs extend :

A vulture on his liver preys :

The liver fails not nor decays :

Still o'er that flesh, which breeds new pangs,

With crooked beak the torturer hangs,

Explores its depth with bloody fangs,

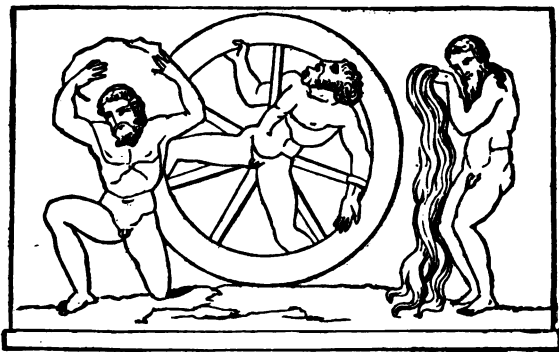
And searches for her food ;

Still haunts the cavern of his breast,

Nor lets the filaments have rest,

To endless pain renewed.

Why should I name the Lapith race,  
 Pirithous and Ixion base?  
 A frowning rock their heads o'ertops,  
 Which ever nods and almost drops:  
 Couches where golden pillars shine  
 Invite them freely to recline,  
 And banquets smile before their eyne  
 With kingly splendor proud:  
 When lo! fell malice in her mien,  
 Beside them lies the Furies' queen:  
 From the rich fare she bars their hand,  
 Thrusts in their face her sulphurous brand,  
 And thunders hoarse and loud.  
 Here those who wronged a brother's love,  
 Assailed a sire's grey hair,  
 Or for a trustful client wove  
 A treachery and a snare,  
 Who went on hoarded wealth to brood,  
 In sullen selfish solitude,  
 Nor call their friends to share the good  
 (The most in number they)  
 With those whom vengeance robbed of life  
 For guilty love of other's wife,  
 And those who drew the unnatural sword,  
 Or broke the bond 'twixt slave and lord,  
 Await the reckoning-day.



SISYPHUS, IXION, TANTALUS.

Ask not their doom, nor seek to know  
 What depth receives them there below.  
 Some roll huge rocks up rising ground,  
 Or hang, to whirling wheels fast bound:

There in the bottom of the pit  
 Sits Theseus, and will ever sit :  
 And Phlegyas warns the ghostly crowd,  
 Proclaiming through the shades aloud,  
 " Behold, and learn to practice right,  
 Nor do the blessed gods despise."  
 This to a tyrant master sold  
 His native land for cursed gold,  
     Made laws for lucre and unmade :  
 That dared his daughter's bed to climb :  
 All, all essayed some monstrous crime,  
     And perfected the crime essayed.  
 No—had I e'en a hundred tongues,  
 A hundred mouths, and iron lungs,  
 Those types of guilt I could not show,  
 Nor tell the forms of penal woe.

The Sibyl, ending thus, once more hastens Æneas, and they go on to the dwelling-place of the happy dead. At the entrance, Æneas deposits his golden bough. Virgil describes Elysium and its inhabitants :

Green spaces, folded in with trees,  
 A paradise of pleasancess.  
 Around the champaign mantles bright  
 The fullness of purple light ;  
 Another sun and stars they know,  
 That shine like ours, but shine below.  
 There some disport their manly frames  
 In wrestling and palæstral games,  
 Strive on the grassy sward, or stand  
 Contending on the yellow sand :  
 Some ply the dance with eager feet  
 And chant responsive to its beat.  
 The priest of Thrace in loose attire  
 Makes music on his seven-stringed lyre ;  
 The sweet notes 'neath his fingers trill,  
 Or tremble 'neath his ivory quill.  
 Here dwell the chiefs from Teucer sprung,  
 Brave heroes, born when earth was young,  
 Ilius, Assaracus, and he  
 Who gave his name to Dardany.  
 Marveling, Æneas sees from far  
 The ghostly arms, the shadowy car.  
 Their spears are planted in the mead :  
 Free o'er the plain their horses feed :  
 Whate'er the living found of charms  
 In chariot and refulgent arms,

Whate'er their care to tend and groom  
 Their glossy steeds, outlives the tomb.  
 Others along the sward he sees  
 Reclined, and feasting at their ease  
 With chanted Pæans, blessed souls,  
 Amid a fragrant bay-tree grove,  
 Whence rising in the world above  
 Eridanus 'twixt bowering trees  
 His breadth of water rolls.

Here sees he the illustrious dead  
 Who fighting for their country bled ;  
 Priests, who while earthly life remained  
 Preserved that life unsoiled, unstained ;  
 Blest bards, transparent souls and clear,  
 Whose song was worthy Phœbus' ear ;  
 Inventors, who by arts refined  
 The common life of human kind,  
 With all who grateful memory won  
 By services to others done :  
 A goodly brotherhood, bedight  
 With coronals of virgin white.  
 There as they stream along the plain  
 The Sibyl thus accosts the train,  
 Musæus o'er the rest, for he  
 Stands midmost in that company,  
 His stately head and shoulders tall  
 O'ertopping and admired of all :  
 " Say, happy souls, and thou, blest seer,  
 In what retreat Anchises bides :  
 To look on him we journey here,  
 Across the dread Avernian tides."  
 And answer to her quest in brief  
 Thus made the venerable chief :  
 " No several home has each assigned ;  
 We dwell where forest pathways wind,  
 Haunt velvet banks 'neath shady trees,  
 And meads with rivulets fresh and green ;  
 But climb with me this ridgy hill,  
 Yon path shall take you where you will,"  
 He said, and led the way, and showed  
 The fields of dazzling light :  
 They gladly choose the downward road,  
 And issue from the height.

They find Anchises busy at an employment which must have afforded that highly patriotic old gentleman much pleasure. He was surveying the yet unborn generations of his own destined progeny. For this Elysium seems to have

been not only the home of the beatified dead, but a waiting-place, an ante-room, for those that were to live. Anchises descries Æneas and salutes him. The son striving to embrace the sire is cheated with an intangible phantom in his grasp. But a new sight diverts his mind :

Deep woodlands, where the evening gale  
 Goes whispering through the trees,  
 And Lethe river, which flows by  
 Those dwellings of tranquillity.  
 Nations and tribes, in countless ranks,  
 Were crowding to its verdant banks :  
 As bees afield in summer clear  
 Beset the flowerets far and near  
 And round the fair white lilies pour :  
 The deep hum sounds the champaign o'er.  
 Æneas, startled at the scene,  
 Asks wondering what the noise may mean,  
 What river this, or what the throng  
 That crowds so thick its banks along.

Anchises replying describes a kind of purgatory in which souls linger, to become pure through pain, until, after the lapse of a millennium, summoned they come to the banks of Lethe and thence drinking forget the past and are born anew into the world of men. Readers will hardly need to be told that Virgil has thus prepared his way for going over, in a novel and striking manner, the whole range of Roman history. It will be prophecy at excellent advantage, for it will be prophecy after the fact. There will be in it magnificent opportunity offered for compliment to the imperial house of Rome. Such compliment Virgil prepares, compliment more elaborate and more lofty than perhaps ever before or since in the annals of literature was laid by poet at the feet of his prince. Anchises leads his son Æneas with the Sibyl to a "specular mount,"

whence the eye  
 Might form and countenance descry,  
 As each one passed along.

Anchises then takes up the office of herald or usher, and announces the name and quality of the illustrious descend-

ants who should prolong and decorate the Trojan line.  
We quote:

" Now listen what the future fame  
 Shall follow the Dardanian name,  
 What glorious spirits wait  
 Our progeny to furnish forth :  
 My tongue shall name each soul of worth,  
 And show you of your fate.  
 See you yon gallant youth advance  
 Leaning upon a headless lance ?  
 He next in upper air holds place,  
 First offspring of the Italian race  
 Commixed with ours, your latest child  
 By Alban name of Silvius styled,  
 Whom to your eye Lavinia fair  
 In silvan solitude shall bear,  
 King, sire of kings, by whom comes down  
 Through Trojan hands the Alban crown,  
 Nearest to him see Procas shine,  
 The glory of Dardania's line,  
 And Numitor and Capys too,  
 And one that draws his name from you,  
 Silvius Æneas, mighty he  
 Alike in arms and piety,  
 Should Fate's high pleasure e'er command  
 The Alban scepter to his land.  
 Look how they bloom in youth's fresh flower !  
 What promise theirs of martial power !  
 Mark you the civic wreath they wear,  
 The oaken garland in their hair ?  
 These, these are they, whose hands shall crown  
 The mountain heights with many a town.  
 Shall Gabii and Nomentum rear,  
 There plant Collatia, Cora here,  
 And leave to after years their stamp  
 On Bola and on Inuus' camp :  
 Names that shall then be far renowned,  
 Now nameless spots of unknown ground.  
 There to his grandsire's fortune clings  
 Young Romulus of Mars' true breed ;  
 From Ilia's womb the warrior springs,  
 Assaracus' authentic seed,  
 See on his helm the double crest,  
 The token by his sire impressed,  
 That marks him out betimes to share  
 The heritage of upper air.  
 Lo ! by his fiat called to birth  
 Imperial Rome shall rise,  
 Extend her reign to utmost earth,  
 Her genius to the skies,

And with a wall of girdling stone  
Embrace seven hills herself alone—  
Blest in an offspring wise and strong :  
So through great cities rides along  
    The mighty Mother, crowned with towers,  
Around her knees a numerous line,  
A hundred grandsons, all divine,  
    All tenants of Olympian bowers.

Turn hither now your ranging eye :  
Behold a glorious family,  
Your sons and sons of Rome ;  
Lo ! Cæsar there and all his seed,  
Iulus' progeny, decreed  
    To pass 'neath heaven's high dome.  
This, this is he, so oft the theme  
Of your prophetic fancy's dream,  
    Augustus Cæsar, Jove's own atrain ;  
Restorer of the age of gold  
In lands where Saturn ruled of old :  
O'er Ind and Garamant extreme  
    Shall stretch his boundless reign.  
Look to that land which lies afar  
Beyond the path of sun or star,  
Where Atlas on his shoulder rears  
The burden of the incumbent spheres.  
Egypt e'en now and Caspia hear  
The muttered voice of many a seer,  
And Nile's seven mouths, disturbed with fear,  
    Their coming conqueror know :  
Alcides in his savage chase  
Ne'er traveled o'er so wide a space,  
What though the brass-hoofed deer he killed,  
And Erymanthus' forest stilled,  
And Lerna's depth with terror thrilled  
At twanging of his bow :  
Nor stretched his conquering march so far,  
Who drove his ivy-harnessed car  
From Nysa's lofty height, and broke  
The tiger's spirit 'neath his yoke.  
And shrink we in this glorious hour  
From bidding worth assert her power,  
Or can our craven hearts recoil  
From settling on Ausonian soil ?

But who is he at distance seen  
With priestly garb and olive green ?  
That reverend beard, that hoary hair  
The royal sage of Rome declare,  
Who first shall round the city draw  
The liminary lines of law,



Called forth from Cures' petty town  
 To bear the burden of a crown.  
 Then he whose voice shall break the rest  
 That lulled to sleep a nation's breast,  
 And sound in languid ears the cry  
 Of Tullus and of victory.

Say, shall I show you face to face  
 The monarchs of Tarquinian race,  
 And vengeful Brutus, proud to wring  
 The people's fasces from a king?  
 He first in consul's pomp shall lift  
 The axe and rods, the freeman's gift,  
 And call his own rebellious seed  
 For menaced liberty to bleed.  
 Unhappy father! howso'e'er

The deed be judged by after days,  
 His country's love shall all o'erbear,  
 And unextinguished thirst of praise.

There move the Decii, Drusus here,  
 Torquatus, too, with axe severe,  
 And great Camillus: mark him show  
 Rome's standards rescued from the foe!  
 But those who side by side you see

In equal armor bright,  
 Now twined in bonds of amity

While yet they dwell in night,  
 Alas! how terrible their strife,  
 If e'er they win their way to life,

How fierce the shock of war,  
 This kinsman rushing to the fight  
 From castellated Alpine height,  
 That leading his embattled might  
 From farthest morning star!

Nay, children, nay, your hate unlearn,  
 Nor 'gainst your country's vitals turn  
 The valor of her sons:

And thou, do thou the first refrain;  
 Cast down thy weapons on the plain,  
 Thou, born of Jove's Olympian strain,  
 In whom my lifeblood runs!

One, victor in Corinthian war,  
 Up Capitol shall drive his car,  
 Proud of Achæans slain:

And one Mycenæ shall o'erthrow,  
 The city of the Atreidæ foe,  
 And e'en Æacides destroy,  
 Achilles' long-descended boy,  
 In vengeance for his sires of Troy,  
 And Pallas' plundered fane.

Who mighty Cato, Cossus, who  
 Would keep your names concealed?  
 The Gracchi, and the Scipios two,  
 The levins of the field,  
 Serranus o'er his furrow bowed,  
 Or thee, Fabricius, poor yet proud?  
 Ye Fabii, must your actions done  
 The speed of panting praise outrun?  
 Our greatest thou, whose wise delay  
 Restores the fortune of the day.  
 Others, I ween, with happier grace  
 From bronze or stone shall call the face,  
 Plead doubtful causes, map the skies,  
 And tell when planets set or rise:  
 But ye, my Romans, stil' control  
 The nations far and wide,  
 Be this your genius—to impose  
 The rule of peace on vanquished foes,  
 Show pity to the humbled soul,  
 And crush the sons of pride."

Virgil, they say, read his sixth book aloud to Augustus. At the reading, Augustus's sister, Octavia, was present. This sister had then just lost a son, Marcellus, dead at twenty years of age. With exquisite art of adulation, perhaps too of sincerely sympathetic consolation, Virgil, as we are just about to show our readers, introduced at this point a noble and delicate tribute to young Marcellus. The story is that the mother fainted with emotion when she heard it. She rallied, to make the fortunate poet glad with a great gift of money. We proceed with the resumed prophetic strain of Anchises, allusive now to Marcellus:

He ceased; and ere their awe was o'er,  
 Took up his prophecy once more:  
 "Lo, great Marcellus! see him tower  
 With kingly spoils, in conquering power,  
 The warrior host above!  
 He in a day of dire debate  
 Shall stablish firm the reeling state,  
 The Carthaginian bands o'erride,  
 Break down the Gaul's insurgent pride,  
 And the third trophy dedicate  
 To Rome's Feretrian Jove."

Then spoke Æneas, who beheld  
 Beside the warrior pace  
 A youth, full-armed, by none excelled  
 In beauty's manly grace,  
 But on his brow was naught of mirth,  
 And his fixed eyes were dropped on earth ;  
 " Who, father, he, who thus attends  
 Upon that chief divine ?  
 His son, or other who descends  
 From his illustrious line ?  
 What whispers in the encircling crowd ?  
 The portance of his steps how proud ?  
 But gloomy night, as of the dead,  
 Flaps her sad pinions o'er his head."

The sire replies, while down his cheek  
 The tear-drops roll apace :  
 " Ah son ! compel me not to speak  
 The sorrows of our race !  
 That youth the Fates but just display  
 To earth, nor let him longer stay :  
 With gifts like these for aye to hold,  
 Rome's heart had e'en been overbold.  
 Ah ! what a groan from Mars's plain  
 Shall o'er the city sound !  
 How wilt thou gaze on that long train,  
 Old Tiber, rolling to the main  
 Beside his new-raised mound !  
 No youth of Ilium's seed inspires  
 With hope as fair his Latian sires :  
 Nor Rome shall dandle on her knee  
 A nursling so adored as he.  
 O piety ! O ancient faith !  
 O hand untamed in battle scathe !  
 No foe had lived before his sword,  
 Stemmed he on foot the war's red tide  
 Or with relentless rowel gored  
 His foaming charger's side.  
 Dear child of pity ! shouldst thou burst  
 The dungeon-bars of Fate accurst,  
 Our own Marcellus thou !  
 Bring lilies here, in handfuls bring :  
 Their lustrous blooms I fain would fling :  
 Such honor to a grandson's shade  
 By grandsire hands may well be paid :  
 Yet O ! it 'vails not now !"

Mid such discourse, at will they range  
 The mist-clad region, dim and strange.  
 So when the sire the son had led  
 Through all the ranks of happy dead,

And stirred his spirit into flame  
 At thought of centuries of fame,  
 With prophet power he next relates  
 The war that in the future waits,  
 Italia's fated realm describes,  
 Latinus' town, Laurentum's tribes,  
 And tells him how to face or fly  
 Each cloud that darkens o'er his sky.—  
 Sleep gives his name to portals twain :  
     One all of horn, they say,  
 Through which authentic specters gain  
     Quick exit into day,  
 And one which bright with Ivory gleams,  
 Whence Pluto sends delusive dreams.  
 Conversing still the sire attends  
     The travelers on their road,  
 And through the ivory portal sends  
     From forth the unseen abode,  
 The chief betakes him to the fleet,  
 Well pleased again his crew to meet :  
 Then for Caieta's port sets sail,  
     Straight coasting by the strand :  
 The anchors from the prow they hale,  
     The sterns are turned to land.

Let readers remark with what fine artistic self-restraint Virgil at the close dismisses the arduous subject of the sixth book. No effort at unnaturally sustaining the tension beyond its just end. The stream of his verse has writhed in long subterranean torture, but it issues placidly in light and peace, with calm unconscious resumption of the usual flow of the narrative. The basis of the whole episode is Homeric, but the majestic imperial sweep of execution is purely, inimitably, Virgilian.

Students of Milton will not fail to note, in that poet's review of the history of the world, given in prophetic recital to Adam from the lips of Raphael, the "affable archangel," a likeness in idea to Virgil's sketch of Roman story put into the mouth of Anchises in Elysium. On the whole, there is no nobler poetry in Virgil, no poetry at the same time more characteristic of the poet at his highest and best, and more characteristic of great Rome herself at the summit of her victorious pride, than is what we have thus, from the sixth book of

the *Æneid*, spread out in large quotation before our readers. If your heart does not swell, and your imagination stir her wings, at this touch from the wand of the enchanter, then you may conclude that his power is powerless for you.

We have now finished that part of the *Æneid* which is usually read by the student in preparation for college. What remains of the poem we may fairly despatch, as necessarily we must, within very brief space. *Æneas*, thrifty soul, secures for himself a royal matrimonial alliance, which, however, involves him in war with a rival, *Turnus* by name. This *Turnus* is the foil to *Æneas*. The foil is almost too much for the hero. It is decidedly by a very narrow chance, if the reader's sympathies do not go over from cold-blooded *Æneas* to the side of *Turnus* foredoomed to be slain. After many oscillations of fortune in war, the narration of which is mixed and prolonged with many episodes and many dialogues, it is finally determined that *Turnus* and *Æneas* shall decide the strife by single combat. This combat, with its diversified incidents, fills up the measure of the twelfth and last book of the poem. It is the *Iliad* over again, but the *Iliad* fairly made into the *Æneid*, by a genius in *Virgil* as clearly his own as the genius of *Homer* was his. We quote the closing lines. *Turnus* is overthrown, after heroic struggle against a foregone and foreshown conclusion of the strife. He confesses defeat, resigns his betrothed to *Æneas*, but begs to be sent back, living or dead, to his father. Now *Virgil* :

Rolling his eyes, *Æneas* stood,  
And checked his sword, athirst for blood.  
Now faltering more and more he felt  
The human heart within him melt,  
When round the shoulder wreathed in pride  
The belt of *Pallas* he espied,  
And sudden flashed upon his view  
Those golden studs so well he knew,  
Which *Turnus* from the stripling tore  
When breathless on the field he lay,  
And on his breast in triumph wore,  
Memorial of the bloody day.

Soon as his eyes had gazed their fill  
 On that sad monument of ill,  
 Live fury kindling every vein,  
 He cries with terrible disdain :  
 " What ! in my friend's dear spoils arrayed  
     To me for mercy sue ?  
 'Tis Pallas, Pallas guides the blade :  
 From your cursed blood his injured shade  
     Thus takes the atonement due."  
 Thus as he spake, his sword he drave  
     With fierce and fiery blow  
 Through the broad breast before him spread :  
 The stalwart limbs grow cold and dead :  
 One groan the indignant spirit gave,  
     Then sought the shades below.

We dismiss our task with Virgil by presenting to our readers the elaborate parallel that Pope, in the preface to his translation of the Iliad, draws between the Greek poet and the Roman :

"The beauty of his [Homer's] numbers is allowed by the critics to be copied but faintly by Virgil himself, though they are so just as to ascribe it to the nature of the Latin tongue. Indeed, the Greek has some advantages, both from the natural sound of its words, and the turn and cadence of its verse, which agree with the genius of no other language. Virgil was very sensible of this, and used the utmost diligence in working up a more intractable language to whatsoever graces it was capable of; and in particular never failed to bring the sound of his line to a beautiful agreement with its sense. [A celebrated instance of this occurs in the eighth book, line 596 :

Quadrupedante putrem sonitu quatit ungula campum,

to represent the measured numerous tread of galloping horses.] If the Grecian poet has not been so frequently celebrated on this account as the Roman, the only reason is, that fewer critics have understood one language than the other. Dionysius of Halicarnassus has pointed out many of our author's beauties in this kind, in his treatise of the 'Composition of

Words.' It suffices at present to observe of his numbers, that they flow with so much ease as to make one imagine Homer had no other care than to transcribe as fast as the Muses dictated; and at the same time with so much force and aspiring vigor that they awaken and raise us like the sound of a trumpet. They roll along as a plentiful river, always in motion, and always full; while we are borne away by a tide of verse, the most rapid and yet the most smooth imaginable.

“Thus, on whatever side we contemplate Homer, what principally strikes us is his invention. It is that which forms the character of each part of his work; and accordingly we find it to have made his fable more extensive and copious than any other, his manners more lively and strongly marked, his speeches more affecting and transported, his sentiments more warm and sublime, his images and descriptions more full and animated, his expression more raised and daring, and his numbers more rapid and various. I hope, in what has been said of Virgil, with regard to any of these heads, I have in no way derogated from his character. Nothing is more absurd and endless than the common method of comparing eminent writers by an opposition of particular passages in them, and forming a judgment from thence of their merit upon the whole. We ought to have a certain knowledge of the principal character and distinguishing excellence of each: it is in that we are to consider him, and in proportion to his degree in that we are to admire him. No author or man ever excelled all the world in more than one faculty: and as Homer has done this in invention, Virgil has in judgment; not that we are to think Homer wanted judgment, because Virgil has it in a more eminent degree, or that Virgil wanted invention, because Homer possessed a larger share of it; each of these great authors had more of both than perhaps any man besides, and are only said to have less in comparison with one

another. Homer was the greater genius, Virgil the better artist. In one we most admire the man, in the other the work; Homer hurries and transports us with a commanding impetuosity, Virgil leads us with an attractive majesty; Homer scatters with a generous profusion, Virgil bestows with a careful magnificence; Homer, like the Nile, pours out his riches with a boundless overflow; Virgil, like a river in its banks, with a gentle and constant stream. When we behold their battles, methinks the two poets resemble the heroes they celebrate. Homer, boundless and irresistible as Achilles, bears all before him, and shines more and more as the tumult increases; Virgil, calmly daring, like Æneas, appears undisturbed in the midst of the action, disposes all about him, and conquers with tranquillity. And when we look upon their machines, Homer seems like his own Jupiter in his terrors, shaking Olympus, scattering the lightnings, and firing the heavens; Virgil, like the same power in his benevolence, counseling with the gods, laying plans for empires, and regularly ordering his whole creation."

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Those who have read the present volume, together with its fellow preceding, are prepared to enter, with the two books following in completion of the series, upon their college course in Greek and Latin. We shall hope to graduate our readers in numbers increasing rather than diminishing to the end of their classical course.



## APPENDIX

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READERS of this book who may desire to make somewhat serious work of the perusal, will appreciate a scheme of review and self-testing here submitted. We first assemble, in alphabetical order, the various proper names having a certain degree of importance that occur in the foregoing pages, with space enough adjacent left blank to receive the entry of such facts concerning the persons or places named as are most material.

We begin with the principal names, that is, the names of the Latin authors whose writings are reproduced, and follow with the names of persons incidentally or subordinately mentioned. Then comes a list of geographical and national names.

We reprint here the few prefatory words furnished by Rev. John H. Vincent, D.D., for a similar scheme, his own device, in the Preparatory Greek Course—taking pleasure, at the same time, in crediting to that enlightened and public-spirited popular instructor, the origination of the idea of this series of volumes:

### THE STUDENT'S MEMORANDA.

The reader of this volume may profitably fill the blanks on the following pages.

The labor required in this is very slight, but well performed will be of value, as it incites to the exercise of judgment, the

discipline of memory, and the training in the art of concise and comprehensive statement. Every effort to recall and to express one's knowledge gives a firmer hold upon that knowledge, and renders it of greater practical value. He who does a little work well, will know how to undertake something larger, and from this experience will come continued and cumulative success. The reader may become the student, and the student, after a while, the scholar.

The exercises here provided are for beginners—whether they be old or young. They are not tasks assigned, but opportunities offered. The work may be done at any time, and in any place, and after any method. Only let the work be done.

The student having mastered the several subjects with sufficient fullness to be able to write out his answers, should do so with care and neatness, that he may never have reason to be ashamed of the portion of the book which he has himself written.

*Record.*—Began reading this book ....., 188..

Finished it....., 188..

Name .....

Residence .....

*A Statement.*—The object of this book :

*An Outline.*—The contents of the book stated in few words :

*A Selection.*—In what incidents and passages contained in the book have I been most interested? (Indicate here by pages. On the pages mark the selections.)

*Biographical.*—Give in condensed form the principal facts and characteristics\* of the following persons :

**CÆSAR :**

**CICERO :**

---

\* Name....Family....Time and Place of Birth....Prin. Deeds....  
Prin. Writings....Characteristics....Time and Place of Death....Esti-  
mate of Influence....

OVID :

SALLUST :

VIRGIL :

Acco :

Addison :

Adherbal :

Æneas :

Æschines :

Ambiorix :

Angelico :

Antony :

Ascanius :

Augustus :

Ariovistus :

Arnold :

Ascham :

Baculus :

Blackie :

Bocchus :

Boileau :

Browning, Mrs. :

Brutus :

Burke :

Byron :

---

**Butcher & Lang :**

**Carlyle :**

**Cassivelaunus :**

**Catiline :**

**Cato :**

**Cavour :**

**Chapman :**

**Charon :**

**Choate :**

**Cineas :**

**Coleridge**

**Collins :**

**Cornelia :**

**Cranch :**

**Crassus :**

Creighton :

Creusa :

Croly :

Crutwell :

Curtius :

Dumnorix :

De Quincey :

Dido :

Divitiacus :

Dolabella :

Dryden :

Egeria :

Ennius :

Epicurus :

Euripides :

**Fabius :**

**Frederic the Great :**

**Froude :**

**Gibbon :**

**Goethe :**

**Gracchus :**

**Hamilcar :**

**Hannibal :**

**Havelock :**

**Hawthorne :**

**Hesiod :**

**Hiempsal :**

**Hirtius :**

**Homer :**

**Horace :**



Hortensius :

Isaiah :

Iulus :

Johnson :

Jugurtha :

Juvenal :

Labienus :

Leighton :

Liddell :

Livius Andronicus :

Livy :

Long :

Longinus :

Long, John D. :

Louis XIV. :

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**Lowell :**

**Lucilius :**

**Lucretius :**

**Lucullus :**

**Macaulay :**

**Mæcenas :**

**Marcellus :**

**Marius :**

**Memmius :**

**Metellus :**

**Merivale :**

**Micipsa :**

**Milton :**

**Mommsen :**

**Montesquieu :**

**Morris :**

**Mithridates :**

**Motley :**

**Nævius :**

**Napoleon :**

**Nepos Cornelius :**

**Nero :**

**Niobe :**

**Octavia :**

**Orgetorix :**

**Palinurus :**

**Phaer :**

**Phaeton :**

**Philip of Macedon :**

**Plautus :**

Pliny :

Plutarch :

Pollio :

Pompey :

Pope :

Pulvio :

Pyrrhus :

Quintilian :

Regulus :

Romulus and Remus :

Rutilius :

Saxe :

Scaurus :

Scipio :

Simcox :

Sellar :

Seneca :

Shakespeare :

Sinon :

Sixtus :

Spenser :

Suetonius :

Sumner :

Sylla :

Taylor, Bayard :

Tennyson :

Terence :

Theocritus :

Thomson :

Thucydides :

---

Tiberius :

Titurius :

Titus :

Trollope :

Turnus :

Varro :

Vercingetorix :

Victor Immanuel :

Volux :

Webster :

Wordsworth :

Xenophon :

Students will find highly useful an atlas of Ancient or Classical Geography. Such an atlas elegantly executed is offered by Ginn, Heath, & Co., at reasonable rates.

*Geographical and National :\**

Æduans :

---

\* Location....Size....Characteristics....Influence....

**Allobroges :**

**Aquitanians :**

**Ardennes :**

**Balearic :**

**Belgians :**

**Bellovaci :**

**Britain :**

**Cannæ :**

**Capua :**

**Carthage :**

**Chester :**

**Cimbrians :**

**Crete :**

**Delos :**

**Dorchester :**

---

**Eburones :**

**Epirus :**

**Getulians :**

**Germany :**

**Goths :**

**Helvetians**

**Huns :**

**Italy :**

**Latium :**

**Lingones :**

**Luca :**

**Lutetia Parisiorum :**

**Macedonia :**

**Massilia :**

**Mauritania :**



**Nervii :**

**Numidia :**

**Parthenope :**

**Pontus :**

**Remi :**

**Rome :**

**Sequani :**

**Sicily :**

**Suessiones :**

**Suevi :**

**Syria :**

**Tarentum :**

**Teutons :**

**Thrace :**

**Tiber :**

Treviri :

Utica :

Veneti :

### ROMAN HISTORY.

From Dr. Vincent's interesting and helpful little primer of Roman History, belonging to the series of Chautauqua Text-books, so-called, we take the following arrangement of periods and ages:

I. The TRADITIONAL—about 500 years—from 1,000 B.C. to 509 B.C. And this may be again divided into two nearly equal periods:

1. From the Etruscan entrance to the founding of Rome. (It may help the memory to associate with the founding of Rome by Romulus, in 753 B.C., the first Olympiad in Greece, 776 B.C., and the taking into captivity of the ten tribes of Israel, 721 B.C.)

2. From the founding of Rome to the expulsion of the last of its "seven kings."

II. The REPUBLICAN—about 500 years—from 509 B. C. to 30 B. C. At the first date (509) the last king (Tarquinius Superbus) passed into exile. At the last date (30) the first emperor (Augustus Cæsar) passed into power. The republican period comprised four stages:

1. That of *class-strife* in Rome.
2. That of *tribal feuds* in Italy.
3. That of *foreign conquest* in Europe, Asia, and Africa.
4. That of *civil wars* within the republic.

III. The IMPERIAL—about 500 years—from 30 B. C. to 476 A. D.—from the first emperor—Octavius (Augustus)—to

the sixty-second emperor—Romulus Augustulus. This period comprised five ages :

1. The Augustan Age.
2. The Augustan Emperors.
3. The Age of the Twelve.
4. The Age of the Decline.
5. The Age of the Vandals.

From Mr. Creighton's Primer we transfer the following

CHRONOLOGICAL TABLE.

	B. C.
Rome founded.....	753
The Romans drove out their Kings.....	509
The Plebeians first had Tribunes.....	494
The Decemvirs published the Laws at Rome.....	451
The Romans took Veii from the Etruscans.....	396
The Gauls took Rome.....	389
The Laws of Licinius and Sextius made the Patricians and Plebeians equal in Rome.....	366
The Romans conquered the Latins .....	338
The Romans, having conquered the Samnites, became the chief people in Italy.....	290
The Romans drove Pyrrhus, king of Epirus, out of Italy.....	275
First war with Carthage.....	264-241
War with Hannibal.....	219-202
The Romans conquered the East.....	200-160
The Romans conquered Spain.....	150
Destruction of Carthage.....	146
Tiberius Gracchus tried to reform the Roman State.....	133
Caius Gracchus tried to reform the Roman State.....	123-121
War with Jugurtha in Numidia.....	111-106
Caius Marius drove back the Teutones and Cimbri from Italy.....	102
The Italians forced Rome to make them Roman citizens.....	91-89
Civil War between Sulla and Marius.....	88-82
Cnæus Pompeius overcame Rome's rebels.....	74-61
Caius Julius Cæsar conquered the Gauls.....	58-49
Caius Julius Cæsar invaded Britain.....	54

Civil War between Pompeius and Cæsar in which Cæsar was conqueror at the Battle of Pharsalia	B. C. 49-48
Caius Julius Cæsar put himself at the head of the Government of Rome.....	48-44
Caius Julius Cæsar was murdered.....	44
Marcus Antonius, Caius Octavianus, and Marcus Lepidus gained the chief power in the Roman State.....	43
Octavianus defeated Antonius at Actium, and became the chief man in Rome.....	31
Octavianus, known as Augustus Cæsar, governed the Roman Republic as Emperor, B. C. 30-14 A. D.	

From the Appendix to Cruttwell's "History of Roman Literature" we make a selection of

*Questions or Subjects for Essays Suggested by the History of Roman Literature.*

1. Trace the influence of conquest on Roman literature.
2. Examine Niebuhr's hypothesis of an old Roman epos.
3. Trace the causes of the special devotion to poetry during the Augustan Age.
4. State succinctly the debt of Roman thought, in all its branches, to Greece.
5. Criticise Mommsen's remark, that the drama is, after all, the form of literature for which the Romans were best adapted.
6. In what sense is it true that the intellectual progress of a nation is measured by its prose writers?
7. "Latin literature lacks originality." How far is this criticism sound?
8. It has been remarked, that while every great Roman author expresses a hope of literary immortality, few, if any, of the great Greek authors mention it. How far is this difference suggestive of their respective national characters, and of radically distinct conceptions of art?

9. Examine the traces of a satiric tendency in Roman literature, independent of professed satire.
10. "*O dimidiate Menander.*" By whom said? Of whom said? Criticise.
11. "Roman history ended where it had begun, in biography." (Merivale.) Account for the predominance of biography in Latin literature.
12. In what sense can Ennius rightly be called the father of Latin literature?
13. Compare the Homeric characters as they appear in Virgil with their originals in the Iliad and Odyssey, and with the same as treated by the Greek tragedians.
14. Contrast Latin with Greek (illustrating by any analogies that may occur to you in modern languages) as regards facility of composition. Did Latin vary in this respect at different periods?
15. What are the main differences in Latin between the language and constructions of poetry and those of prose?
16. Which of the great periods of Greek literature had the most direct or lasting influence upon that of Rome?
17. What influence did the study of Virgil exercise (1) on later Latin literature; (2) on the Middle Ages; (3) on the poetry of the eighteenth century?
18. Give a succinct analysis of any speech of Cicero with which you are familiar, and show the principles involved in its construction.
19. The influence of patronage on literature. Consider chiefly with reference to Rome, but illustrate from other literatures.
20. Prove the assertion that jurisprudence was the only form of intellectual activity that Rome from first to last worked out in a thoroughly national manner.
21. Which are the most important of the public, and which of the private, orations of Cicero? Give a short account of one of each class, with date, place, and circum-

- 
- stances of delivery. How were such speeches preserved? Had the Romans any system of reporting?
22. Donaldson, in his *Varronianus*, argues that the French, rather than the Italian, represents the more perfect form of the original Latin. Test this view by a comparison of words in both languages with the Latin forms.
  23. "Italy remained without national poetry or art." (Mommsen.) In what sense can this assertion be justified?
  24. Enumerate the chief losses which Latin literature has sustained.
  25. Contrast briefly the life and occupations of an Athenian citizen in the time of Pericles and Plato, with those of a Roman in the age of Cicero and Augustus.

**THE END.**



# AFTER-SCHOOL SERIES

COMPRISING

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BY WILLIAM CLEAVER WILKINSON.

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## OPINIONS.

Professor **HENRY F. BURTON**, Ph.D., head of the Department of Latin in the University of Rochester, says [of the "Preparatory Latin Course"]:

You have certainly made an exceedingly readable book. The familiar gossippy style which you adopt, and the numberless little digressions and allusions and quotations by which you enliven the natural dryness of the subject, cannot fail to fix the attention of both youthful and adult readers. I am sure, too, that the beginner in Latin will get from the book a large amount of information upon the authors he reads which no other work, and perhaps no teacher, would give him, and what is more, that it will help greatly to give life and reality to his early reading. . . . As one interested in the advancement of Latin studies, I thank you.

Professor **W. S. TYLER**, LL.D., head of the Department of Greek in Amherst College, says:

Professor Wilkinson has executed with sound judgment, much learning, and good taste the difficult task of giving Preparatory Greek and Latin Courses in English to those who are unable to obtain a college education. The author has shown his good sense and his own just appreciation of classical studies by not professing to make classical scholars, but only to impart such a knowledge of Greek and Latin literature as can be obtained without



knowing the Greek and Latin languages. The public will look with interest for the third and fourth volumes in the series, which are to contain a similar outline of College Greek and College Latin for English readers.

**Miss FRANCES E. LORD**, head of the Department of Latin in Wellesley College, says:

Prof. Wilkinson has certainly succeeded in giving the English reader of the Latin Classics a volume of delightful entertainment and much valuable information. Great taste and judgment have been shown in the selections and in the choice of the translators, while the running commentary upon these, at once so lively and so keen in its analysis of characters and styles, will prove very attractive to the youthful student.

**Professor CHARLES D. MORRIS, LL.D.**, of Johns Hopkins University, says [of the "Preparatory Greek"]:

I think that the book is as a whole well done, and that it will be read with interest and profit, not only by persons who have no other knowledge of the subject-matter, but also by those who may wish to revive in an easy way knowledge which was once familiar, but has been allowed to drop more or less out of remembrance.

**Rev. HOWARD CROSBY, D.D., LL.D.**, late Chancellor of the University of the City of New York, says [of the "Greek" volumes]:

I know no Sanscrit. If a Sanscrit scholar should give me in English a clear view of the Sanscrit literature in its style and spirit, so that I could be familiar with it in all its relations (saving the actual acquaintance with the language), I should be greatly benefited and delighted. It is just this grand help that Professor Wilkinson has given to the enlightened reader who does not happen to know the Greek language, and who has not time to acquire it. His "Greek Course" is clear, attractive, and judicious in its treatment of the subject, and fills a valuable place in our literature.

**Professor HENRY DRISLER, LL.D.**, head of the Department of Greek in Columbia College, and American Editor of Liddell & Scott's Greek Lexicon, says:

I concur in the main in Dr. Crosby's commendation of Professor Wilkinson's "Greek Course."

**Professor A. C. KENDRICK, D.D., LL.D.**, head of the Department of Greek in the University of Rochester, says:

The plan of the book is quite unique, yet certainly adapted to the wants of a large and increasing class of young persons in our country. Its execution seems to me very felicitous; it is marked by the taste and scholarship which were to be expected from its accomplished author. I sincerely

hope, and I can scarcely doubt, that it will prove of benefit to a wide circle, both as a substitute for, and as an aid to, the ordinary preparatory course in Greek.

**Professor JAMES R. BOISE, LL.D., formerly head of the Department of Greek in the University of Michigan, says :**

The idea of the work is original, and the execution, like every thing which Professor Wilkinson undertakes, is excellent. The book must prove, in more ways than I can enumerate, of great value to the young student. Again [of the Preparatory Latin]:

I shall lose no opportunity to recommend it.

**Professor LEWIS R. PACKARD, LL.D., late head of the Department of Greek in Yale College, says :**

I think the book is well adapted to accomplish the end at which it aims. While I do not wholly agree with all the author's views, I think he has succeeded in conveying correct impressions on the subjects he treats, especially in matters where incorrect impressions are too often current. I should say the book would be useful to a large class of people.

**Professor MARTIN L. D'OUGE, LL.D., head of the Department of Greek in the University of Michigan, says :**

The author, it will be observed, guards his statement from the erroneous view that his or any similar effort is or can be an equivalent for the training of the mind, and the knowledge of the Latin and Greek literatures, to be gained by pursuing a college course; nor does the book anywhere convey any such false impression. . . . Professor Wilkinson gives the readers of his book a fair and interesting view of the Greek people, and of some of their great writers, and incidentally furnishes a good deal of literary criticism and information. . . . His account of the subject-matter of the Anabasis is especially clear and satisfactory. The style is throughout bright and readable. The author evidently hopes to inspire in his readers sufficient interest to lead them to read and study Greek life and letters after they shall have finished his introductory course.

**Professor W. W. GOODWIN, LL.D., head of the Department of Greek in Harvard College, authorizes us**

To repeat his already expressed "high opinion of the preparatory works" of this series, and to anticipate his equally cordial approval of and interest in the whole as completed.

**Professor E. S. SHUMWAY, Ph.D., head of the Department of Latin in Rutgers College, says :**

I wish that I could induce every parent in the land to put that book into his child's hands . . . An invaluable service to the cause of classical culture.

AFTER-SCHOOL SERIES.

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A second and third reading only confirms my judgment, and adds to the wish that my early Greek teacher had possessed such an aid.

**JOSEPH CUMMINGS, D.D.,** President of the North-western University, (Evanston, Ill.) says:

I highly recommend it.

**S. C. BARTLETT, D.D.,** President of Dartmouth College, says:

It seems to me a valuable work, highly useful and instructive to a large class of thoughtful persons who cannot have access to the originals, and calculated to stimulate and expand the views of those who can.

**NOAH PORTER, D.D., LL.D.,** President of Yale College, says:

I have examined with some care the volume by Professor W. C. Wilkinson, entitled "Preparatory Greek Course in English," and I think it a valuable addition to the abundant apparatus which is now furnished to the young student of the one language of which no aspirant for complete culture can contentedly remain in ignorance.

**JAMES B. ANGELL, LL.D.,** President of the University of Michigan, says:

The difficulty of bringing one, who does not read the language in which a literature is written, into close and appreciative and vital contact with the literature is very great, too great to be entirely overcome. But you have done more than I should have thought possible to overcome it. I have found myself thoroughly interested from the beginning to the end of your book. It seems to me that most readers must find themselves interested in the same manner. And if they are interested they must be profited.

**ALVAH HOVEY, D.D.,** President of Newton Theological Institution, says:

In these latter days I do not often read a volume through from beginning to end, without omitting a chapter, paragraph, or sentence. But I have read in this way your "Preparatory Greek Course," simply because it is so instructive and captivating a volume that I could not persuade myself to pass over any word of it unread.

**M. B. ANDERSON, LL.D.,** President of the University of Rochester, says:

It seems to me that your purpose is most excellent, and the skill with which you have accomplished it is all that could be desired. The work will be useful, not only to those for whom it was specially written, but also to young persons in a course of classical study in the academy or college.

**E. G. ROBINSON, D.D., LL.D., President of Brown University, says :**

Will undoubtedly do a good service, enabling intelligent readers who are unacquainted with Greek to attain some definite conception of the literature of that language, as well as enlightening and quickening into intellectual life many a student who otherwise might know little or nothing, beyond his mere lesson, of the book he was reading.

**Hon. FRANCIS WAYLAND, LL.D., Dean of the Law Department of Yale College, says :**

I have examined with great interest the "Preparatory Greek Course in English," by Professor Wilkinson.

The object aimed at seems to me most praiseworthy, and it is accomplished in a manner in keeping with the design. I do not believe that it will diminish the number of those studying the original Greek, while it will certainly cultivate a knowledge and love of the spirit of the great Greek classics among those who, but for the aid of such a crutch, would never have walked over the "plains of windy Troy," or in "the olive grove of Academe."

I shall be surprised if it does not reach a very wide circulation.

**F. B. PALMER, Ph.D., Principal of the State Normal School, Fredonia, N. Y., says :**

It seems to me admirably adapted to give young students a liking for old authors who will be ever young, and it adds a completeness of view which few young persons can get by a study of the ancient authors in the original, or even in the best translations.

**Rev. J. H. VINCENT, D.D., Superintendent of Instruction, C. L. S. C., says :**

I have just finished, for my own instruction, reading your "Preparatory Greek Course in English." My dear doctor, that book is simply magnificent. It is a complete success in every way, and I read it with the greatest enthusiasm.

**T. J. MORGAN, D.D., Principal of the State Normal School, Providence, R. I., says :**

An admirable book, unique and happy in design, and well executed. I wish I might have had it while pursuing my classical studies in college.

**S. L. CALDWELL, D.D., President of Vassar College, says :**

As the idea is capital, the execution is equally good. The whole book shows ample knowledge and good taste, and is far enough from any dullness such as infects some books of this kind. Any intelligent person, and even one well read in Greek, may read it to find it stimulating and instructive.

Again [of the "Preparatory Latin"]:

I find it very interesting reading.

**Rev. GEORGE D. B. PEPPER, D.D.,** President of Colby University, says:

It is well fitted to stimulate to a thorough Greek scholarship, and equally fitted to serve an admirable purpose for those who can never study the Greek.

Again [of the Preparatory Latin]:

Not till this very morning have I completed its perusal. I have been unable to content myself with any omissions.

**S. A. ELLIS, Ph.D.,** Superintendent of Public Instruction, Rochester, N. Y., says:

A somewhat critical examination of *the entire work* fully confirms the favorable impression I formed at the first reading. . . . The book will be found to be both scholarly and popular—two qualities often divorced from each other. . . . I am confident that whoever begins "The Preparatory Greek Course in English" will read it through to the end, and will look with eager expectancy, as I shall, for the other volumes that are to follow.

Subsequently: In our estimation it grows better and better.

**Professor W. F. ALLEN,** Professor of Latin in the University of Wisconsin, says:

It seems to me that it is better adapted to give non-classical readers a notion of what classical literature is than any other book with which I am acquainted. I shall look with interest for the succeeding volumes.

Again [of the "Preparatory Latin"]:

I will only reiterate in general what I said then in relation to the new book.

**Rev. A. P. PEABODY, D.D., LL.D.,** late of Harvard University, says:

I have looked through Mr. Wilkinson's "Preparatory Greek Course in English," and am prepared to give it my warmest commendation. It supplies a need which is more and more felt from year to year, for two reasons, one for which I rejoice, the higher standard of culture that prevails in society at large; the other, inevitable, yet to me a subject of regret, the diminishing disposition on the part of well-educated people to study the classical languages.

**CHARLES KENDALL ADAMS, LL.D.,** President of Cornell University, says:

I found almost nothing to criticize. I cannot conscientiously say less than that you have written an excellent book on a difficult subject. I could

not commend your book, if I thought it would be deemed a substitute for studies in the Greek language. But it seems to me well calculated to sharpen the appetite instead of satisfying it. Your accounts of the larger works are admirable. In short, the book as a whole is remarkably well adapted to tempt the reader to a further acquaintance with Greek literature and life. And this is saying much; for, in these busy and distracting times, education is apt to drift away from the safe anchorage of the classics, and whatever tends to hold it to its moorings performs a service for which all scholars should be grateful.

**Professor HENRY S. FRIEZE, LL.D., head of the Department of Latin in the University of Michigan, says:**

I have been delighted with the perusal of your critical notices, your own translations, and your selections of the translations of others, and I sincerely congratulate you on the admirable *style* in which you have presented the matter itself, as well as on the character of the matter itself, and the plan of the whole work.

**Again [of the "Preparatory Latin"]:**

It cannot fail to do good in opening a new world of thought and expression to those who have no access to it through the Latin originals, and in thus enlarging the circle of readers and scholars interested in classical literature. I trust nothing will interrupt your plan of adding more advanced works of a similar kind to the series. They will together form a valuable contribution to the history of classical literature.

**Professor F. S. CAPEN, of Colby University, says:**

Having studied Greek under Professor Wilkinson, I have, by a most delightful experience, a personal knowledge of his thorough classical culture and his ability to interest the learner. I should have felt perfectly safe in recommending, without reserve, his "After-School Series" without seeing it. Having seen the numbers already published, I find them all that could be desired.

**The "Nation" says:**

Of all the devices for introducing non-classical readers to a knowledge of the ancient classics, we are inclined to think that Mr. Wilkinson's (or Dr. Vincent's, for to him the compiler gives the credit of the idea) is the most effective. It is to proceed on the course the classical student himself follows: to make the reader acquainted first with the land, then with the people, then (but this is, perhaps, a mistake) to give a peep at the language, and follow it up with a few fables, a dialogue of Lucian, and enough of Xenophon and Homer to make him tolerably familiar with them. After an introduction like this—and it really gives one a higher respect for our pre-

## AFTER-SCHOOL SERIES.

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paratory course to see how effective it is—the reader will be able to take hold of Sophocles, Plato, and Demosthenes with a much better understanding. . . . We think we may safely predict that the four volumes will present a unique and very satisfactory view of ancient literature for non-classical readers.

**Again:**

The "Preparatory Latin Course in English" is a companion to the "Preparatory Greek Course" of the same editor, which we noticed a few months ago. It has the same general character, and the same excellences in execution, while it shows a readier and more experienced hand.

**Again:**

Professor Wilkinson makes rapid progress with his "After-School Series," and we are inclined to rate his last published volume, "College Greek Course in English," as the best of the three that have appeared.

**"Westminster Review" (October, 1884) says:**

Popular works of this kind ["College Greek Course in English"], so far from degrading classical literature, or making the ignorant fancy that they have the key to all knowledge, are general cultivators of the public taste.

**The "Independent" says:**

Whatever doubts one may have on the start as to the gain for sound learning in the numerous attempts to popularize it in manuals or in summer schools, "Where the Attic bird trills her thick-warbled notes the summer long," he must lay them aside, as we do, on examining William Cleaver Wilkinson's "Preparatory Greek Course in English." It aims at the very end which seems of such questionable utility to many of us, to give a kind of Greek education in English to persons who cannot get it in Greek. We have examined the book with unusual care, and with our doubts hovering near as to the question whether this were not another attempt to acquire the French language in English, or to achieve something else without achieving it. But our doubts are laid. There is a large class of people who will find this book exceedingly useful, and we hardly venture to say just how large we think the class is who need not be ashamed to make use of it. . . .

**The "Literary World" (Boston) says:**

A bright and useful book. . . . The author acts as a personal instructor, and takes the pupil into his confidence, who thus gains much of the inspiration which is usually to be had only from the living teacher. . . . The accounts of great writers are excellent, and the selections from their works are admirably chosen, the chapter comparing the various translations of Homer being particularly suggestive.

**Again :**

The first volume of this unique series had our hearty commendation, and the appearance of the second only confirms our favorable judgment. The books will have, as they deserve, a wide popularity.

**The "Latine" says :**

One of the most valuable books for promoting the study of Greek that have yet been issued in this country. . . . Of value not only to the beginner in Greek, but also to the parent who wishes to aid his boy or girl, and to the teacher who would help without weakening the student.

**The "American Rural Home," Rochester, N. Y., says :**

So clear, so fresh, so learned, and yet so simple is his presentation, so discursive often and so happy altogether, that one reads it as if it were romance, until, reading it thoroughly, one may know nearly as much of the three Greek works most familiar as the college graduate knows. It is such a book as it seems somebody should have given us long ago, and yet just such a book as no one, we suspect, but Dr. Wilkinson could have made.

**The "Baptist Quarterly Review" says .**

The author is correct in supposing that there are many, some in unsuspected quarters, who will gladly welcome such a volume.

. . . The common people will read it gladly, while many a college graduate may, by its perusal, add so much to his knowledge of Xenophon, Homer, etc., as to suggest that he is enjoying the pleasure of forming new acquaintances among interesting people.

**The "Examiner" (New York) says :**

It is not often that a man of Dr. Wilkinson's literary ability gives himself to the work of enlightening the masses. If such men allow their names to appear on the title-pages of popular books, the bulk of the work is generally performed by men of inferior ability. But here we have a popular book prepared by a writer of first-rate ability, and we are assured that he has given to the making of it his best thought and skill. . . . The introductory remarks on Homer are particularly good. Take a few sentences: . . . We trust that no one of our readers will do himself the injustice of failing to read this book.

**Again :**

. . . The second has all the merits of the first, and in a considerably higher degree. . . . The attentive reader of the "Preparatory Latin Course in English" will have a far more adequate idea of Latin literature than is acquired by the average student previous to matriculation in college. . . .



The long chapter on "The City and the People" we think unsurpassed in English historical literature as regards philosophical insight, grandeur, and sustained eloquence.

**The "Methodist Quarterly Review" says:**

The writer gives frank credit to Dr. Vincent for the origination of the idea of this volume, as well as ample suggestions in its production; and the compliment might be reciprocated that he has filled out, and more than filled out, the programme with eminent ability and success. . . . It furnishes to the young student a clear idea of what he is going about. . . . In the olden time his Latin grammar was put into his hands, then his manual of selections, with dictionary, then his Virgil, and he plodded like a miner cutting a tunnel through a rock. A book like this would have thrown an illumination around his path, revealing to him where he was, and what the surroundings of the route he was obliged to pursue. Mr. Wilkinson has done his work in the best manner, varying his style through a variety of changes, now cheerily colloquial, now running an even level, and anon rising with graceful ease into a strain of lofty eloquence.

**The "Canadian Methodist Magazine" says:**

Designed to give the English reader some such knowledge of classic literature as the college graduate obtains through the original text. We venture to say that in many cases it will be a superior knowledge.

**"Zion's Herald" says:**

The idea is a capital one, and is executed with rare skill.

**The "Advance" (Chicago) says:**

. . . To take up this book and catch a glimpse of Æschylus or Aristophanes, in a smooth translation, will bring back for a moment a faint glow of youth, and, like Dido, we recognize the *vestigia flammæ*. Professor Wilkinson has done his work well. He has shown himself alert for the best translations, and the notes and illustrations are valuable aids to the student.

**The "Nashville Christian Advocate" says:**

These books afford the best possible substitute for college culture in Greek and Latin.

**The "Standard" (Chicago) says:**

The author of these books is a trained scholar and writer. He knows what is essential, and what not, in study of the sort here undertaken.

**The "Intelligencer" (New York) says:**

A worthy end admirably attained.

**The Methodist Quarterly Review (South) says:**

There is little doubt that the majority of pupils would become better acquainted with the thought, if not the style, of the classical authors by reading carefully the book under review than they do at present by their labored efforts of translating a page or two a day. As even the graduates of our colleges cannot compass the whole range of Greek and Latin authors, and but few entire works of any author, this series is worthy of their attention as well as that of the persons who have never entered college. . . . Mr. Wilkinson's series is worthy of all commendation.

**The "Interior" (Chicago) says:**

While the volume will certainly prove eminently useful in the line for which it was originally intended, it will just as certainly have strong attractions for general literary students and readers of all classes—for those who have read, or have undertaken to read, these authors in their original Greek, as well as for those who have done neither.

**The "Sunday-School Journal" says:**

Many a college graduate will get more idea of what Herodotus and Plato and Sophocles have really written by the reading of this book for one day than they received during their whole college course.

**The "Western Christian Advocate" says [of the "Preparatory Latin"]:**

This work cannot be too highly commended.

**The "Christian Union" says:**

It is a pleasure to examine so careful and conscientious a piece of scholarly workmanship as Professor W. C. Wilkinson's "Preparatory Latin Course in English." Perhaps nothing better can be said of it than that it is worthy to take its place with its companion volume, the "Preparatory Greek Course in English."

A brief and yet thoroughly trustworthy presentation of the literature and thought of a great nation is a work which demands thoroughgoing scholarship and a trained literary instinct. In this volume Professor Wilkinson shows ample competency for the task which he had imposed upon himself, and the result is a book which can be commended without qualification to all those who desire to familiarize themselves with the Roman people in their intellectual achievements. It is a work of great interest as well as of great power of instruction, since it deals not with the isolated mental life of the people, but with that life as it stands related to character, to history, and to the world-wide extension of Roman rule. Professor Wilkinson has succeeded, in a word, in sketching, with a bold, free, and sure hand, the outlines of the mental and moral life of one of the great dominant races of antiquity.

**The "Atlantic Monthly" says:**

Writes with liveliness and with a manifest determination that the reader shall find the Greek writers as human and as interesting as English or American ones.

**The "Louisiana Journal of Education" says:**

High-schools and academies in which Greek is taught should be furnished with a copy of this admirable work for the benefit of their pupils and classes. The analysis of Homer's Iliad, illustrated by quotations from the best translators, may be read with interest, even by scholars sufficiently advanced to comprehend and enjoy the original.

**The "Visitor and Teacher" (Kirksville, Mo.) says:**

We have read many of our best novels and found none more thoroughly enjoyable, from first to last, than this work, and would unhesitatingly recommend it to all lovers of good literature.

**Professor MOSES COIT TYLER, LL.D. (Cornell University), says:**

I have just been looking over your book, with real delight in the ingenious and simple plan of it, and in its felicitous execution.

**EDMUND CLARENCE STEDMAN says:**

In the seclusion that this island grants I have had a chance to enjoy the volume quite thoroughly. In fact, I have read pretty much all of it. . . . Your presentation of Plato, Aristophanes, and Demosthenes struck me as being peculiarly apt and instinctive.

**THOMAS WENTWORTH HIGGINSON says:**

Your book I have read with much pleasure. . . . In speaking of Aristophanes I think you do not render justice to his poetic beauty, especially to the "Birds," which is the "Midsummer Night's Dream" of antiquity. . . . I know that there are many who will be grateful for just such a book.

**WILLIAM C. CONANT, in "Vidi Correspondence," speaks**

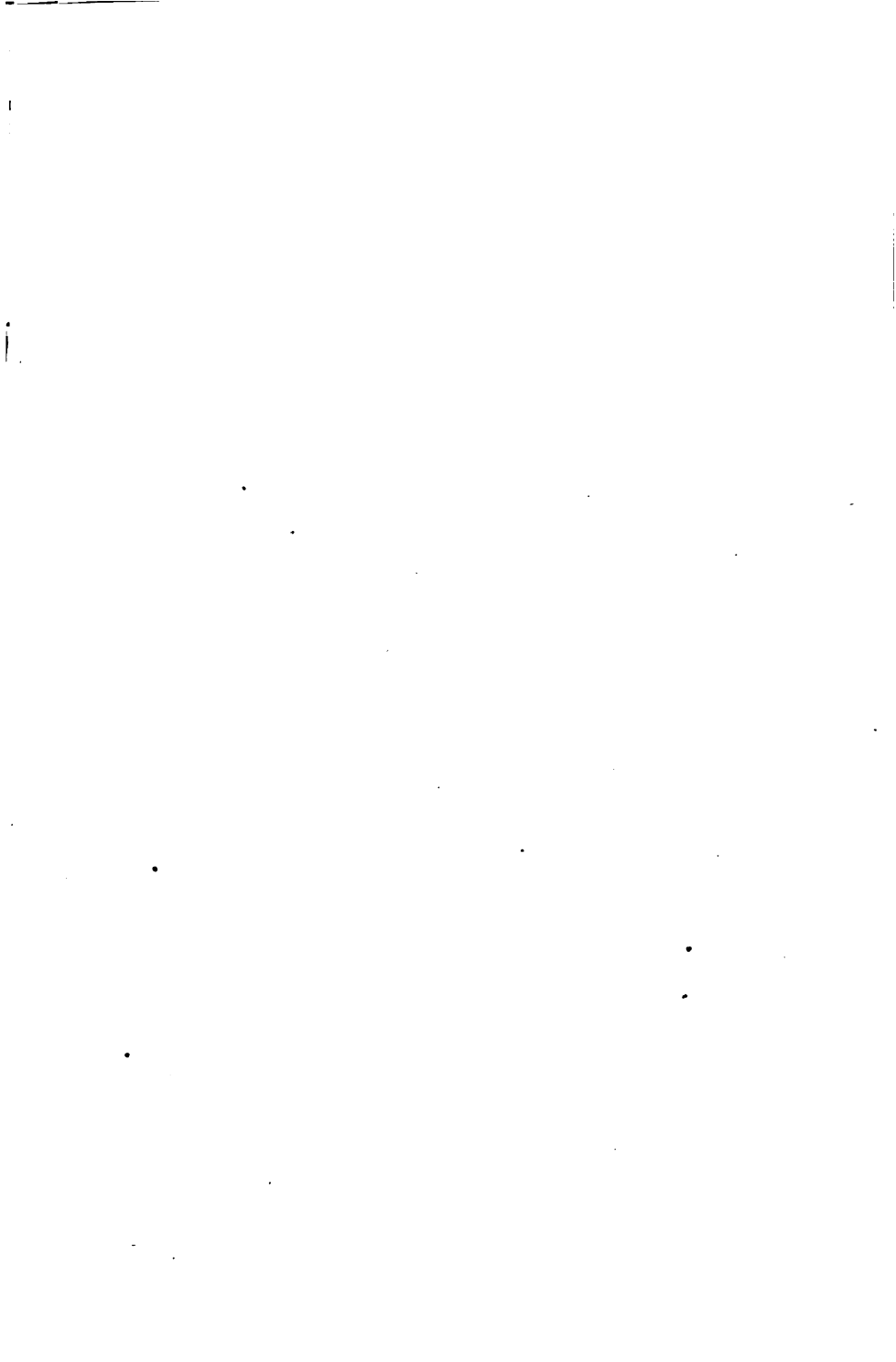
Of the rich classic tone with which Professor Wilkinson's own style and substance are so delightfully penetrated, while so free, so humorous, shrewd, and American.

**JOSEPH COOK says:**

Breathes the true Hellenic spirit.

**Mr. SPURGEON says:**

Bright and vivacious.



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